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July 23, 1938

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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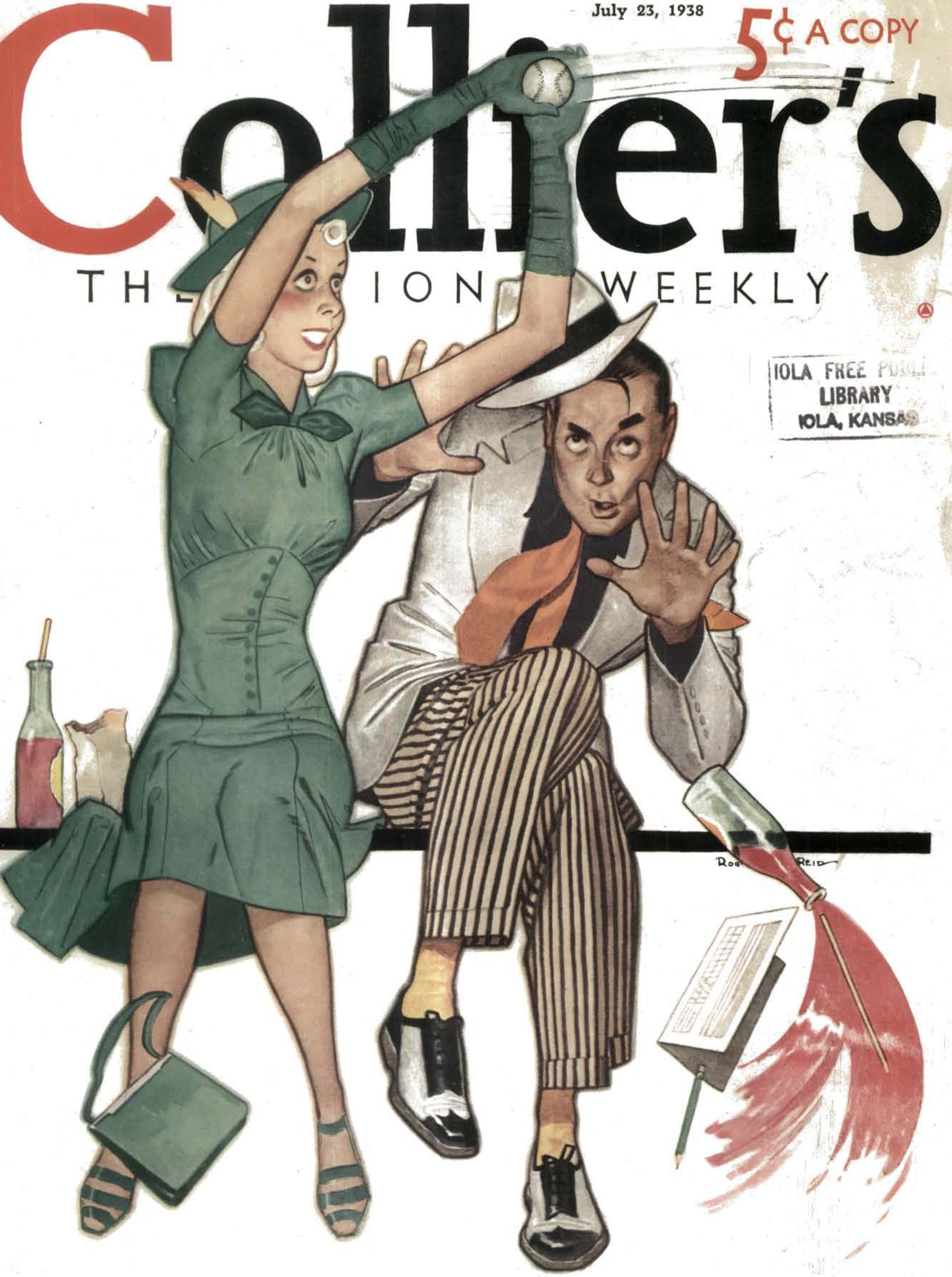


Can We Prevent Chaos in Mexico? By George Creel

July 23, 1938

How to make a Mid-summer's Dream

1. Place a generous quantity of fresh, tender mint in a bowl. Cover the mint with powdered sugar—add just enough water to moisten the sugar—then crush the mint, gently. (Many julep-lovers hold that the mint should not be crushed. If you belong to this school, just omit the last step.)

2. Put a goodly portion of the mint in the bottom of tall glasses (or sterling silver or pewter julep cups, if you are fortunate enough to possess them). Fill the glasses half-full with crushed ice—add some more of the mint—then fill the glasses to the top with crushed ice.

3. Now pour in Four Roses Whiskey, the special favorite of julep-connoisseurs for more than fifty years. Pour with a lavish hand till the glasses are brimming—for this is a lavish drink. Garnish with a few sprigs of mint—topped, if you desire, with powdered sugar.

4. Let the glasses stand... until the frost forms thick. Then relax—and sip the cool and fragrant triumph of your handiwork.

Sip slowly and dream—for the drink is a dream itself... a dream of silver frost, of verdant mint, of amber-gold Four Roses.

And need we add that, while you may produce a Julep by many another recipe than the one we offer here, it takes just such a whiskey as Four Roses to add the crowning touch of glory.

For whiskey is the soul of a Julep. And any whiskey short of the best is not worthy of the purpose.

But Four Roses was made to fulfill just such a noble destiny. *Every drop is whiskey*—which is all-important in a Julep. More: Four Roses is a combination of *several* selected straight whiskies, which, merged together, unite in this *one* magnificent liquor every gracious virtue the perfect Mint Julep demands! Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.

FOUR ROSES

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—100% STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF

Jane's Smarter than a Lot of Grown-ups

She'll never let "Pink Tooth Brush" spoil her smile

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firmer and teeth sounder

GAY LITTLE JANE, always laughing, always flashing that warm, sunny smile! But a very wise little girl, too—and very sensible. For she has mastered a lesson in dental hygiene most adults have still to learn. Already she knows the importance of *massage* to healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth.

Nowadays, children everywhere are being taught the danger of today's soft foods. Because creamy foods deprive our gums of the vigorous chewing they need for health, gums all too often tend to grow flabby and weak—to flash a warning tinge of "pink."

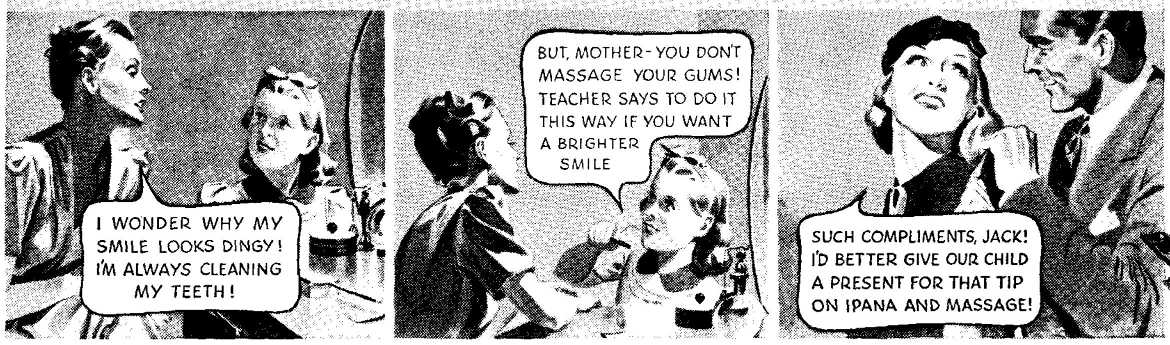
When you see that tinge of "pink" on your brush, *see your dentist at once*. You may not be in for serious gum trouble, but only your dentist should decide. Usually, however, it is just another case of neglected gums—gums that, as many dentists say, "need the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to keep teeth sparkling. Whenever you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into the gums. Circulation increases within the gums. They tend to become firmer, stronger. They look and feel better.

Play safe—don't risk trouble. Buy a famous tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Make Ipana and massage your daily, common-sense dental health routine. Help keep your smile as it should be —winning and attractive!

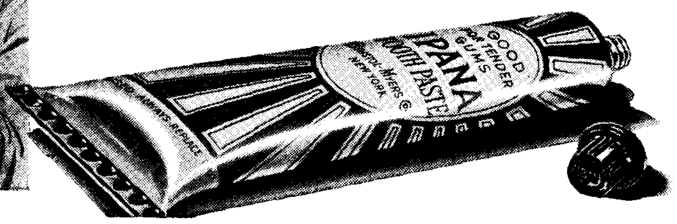
TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist today for the new D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.

LET IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP MAKE YOUR SMILE APPEALING


I WONDER WHY MY SMILE LOOKS DINGY! I'M ALWAYS CLEANING MY TEETH!
BUT, MOTHER-YOU DON'T MASSAGE YOUR GUMS! TEACHER SAYS TO DO IT THIS WAY IF YOU WANT A BRIGHTER SMILE
SUCH COMPLIMENTS, JACK! I'D BETTER GIVE OUR CHILD A PRESENT FOR THAT TIP ON IPANA AND MASSAGE!

IPANA

Tooth Paste


GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
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Collier's

July 23, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and **JOHN T. FLYNN** Associate Editors

Next Week

WHEN Ann joined Russ Andrews' band her voice was on the torchy side and she wore a little too much lipstick. That was two years ago. Today *she is as smooth as Russ Andrews' music. And beautiful.* But do you think Russ would notice that? Not for a second. So far as Russ was concerned, members of the band used to say, girls were just words you fit into lyrics. That isn't strictly true; there was one girl he thought about, a girl who had looked down her nose at him when he was in the university band.

"One-Night Stand," a brilliant short story by Richard English, *shows you what happened when* Russ went back to play for the girl he couldn't forget.

THERE'S been a good deal of loose talk about a naval race. With whom are we supposed to be racing? The question is raised by Winston Churchill, who from 1911 to 1915 was England's First Lord of the Admiralty. He explains how Japan came to make a colossal blunder about the Western democracies and *what it is likely to cost her.* "Japan Guesses Wrong" is a vitally important and exciting article.

THE way of the transgressor is proverbially hard; it becomes positively thorny when O'Malley is on the trail. That's usually all right because O'Malley practically never makes mistakes. In the matter of the explosive cigar boxes, however, the master's hand slipped—and the consequences were almost fatal. For *this temporary lapse, you will be* glad to know, Mr. MacHarg's favorite detective received a medal.

AMATEUR boxing's dirty little brother "Bootleg Boxing" has been growing lately into a nasty bully that threatens the professional game. The bootleg promoter pays the amateur performer and imports professionals, at cut rates, to enliven the action. Richard McCann tells you about it.

ON THE shore of the Dardanelles, where the inland seas of Asia meet the Mediterranean, Anya rented a rundown Turkish villa. And "The Devil's Current" began washing up treasure, adventure and romance. Fast action began when Anya decided she had to have a swimming pool—and hit on a tomb. The story is by Harold Lamb.

RICHARD CONNELL, Frank D. Morris, Edward L. McKenna, Quentin Reynolds, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Kathleen Norris, Freling Foster and others complete the issue. Try not to be dazzled.

This Week

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FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
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●

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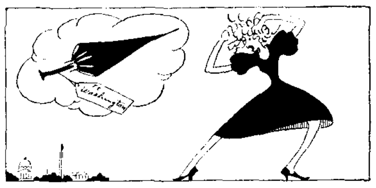
COVER ROBERT O. REID

Any Week

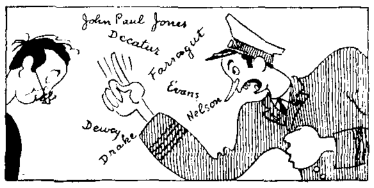
WE'RE accused by Mr. Alvin Hamburg of Chicago, Illinois, of having said something nice about double features in movie theaters. We're pretty sure he's wrong. They can show three at a time for all we care. Anyway, Mr. Hamburg is against the double feature because, says he: "If they're showing two pictures on one bill and you find they don't agree with you it is impossible to walk out in a dudgeon in the middle of both."

MOREOVER, we shall never be able to convince Mrs. Anna Wettenberg of Jersey City, New Jersey, that the United States is honestly governed. Mrs. Wettenberg has been on relief. Having heard that persons on relief in Washington, D. C., receive more than they do elsewhere "because that is where it starts and the first to come is the first served," Mrs. Wettenberg took her umbrella and went down to headquarters to request that hereafter she get her allowance straight from Washington "so to be in first." But the man at headquarters said *no* and Mrs. Wettenberg, *after some* argument, departed, in her wrath forgetting her umbrella. "Since this," writes she, "I have no damn' umbrella which is my daughter. I have sent letters but no umbrella. They say not responsible for umbrella. I want umbrella not no responsible from crooks. My daughter said she think umbrella gone to Washington where they got that too. Is this the truth?"



APPARENTLY there was just a touch of confusion in this office when we polished off that piece "Our Muscle-Bound Navy." The article itself was so educational that it at once became sensational, irritating the proper persons and giving great joy elsewhere. But when we referred to the author—Commander Holden A. Evans—as "retired" we erred. It should have been "resigned." Offhand we'd say that it amounts to the same thing; but we're not allowed to be offhand. The commander resigned in 1912, some years before he could have retired. And we hope that the commander and all the rest of you now feel better.

YET we cherish no hopes of retaining the friendship of a Captain Delly, a Navy gentleman whom we met in Washington. Captain Delly feels sure that Commander Evans and everybody else who had any part in the writing and publication of "Our Muscle-Bound Navy" should be deported to the Honorable Frank Hague's Alaskan Siberia for those who disagree with things as they are. Said the captain comprehensively, shaking a very naval finger at us: "You have insulted John Paul Jones, Stephen Decatur, Admiral Farragut, Fighting Bob Evans and the great Dewey. You have held up to scorn the traditions of Nelson, Drake and—and—and Oliver Hazard Perry. Infamous, infamous." And the captain departed, still shaking his finger.



"I HAVE a brother," says Mr. S. W. Nutting of Manchester, New Hamp*shire, "who can sit down a foot from* the radio, turn it on full blast, get some swing band, whistle the tune loudly off key and at the same time read the Short Short Story in Collier's without once losing his place."

AND Mr. Tom O. Padden of Baltimore, Maryland, having just finished a coast-to-coast motor trip, poor chap, wants the name "of the guy who is handing out the dams." As Mr. Padden sees this government's spending policy: "After a community has everything in the book—new courthouse, four or five playgrounds and swimming pools, new sewers, new post office, city hall, morgue, art gallery and dog pound—the government gives them a new dam. It doesn't make any difference if they've ever had an old dam or if they haven't anything to dam—they get a dam." Mr. Padden was discussing this with a gentleman in Walla Walla, Washington. Mr. Padden said that pretty soon everybody would have a government dam at his back door. "Yep," said the Walla Walla man, "and the damn' government at the front door with the bill."

AND we could tell you the name of a coldly inflexible New Dealer who would abolish all who would defy or combat the will of the National Labor Relations Board; his charming new home near Washington was built exclusively by nonunion labor. It makes us feel pretty important.

BUT we won't.

W. D.

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WET ROADS SWEPT DRY BY NEW NON-SKID TIRE

STOPS YOU QUICKER, SAFER THAN YOU'VE EVER STOPPED BEFORE

Golden Ply Blow-out Protection, too

● *It's really two great tires in one!* It brings you *two* great life-saving features AT NO EXTRA COST!

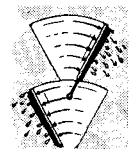
Inside, the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown has the famous Golden Ply that resists *internal* tire heat and provides you with scientific protection against high-speed blow-out dangers.

Outside this new huskier, *deep-grooved* Silvertown has Life-Saver Tread skid protection to give you the *quickest* non-skid stops on wet roads you've ever seen. Yes, and this amazing Goodrich Life-Saver Tread also grips dry roads and curves—gives you so much more control that you'll agree with the thousands who have already switched to this new tire sensation—that it's "THE SAFEST THING ON WHEELS."

Don't try to squeeze those last few hundred miles out of tires that may skid or blow out. It's too risky. Don't invest your money in ordinary tires that give you only ordinary protection. The way to enjoy *safer* motoring—the way to be "dollars to the good" is to put new Goodrich Safety Silvertowns on your car without delay.

NO EXTRA COST!

And mind you, even though Silvertowns are the only tires in the world that give you Life-Saver Tread skid protection and Golden Ply blow-out protection—*they do not cost you a penny extra!* Stop in at your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store; ride out on these life-saving, mileage-boosting Goodrich tires.



HOW LIFE-SAVER TREAD WORKS

The never-ending spiral bars of the Goodrich Life-Saver Tread act like a battery of windshield wipers, sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—make a *dry track* for the rubber to grip.

GO STOP
LOOK OUT! HE CAN'T STOP!

THE SIGN SAID STOP BUT... HIS CAR SHOT STRAIGHT AHEAD!

Just another case of a wet, slippery road throwing a car out of control because the tires didn't grip. For the *quickest* non-skid stops you've ever seen, get new Goodrich Safety Silvertowns with the *road*-drying Life-Saver Tread.

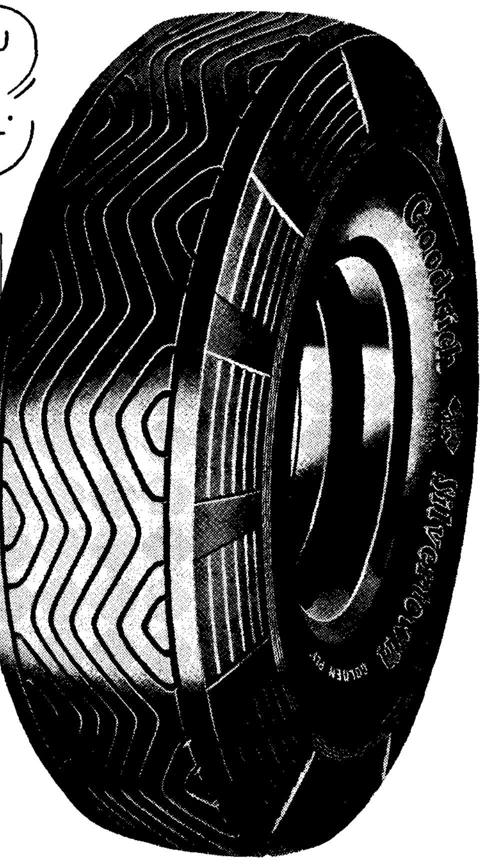
WE KNOW THAT THIS NEW TIRE WILL GIVE YOU THE QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS YOU'VE EVER SEEN... *BUT DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT...* READ THIS REPORT FROM AMERICA'S LARGEST INDEPENDENT TESTING LABORATORY

"BOTH regular, and also the premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of exhaustive road tests made over a three months' period by us to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested including those tires listed from 40% to 70% higher in price.

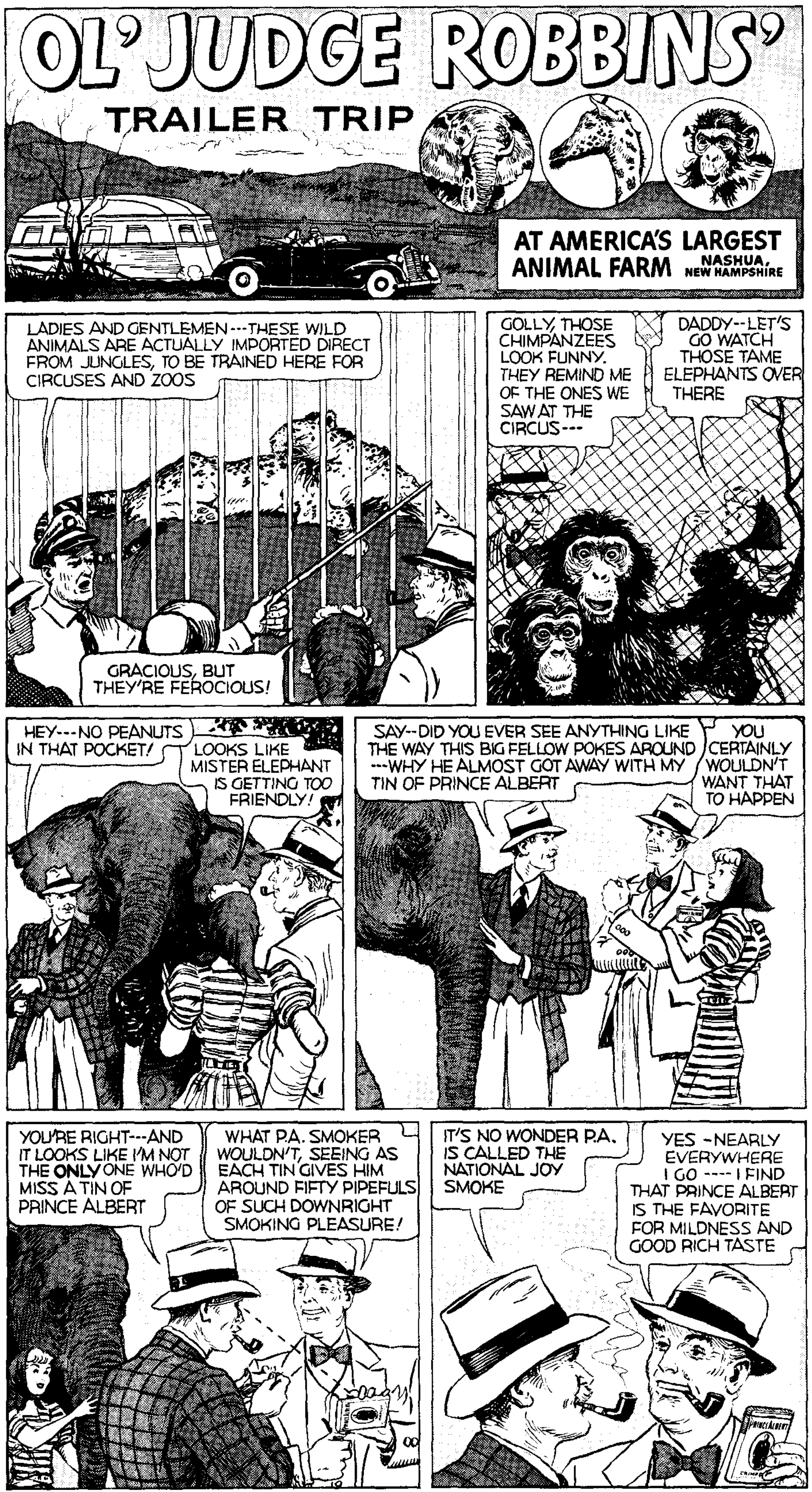
"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth." **A. R. ELLIS, Pres.**

PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY



The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION ◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
TRAILER TRIP
AT AMERICA'S LARGEST ANIMAL FARM NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN---THESE WILD ANIMALS ARE ACTUALLY IMPORTED DIRECT FROM JUNGLES, TO BE TRAINED HERE FOR CIRCUSES AND ZOOS
GRACIOUS, BUT THEY'RE FEROCIOUS!
GOLLY, THOSE CHIMPANZEES LOOK FUNNY. THEY REMIND ME OF THE ONES WE SAW AT THE CIRCUS---
DADDY--LET'S GO WATCH THOSE TAME ELEPHANTS OVER THERE
HEY---NO PEANUTS IN THAT POCKET!
LOOKS LIKE MISTER ELEPHANT IS GETTING TOO FRIENDLY!
SAY--DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THE WAY THIS BIG FELLOW POKES AROUND ---WHY HE ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH MY TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT
YOU CERTAINLY WOULDN'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN
YOU'RE RIGHT---AND IT LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO'D MISS A TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT
WHAT P.A. SMOKER WOULDN'T, SEEING AS EACH TIN GIVES HIM AROUND FIFTY PIPEFULS OF SUCH DOWNRIGHT SMOKING PLEASURE!
IT'S NO WONDER P.A. IS CALLED THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
YES - NEARLY EVERYWHERE I GO ---- I FIND THAT PRINCE ALBERT IS THE FAVORITE FOR MILDNESS AND GOOD RICH TASTE

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

PIPE-JOY IN EVERY PIPELOAD!

PRINCE ALBERT DRAWS RIGHT—THAT MEANS A DRIER BOWL, A COOLER, TASTIER SMOKE—AND GOOD CAKING!
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
"MAKIN'S" SMOKERS! GET ON TO PRINCE ALBERT FOR FASTER ROLLED, NEATER "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES THAT SMOKE MILDER, TASTIER. AROUND 70 OF THEM TO A P.A. TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

JUST AS WE SAY—OR NO PAY!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

European countries are so spy-conscious that most of them have restricted the use of cameras to almost absurd degrees. In some countries, until they have answered many questions and have obtained permits, tourists are forbidden to take pictures of theaters, churches, public parks, museums and zoos. In France, no one is allowed, under any circumstance, to photograph a traveler getting on or off a train.

Hummingbirds have to eat about every ten minutes during the daytime because the energy from their food is consumed by the rapid beating of their wings as fast as it is produced. In New York recently, six hummers were taken on a 50-minute taxi drive, without food, from a pier to the Bronx Zoo, with the result that one died and the other five passed into a coma from starvation. —*By Harriette Doremus, Passaic, New Jersey.*

An American insect-killing device consists of an electric lamp surrounded by closely spaced electric wires. When in operation, its ultraviolet light attracts the pests and the charged wires electrocute them. It has been known to kill more than 2,000,000 insects within thirty minutes.

For the past several years in Potsdam, Germany has maintained a boys' school for the building of large-scale model ships. In 1933, the school made such a magnificent 47-foot replica of the "Bremen" that it was officially launched like a regular liner. After the speeches and christening, the little vessel was cut loose and slid gracefully into the Havel River to the accompaniment of loud cheers and band music.

Approximately one third of the million surgical operations performed in the United States each year are for the removal of tonsils alone.

One of the most profitable salvage services in maritime history was rendered in the North Atlantic in August, 1918, when the Gaelic Prince towed the disabled Katrina Luckenbach 1,356 miles to Hampton Roads. The court awarded the salvor, exclusive of expenses, the sum of $93,000, about $62,000 of which was given to the officers and crew.

The mainland of the United States still has about a dozen volcanoes that are considered to be active, among them being: Mount Lassen in California, Mount Hood in Oregon and Mounts Rainier, Baker and St. Helens in Washington.

Many wealthy Moslems in Asia Minor and Northern Africa are so afraid of being poisoned that they not only employ a food taster but also use a coffeepot with a pebble-filled lid that will rattle if a guest attempts to open it when the host turns his back for an instant.—*By Laura Haggerty, New York City.*

The only real warfare directed by a movie cameraman was Villa's revolution in Mexico in 1914. An American company paid him $25,000 for the film rights and he agreed to fight only in the daytime so it could get good pictures. Thus the cameraman was allowed to start the daily firing at 9 A. M. and to stop it at 4 P. M. He even delayed battles, at times, to search for new camera angles.—*By W. B. Coltin, Newburyport, Massachusetts.*

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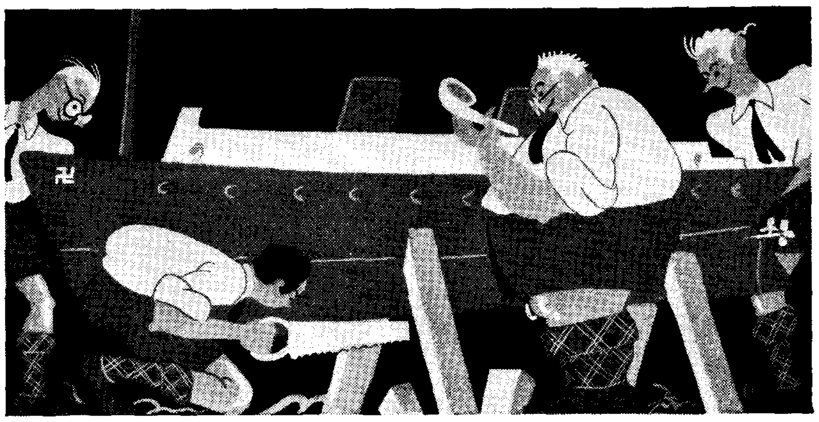
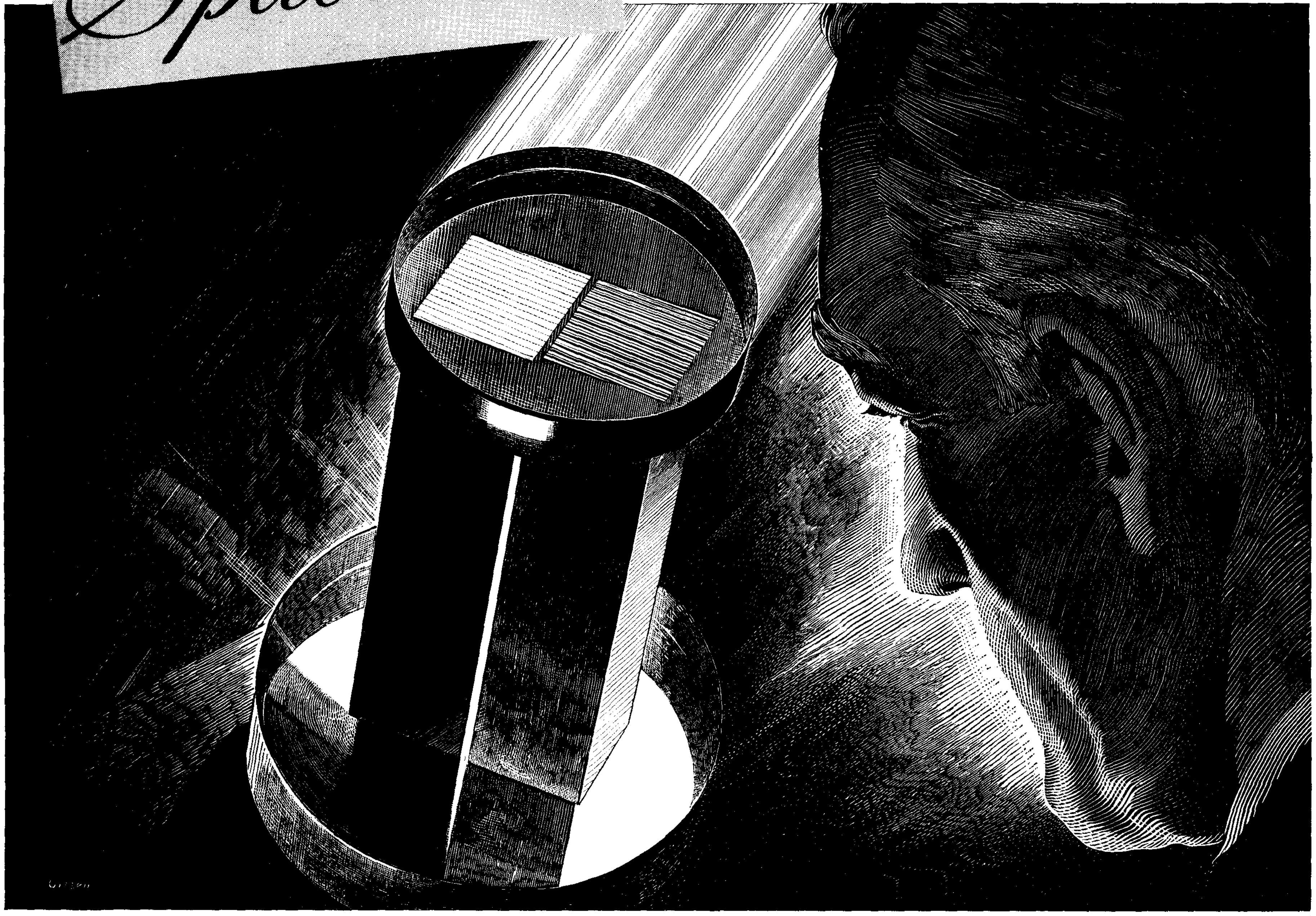


Split-hair EXACTITUDE



On the subject of length, Uncle Sam deals in tiny fractions almost beyond comprehension! In the illustration above, a scientist in the National Bureau of Standards is employing the wave length of light to check the length of a steel working standard against a quartz master standard. Difference: One five-millionth of an inch!

PERFECTION IN MOTOR OILS

Motor oils, too, can be measured with split-hair accuracy! And by every known standard of comparison, petroleum scientists can prove that 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils give you greater all-round efficiency.

Nature was lavish with Pennsylvania Grade Crude. She gave it special lubricating properties that no man-made "additives" or processes have ever duplicated.

Motor oils made from this crude give you greater safety all the way! At that vitally important moment when you press your starter, a rupture-resisting film of Pennsylvania lubrication protects your modern, tight-fitted bearings.

As your motor quickens into a happy hum, Pennsylvania spurts into action showering every moving part. Mile after mile, money-eating friction and fuel-consuming resistance fall before the rich, free flow of this Nature-favored oil!

DOUBLY GUARANTEED

Today in 7,000,000 crank-cases Pennsylvania Motor Oils are on the job—fighting heat, corrosion, sludge. Let the good word of those who refine or market the various brands of 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils, plus the protecting emblem of our Association, be *your* guide. A brand of emblem Pennsylvania Motor Oil will guard your motor investment well!

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

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FREE! *Write for interesting booklet containing more information about Pennsylvania Motor Oils.*

BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP!

MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL
CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
PERMIT NUMBER ....
Made from
the highest grade crude oil in the world
COPYRIGHT U.S.A 1932 BY PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION

• The symbol at left is not a brand. It is an emblem guaranteeing source and quality—the quality found only in crude oil from Pennsylvania and three adjacent states. Its use is permitted on many brands of Pennsylvania Motor Oils—but only on those certified under bond to be 100% Pure Pennsylvania and up to the quality requirements of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association.

82% PREFER PENNSYLVANIA OILS

An independent research organization in a nation-wide survey just completed, reports that, in answer to the question:

"Which type of Motor Oil is Best?"

82% of the motor car owners answered:

"PENNSYLVANIA"

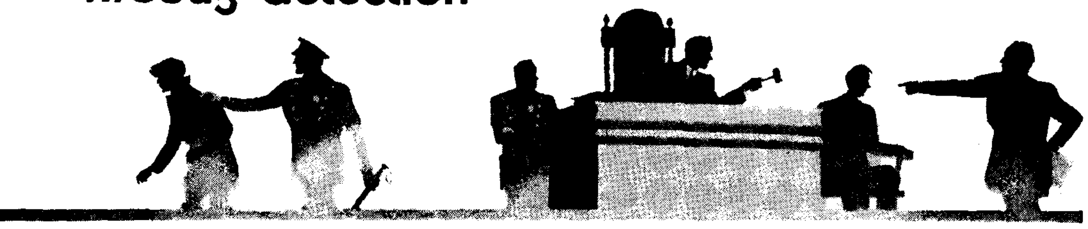
A WALL

CAPITAL STOCK
Standard protection
FIRE INSURANCE

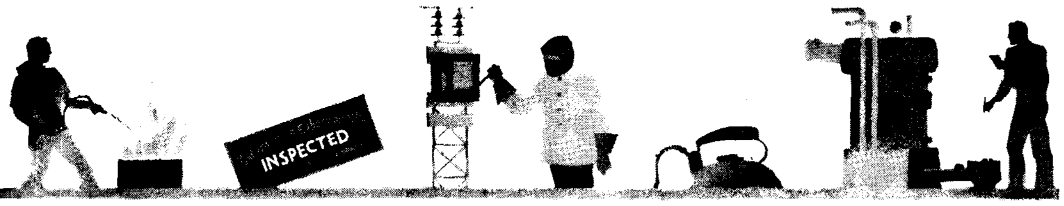
fire-prevention engineering

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK
OCTOBER

firebug detection



testing by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.



daily record and history of fires

service of local insurance agents

America pays to Fire this yearly tribute . . . 10,000 lives and nearly three hundred million dollars in property!

That's startling. But, it would be far worse, if it were not for the tireless preventive efforts of 200 capital stock* fire insurance companies.

Through their own public-service organization, The National Board of Fire Underwriters, these 200 companies wage a constant war against fire.

To reduce conflagration hazards, cities are surveyed by fire-prevention engineers.

Water supplies, fire-fighting equipment and fire-alarm systems are regularly inspected.

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Collier's The National Weekly for July 23, 1938

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Don't Ever Forget

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Meet Nick, who discovered the little things he couldn't forget had a strange effect on the important thing he wanted to remember

NICK didn't pay any attention when the next girl came on the stage, because Sam Margolies was talking to him.

"—another song for the middle of the second act," Sam was saying. "We gotta have another song for the middle of the second act. I was just talking about it with Mamma last night, and she agrees with me absolutely. She says: 'Sam, we gotta have another song for the middle of the second act.' "

Nick nodded, letting cigarette ashes fall on the carpet. He knew that when Sam's mamma said they had to have another song, he had to write another song; and he didn't have even an elusive whisper of a tune. He was so tired that his mind felt like a squeezed lemon rind, but he felt swell. Casting always gave him a special sort of swell feeling.

It had an atmosphere: the dark and empty theater, echoing with strange voices and sudden, tinny scraps of music. Relaxed and resting in the cool artificial gloom, he felt the lazy if rather anxious peace between the summer's labor of putting a revue together and the start of rehearsals.

With Sam Margolies, he sat in the middle of a line of men in the first row, center. The stage manager, the dance director, the designer, the musical director, the public relations counsel. Occasionally a cigar tip would glow suddenly, or a face would catch the light from the empty stage as someone glanced up at some poor young hungry thing who was singing or dancing hopefully for them. But no one looked up at this next girl who had just come out from the wings and was whispering earnestly to the bored pianist. Everyone was listening to Sam.

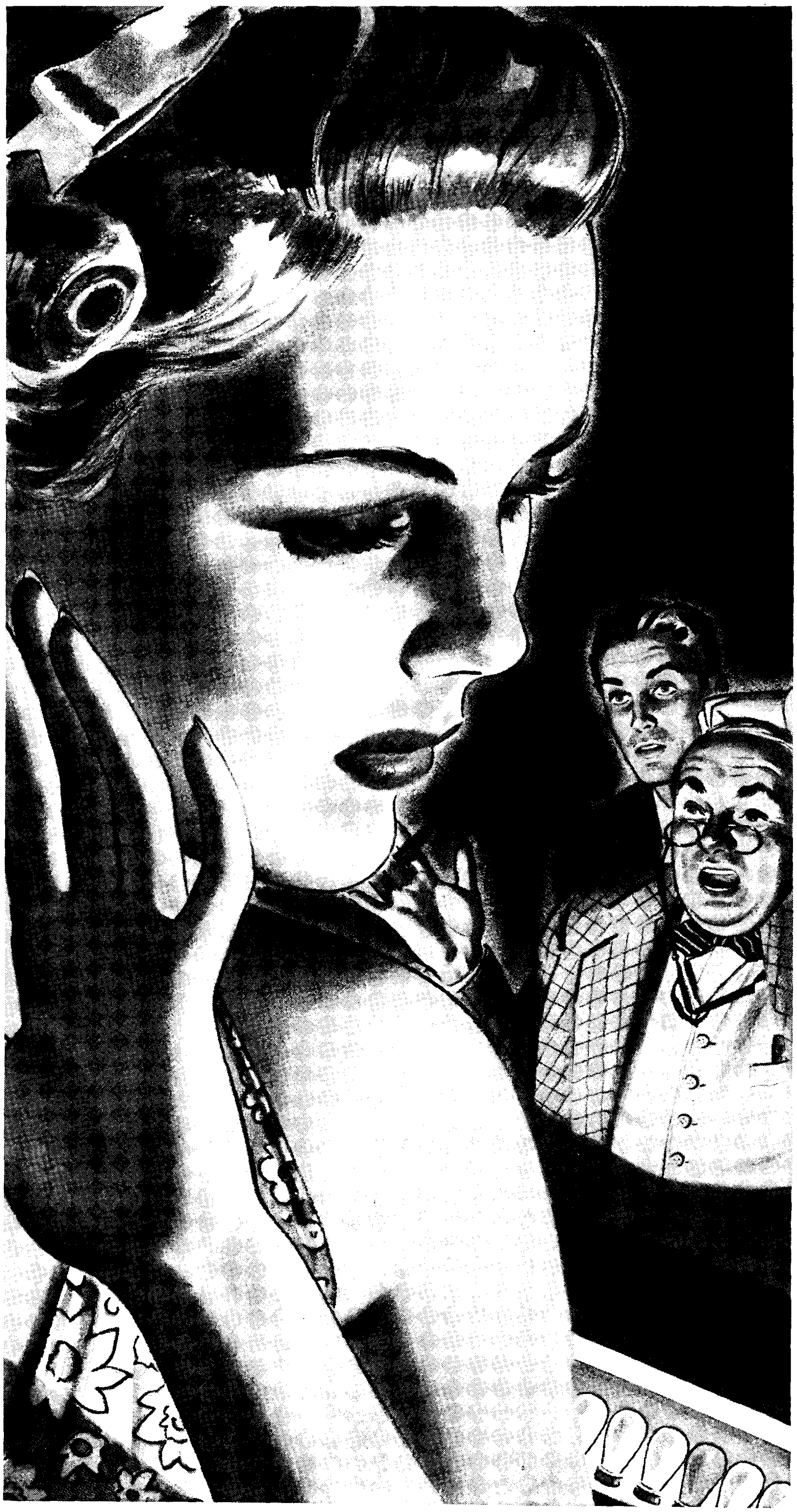
"It's gotta be a good song," Sam was saying. "In the middle of the second act, you understand. We—"

"Okay," Nick said. "Okay, Sam."

He was conscious, restfully, of the traffic in the September sunshine on the streets outside; and he was conscious of the stage-door alley jammed sweatingly full of people waiting for auditions. He knew the awful fears and the hopes and the sickness of heart that made that alley suffocating, because he, too, so often long ago, had been sick with fear and hope, waiting for an audition. But now he was lazily enjoying being the great Nick O'Rell, who wrote his own ticket, and his own songs, and his own gags, and then starred in his own revue for a triumphant winter's run on Broadway before taking it to London in the spring.

The dreary mechanical thump of the rehearsal piano started, and he heard the timid clatter of feet as this next girl went into a tap routine. But he didn't look up at the stage because Sam was saying:

"—in five-eight time, see? I talked it over with Mamma, and she says, decisively, five-eight time. A song in the middle of the second act, you understand, with maybe a dance routine for you also."



There, on the stage, was Jill. For the first time in six years, he saw Jill, who had been his wife

"Sure," Nick said. "Sure, Sam, I'll do it for you."

"See, the way Mamma and I have it figured out," Sam said, "there ain't any other tune in the whole show that's got five-eight time. So now we put one in here, and what have we got?" He paused, waving his cigar. "We got contrast," he said. And knowing he had said something pretty deep, he shut up; except to add, in a reverent voice:

"Contrast is the soul of art."

There was a respectful silence in the row of big shots. All of them except Nick were nodding with profound expressions, frowning importantly above their cigars. From the stage above them came the earnest *clickety-clack-click-bang!* of worn-out shoes, while the piano thumped in indifferent jerky changes of time. Nick could tell with half an ear, without glancing up, that whoever it was couldn't really dance, wouldn't do. Just another one.

"IT'S gotta be a great song," Sam said. "It's gotta be the greatest song of your entire career, Nick, you understand. Something that— *Thank you!*" Sam yelled suddenly in a raucous, cigar-curdled voice. He had turned and was glaring at the stage, red-faced and bawling because the *clickety-clack!* of a pair of shabby, hopeful shoes had disturbed his creative impulses.

Nick, lazily watching Sam's swollen face, was amused. The girl, whoever she was, had stopped. You could almost hear the dry gulp in her throat. And then—so many of them did it, trying to carry it off—*she* started dancing again, without the piano. The little pitiful clicking of heel and toe, alone among the echoes of the empty theater.

Sam lurched upright upon his short legs and, jamming past the musical director, the stage manager and the dance director, stood quivering with majesty in the center aisle.

More amused, Nick watched Sam putting on his impresario manner, heard him put on his famous Russian—not really Russian, of course, but whatever it was—his publicized accent. Sam Margolies was the rudest producer on earth when he was casting: it was a theatrical legend. A legend that Sam labored to keep up with and to improve, with every season. It had publicity value, and Sam did his best.

"My deah young woman!" His fat fingers made fuzz of the hairs that the barber every morning laid carefully across his bare skull. "My deah young *woman!* Is it *dancing* or is not? Is it dancing I see?—How should I know?—I call for auditions, is it, and I get—"

Sam was doing beautifully now, and the row of big shots was grinning and nudging. Then, unexpectedly, against all the rules of the game, a girl's voice said:

"That's enough, please. I'm sorry."

That clear and scornful voice nearly stopped Nick's heart. He looked up at last.

There, on the stage, under the barren glare of a couple of working lights, was Jill. For the first time in six years, he saw Jill, who had been his wife.

Walking slowly, stumbling once, Nick went up on the stage. And all of a sudden there wasn't a sound in the theater.

Jill was looking at him. Her face, gone vulnerable as a child's with surprise, was thinner and wearier, more delicate even under this harsh light than when he had seen her last. That afternoon, in the Grand Central Station, six years ago. When she still had been his wife, and they had . . . One of her hands crept up to her breast and she began twisting a button on her dress. She had done that, nervously, when she was a little girl; and she had been doing it, with anguish, that last time. It's little things like that you remember about people when you are trying to forget their faces and the sound of their voices.

"Hi, kid," Nick said.

"Hello, Nick."

". . . Well. Still dancing, I see," Nick said.

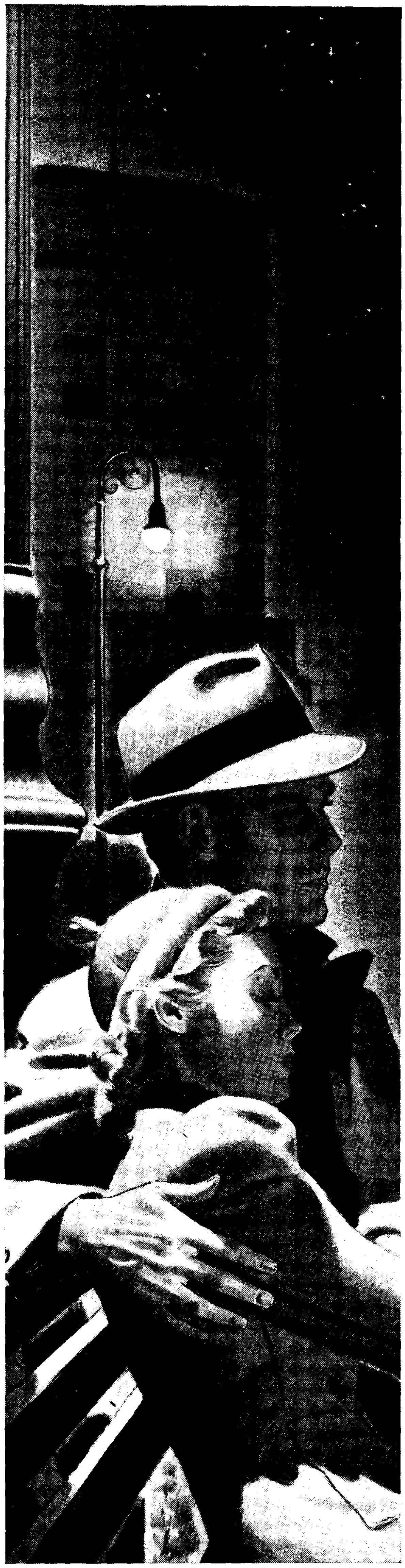
IT SOUNDED pretty weak; it hadn't the crisp and sophisticated Nick O'Rell touch, which was famous, and imitated in the smart spots on both sides of the Atlantic. But it was the best he could do, just now, for Jill.

"Oh . . . yes," she said.

She lifted one corner of her mouth in the way she had of smiling in derision at herself. He remembered that, too, but he hadn't realized how it would make him feel, seeing it again.

"Well. That's fine," he said hastily. "You work a lot better, too, kid."

"You don't say!" Jill said. "Nick, I didn't know this was your show. Or I wouldn't have come. I've—I've been a little out of touch with things lately. I'm sorry."



There was one awful night when they sat on a bench because they hadn't any money for a room

"Oh, that's all right," Nick said. "Where are you living now?"

"In Brooklyn. With m-my husband."

"Oh," Nick said. "Sure. . . . How's to take you to lunch, kid? I'd like to meet your—I'd like to meet him."

"Not lunch," Jill said. "I have to go over to the Republic. They're casting there today, too."

"Oh. Mmm."

"But I'll meet you afterward," Jill said. "That is, if you—I know you're terribly busy, now. I mean now that you—"

"No. I'm not."

"Well, could—could you come and I'll cook supper for us all? We'd be so t-terribly thrilled if you would—that is, if you can spare the time and—and . . ."

"Swell," Nick said. "Where shall I meet you?"

"Why, the drugstore at— No. I . . . Meet me in front of the Republic at five o'clock."

Jill flushed a little and looked away. That drugstore was where they used to meet after each of them had spent a heartbreaking day trudging the hot sidewalks. They would meet there and have a cup of coffee at the soda fountain and tell each other that they were bound to get a break pretty soon. And after a while they would be out on the sidewalks again, but this time arm in arm, and after stopping at a market for a loaf of bread and a couple of lamb chops, maybe, they would go home together.

"Okay," Nick said.

He didn't have lunch with Sam and the others at the Alderton. He went alone to a quiet chop house on a side street. When he came in, people looked at him and leaned across their tables to whisper to one another, and the waiter was much too eagerly respectful. But for once Nick wasn't noticing any of that.

Drinking a double Scotch-and-soda before his lunch, he was remembering a couple of kids who used to play together in the stage-door alleys and up and down the back fire escapes of theaters in towns like Omaha and Spokane and Kansas City and Little Rock. That was when he was about eleven and Jill was maybe six. His mother and father were the Flying O'Rells of vaudeville, and Jill's father was a trick banjo player. Her mother was dead. After supper, they used to leave the kids in the boardinghouse—a different one, in a new town, each week—while they played their three-night shows. But that was all right, because Nick took good care of Jill. He made her brush her teeth every night.

AFTER that tour, he didn't see Jill again for a long time. They were both in New York, then, trying to get a start in the theater, and the old folks were all dead. Nick was broke, but Jill had a walk-on part in a society drama, and she fed him: breakfasts and suppers in her room. He used to wait around the corner for her at night, and they would go to her room and she would scramble some eggs, maybe, on her little gas plate and they would sit up talking for hours about how grand it was going to be when they were both stars. Then they would co-star in plays that Nick was going to write. Serious dramas.

When he left, Jill would go with him to the front door. They would tiptoe through the hall and down three flights of stairs together and at the door Jill would say:

"Nick, don't ever forget—will you?"

So at three o'clock in the morning he would walk home to his own room, under a cold white moon floating behind a tangle of sooty wires and chimney pots. Walking through the empty streets, he was shaken and exalted with a glory that only puzzled him now, trying to remember it for what it was. Only youth, maybe . . . Jill was beginning to be beautiful then, though still leggy with adolescence. At breakfast, in that shabby little room, with her braids wrapped around her head . . .

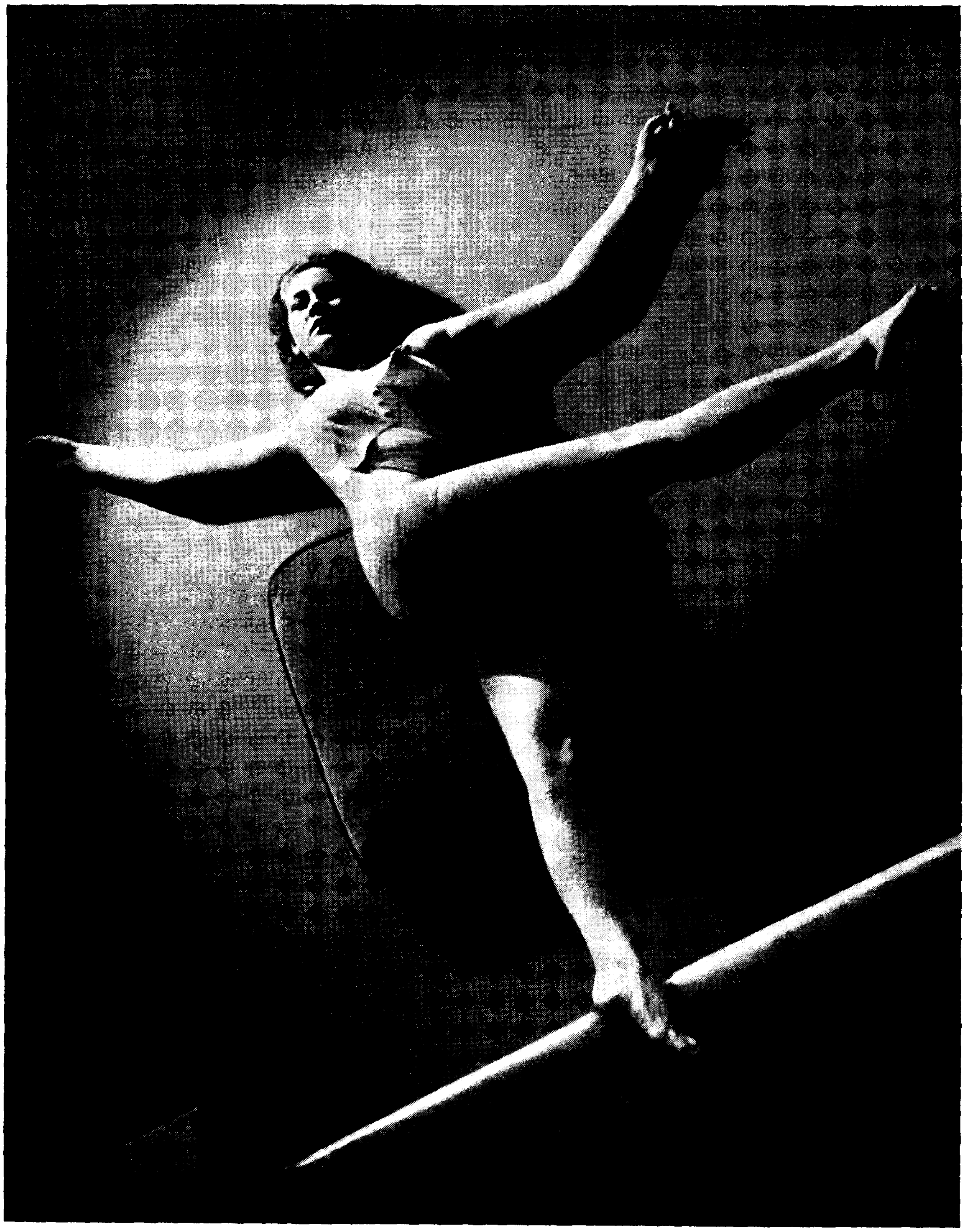
Then an agent, a friend of his father's, had given them a chance—a fill-in booking over a small-time vaudeville circuit, six a day. Jill's play had closed, and it came just in time. Together they rehearsed and reworked the four-minute act Nick had written. Songs, gags, a couple of dances. And the night *before* they went out, day coach, to Salina, Kansas, to start, they were married. Nick was twenty-two, Jill seventeen.

They were married by a justice of the peace, and the five dollars Nick gave him meant they had to eat sandwiches all the way out to Salina. The words the justice rattled through didn't mean so very much to Nick. But they were really married when Jill looked at him afterward and whispered:

"Don't ever forget."

And Nick said: "I won't, kid."

Anyway, that tour was *(Continued on page 28)*



The Greeks had two words for it: Beauty (kallos) plus strength (sthenos) means calisthenics. Here's a modern version

By Betty Kyle

PUT UP YOUR FEET

What a rush of blood to the head can do

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN MUNKACSI

WITHOUT being too nasty about it, we will assume that your face is taking on the look of a distressed turnip. You are acquiring wrinkles and jowls. Your figure is becoming something that little children point at on the streets. Your gentleman friend finds that things are in bad shape at the office and he has to work late.

You know what you do in a case like that? You stop wherever you are and put your feet up in the air. Heels over head. That awkward position is known as the beauty angle and it was invented by a lady named Ann Delafield, who makes a lot of money from rich women who prefer to be tilted rather than tilt themselves.

Miss Delafield is a sensible female who discovered that a rush of blood to the head is an admirable thing that can be made to pay dividends. An occasional blush isn't enough; you have to get blood into that area in quantities. Being convinced of this, she has been able to build up a clientele of her own in New York, become official beauty expert to the American Federation of Women's Clubs and acquire a reputation as a lecturer calculated to keep her out of breath for years to come.

If you talk to Miss Delafield on the subject, she will begin drawing you a chart. Here's your "Up Elevator" system—this artery carrying fresh blood to the head, these capillaries that take the blood from the artery to your tissues. Here's your "Down Elevator" system—capillaries gathering up the used blood and bringing it back to the main vein from which it goes to the lungs and heart for purification.

The trouble is that the artery is only about the size of a lead pencil while the vein is as large around as two thumbs. Your head and neck are being drained of blood faster than the supply warrants. You're suffering from a partial and perpetual anemia from the collar line up! Like a wrestler.

So, what?

Heels over Head

So you call in the old force of gravity to help restore the balance of your circulation. When you lie flat on your back and get your heels higher than your head, you slow up that draining process. You get more of that life-giving blood into your head and neck. You give yourself an internal beauty treatment that shows up on the outside.

When you stop to reason it out, the theory seems to make sense. You know you don't feel as rested after sleeping sitting up as you do lying down. Or do you? If you do, you're unusual and should look into it. You know that after a hard day's shopping your first instinct is to get your feet up—nothing else restores you so quickly. But getting your feet up, according to Miss Delafield, is only a halfway measure. It only partially restores the balance.

Up at her gray-and-silver Fifth Avenue shop, they have padded tilting chairs to do the trick. First they tilt you up till you're lying flat. While in that position they give you a facial, each little pore soothed with the appropriate cream, and then they give you the real tilt. Your feet go up, your head goes down, the lights are turned low and the blood rushes to your head for twenty minutes. After that, if there is any justice at all, you ought to look like Andrea Leeds. In any case, you should look better.

You can do the same thing for yourself at home. You have a davenport with three stiff cushions. Haul the cushions off and pile them on the floor. Climb on—with the cushions under your hips, your head on the rug and your heels on the edge of the sofa. If you have no

(Continued on page 55)

Can We Prevent Chaos in Mexico?

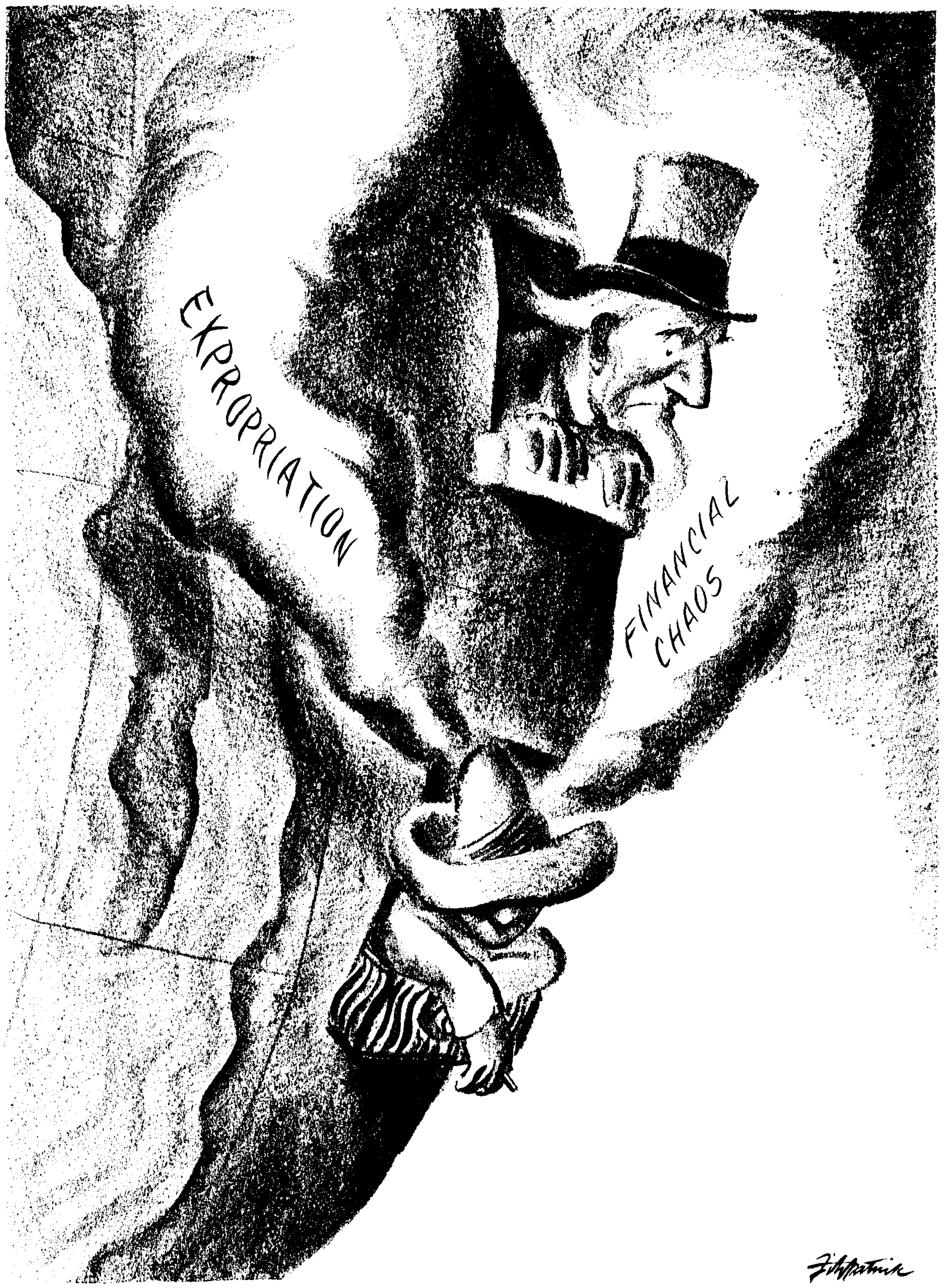
By George Creel

CARTOONS BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

Our southern neighbor, harried by debt and mismanagement, is plunging toward chaos. Only the United States can save her. But that does not mean armed intervention nor, primarily, the words and works of diplomats. Mexico needs businessmen, engineers, technicians. For she has splendid resources, and all she needs is the knowledge of how to use them

HOW to be happy though next-door neighbors; that is the problem that has vexed the United States and Mexico for a century. Particularly the United States. Blunderingly perhaps, but nevertheless sincerely, various Presidents from James K. Polk to Franklin D. Roosevelt have attempted to aid Mexico in the solution of her difficulties, hoping for the establishment of orderly, stable and democratic government, but always these efforts have ended in failure and the return of strained relations. Today, for example, after five years of a "good neighbor" policy based on sympathetic understanding of Mexico's need for a new social order that will lift her unhappy millions up into the sun, Washington is witnessing a wholesale expropriation of foreign properties that, despite the assurances of the Mexican government, has the appearance of confiscation.

What adds to irritation is an element of surprise, for when Lazaro Cardenas took over the presidency in December, 1934, there was confident expectation that he would be a Roosevelt "buddy," sparing no effort to promote international amity by removing all causes of friction and guarding against recurrence. Instead of that he has been a worse neighbor than any of his predecessors, giving us the boot so often and vigorously that Uncle Sam's sacroiliac cannot now be distinguished from the nape of his neck.



The Constitution of 1917 proclaimed Mexico's ownership of all subsoil rights—oil as well as minerals and natural gas—and established land distribution as a governing principle, but Carranza had no money for indemnification and lacked the daring to confiscate on any large scale. Obregon went farther, expropriating estates here and there to satisfy importunate generals, but for the most part took pains to keep within the bounds of international law. Calles, after three years of enmity and aggression, calmed down and negotiated a peace pact with Dwight Morrow in 1928 that safeguarded American investments against actual confiscation, although restrictive laws continued to be passed. Ortiz Rubio and Abelardo Rodriguez, both Callistes, respected the agreement.

Not so with Lazaro Cardenas. A soldier throughout his adult life, and unembarrassed by the doubts and fears that come from intimate contact with the complexities of finance and economics, he has gone about endorsing every article of Mexico's constitution with all of the simple directness of a range bull. That document is the Bible of the Man from Michoacan, and he follows its high-powered, streamlined radicalism in utter disregard of what the outside world may think or do.

Part of a Long-Time Process

Judging from excited columns in the press, it might be thought that Mexico's expropriation of the oil properties of seventeen foreign companies was something new, a sudden outbreak of nationalism, but as a matter of truth, it is part of a process that has been going on from the day that Cardenas took office. Between 1915 and 1934, seven Presidents of Mexico expropriated 25,666,442 acres of agricultural land, and while in no case was there any adequate indemnification, at least they went through the form of issuing agrarian bonds. Some of the confiscations were stained with blood, for Mrs. Evans, an American woman with an English husband, was murdered in defense of her property, but for the most part, wholesale expropriation was avoided. About the richest grab was a 73,000-acre tract highly developed by American capital.

In the first three years of the Cardenas administration, exactly 29,134,597 acres have been taken away from the owners and given to individuals and communities, while many owners rejected the bonds offered in payment. At no point, either, has there been anything piecemeal or picayunish about his expropriations, for among them were the Laguna tract of 1,105,812 irrigated acres in the states of Coahuila and Durango; broad stretches in the Yaqui, Mayo and Mexicali valleys; the German-owned coffee plantations in Chiapas, the rich henequen properties in Yucatan. Americans, English and Spaniards were hardest hit, although many "antisocial" Mexicans suffered along with them.

Just as the peasants were given land without waiting on any slow process of purchase, President Cardenas also lost no time in making good on his campaign pledge that labor should receive a lion's share of the profits of industry. As early as 1936 he expropriated all private ownership in the National Railroads of Mexico, and on May 1st of this year, by way of completing the job, handed their management over to a Worker Administration, made up of five union executives and two federal comptrollers. In addition, many strikes have ended in the expropriation of factories on the bland theory that it was the one way to "restore tranquillity."

From his very first day in office, Lazaro Cardenas made it plain that he would stand or fall on a policy of "Mexico for Mexicans," meaning land distribution and the recapture of the machinery of production, along with all natural resources, from foreign control. Before he was even warm in his seat he started the organization of "pressure groups" to back him in his drive against alien capital and large-scale employers. The workers in agriculture and industry were virtually commanded to unionize, and the nature and purpose of this unionization was made clear by the banishment of Luis Morones, a labor leader of the William Green type, and the elevation of Vicente Lombardo Toledano, a flaming apostle of Karl Marx.

Still stronger proof of intent was furnished in 1936 by the enactment of legislation that broadened immeasurably the powers of the president to expropriate. When the great henequen farms in Yucatan were broken up and handed to the people, the new owners found themselves without machinery to process the henequen, and as they had no money with which to buy it, the governor decreed that the equipment of the former owners could be "temporarily occupied." This was contrary to existing law, for the Supreme Court had held in many cases that farm implements, tools, etc., could not be expropriated.

To cure this defeat, and while the court was hearing the Yucatan case, Cardenas put an act through Congress that explicitly established the right of the several states, as well as the federal government, to impose on all private property *any limitations demanded by social needs.* So that all who ran could read, the law stated boldly that when the chief executive decided that any kind of private property was necessary to the welfare of the people, or of a group, it could be taken away from the owners. The Supreme Court, in sustaining the right of the Yucatan workers "to occupy temporarily" the machinery of others, specifically upheld the constitutionality of the Expropriation Act.

Quite obviously, every foreigner in Mexico today, and every Mexican for that matter, holds his property at the pleasure of the government. President Cardenas, of course, denies that he intends to use his power arbitrarily. Time after time, as we sat together in the city's ancient palace, its foundations laid by Cortes, he insisted that no "honest, law-abiding business" had anything to fear. A sober, unsmiling man, giving plain evidence of Tarascan blood, reticence is one Indian trait that he has not inherited, for he talks frankly, even if slowly and carefully.

Forced by Owners' Arrogance

According to him, the expropriation of the oil properties was neither planned nor desired, but was an action forced on him by the arrogance of the owners. The National Board of Conciliation and Arbitration, handing down judgment in an "economic suit" filed by the unionized oil workers, ordered the companies to increase their annual pay rolls by 26,332,756 pesos, or about $7,000,000. Refusing to obey, the oil people carried the case to the Supreme Court, and when faced by a confirmation of the decision, "tried to chisel the amount down to 26,000,000 pesos by dubious figuring."

"Out of a proper regard for the dignity of our courts," and the president spread his hands wide, "I had no other course than to enforce the law of expropriation."

Accepting his statement of facts, likewise his contention that the companies were amply able to meet the award, where was there guarantee that another year would not have brought new and impossible demands? And what if some business, ordered in the future to give a wage raise exceeding its financial resources, refused on the ground that it meant insolvency? Would a "proper regard for the dignity of the courts" compel the executive power to expropriate?

President Cardenas answers these questions by an emphatic denial that either Communism or confiscation has any place in the Mexican scheme of things. "Our program," he contends, "is as old as our civilization. Collective ownership of the land was a principal feature of Mexico's ancient social pattern. It is true, of course, that the Mexican Revolution has no connection with classical liberalism, but it is also far removed from the patterns of the Communistic experiment in Russia. It draws away from liberalism because we believe that this doctrine has fostered the exploitation of man by man through the unrestrained delivery of the sources of wealth, and of the instruments of production, over to the selfishness of individuals. It draws away from Communism because it does not fit in with the habits of our people to adopt a system that deprives the individual of the entire fruit of his effort, nor do we desire to substitute for the individual boss the state as a boss."

Communism, quite definitely, is a word that Lazaro Cardenas does not like, and he has equal distaste for rumors that credit him with receiving money and advice from Leningrad. His action in giving political asylum to Leon Trotsky had no other purpose than to disassociate himself and his government from Soviet Russia in the mind of the world. Moreover, he has persisted in this harborage despite the incessant and bitter attacks of the powerful Confederation of Mexican Workers, which denounces Trotsky as "a traitor and an enemy." With equal vigor the President denies that confiscation is to be confused with expropriation. "We will pay for what we take," he declared, "even if it calls for the sacrifice of every constructive activity undertaken by the nation during the present administration."

But Mexico Can't Pay

All of which is fine and undoubtedly sincere, but if he does *not* pay, the difference between Russia and Mexico is the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. And any study of his country's financial condition proves conclusively that, as things stand, he *can't* pay. Right now Mexico owes everybody and for everything, and comes close to being flat broke. Getting exact facts out of a Mexican official or a government publication is virtually an impossibility, but the following figures are as reliable as any that can be secured.

Mexico's recognized foreign debt at the end of 1936 was $510,000,000, and the last service on it was in 1928. This despite four or five sizable scaling downs granted by creditors. The internal debt is around $35,593,000, and the National Railway debt is something like $466,000,000. The seventeen oil companies place a value of $400,000,000 on the properties taken from them. The Mexicans, to be sure, jeer at the figure as absurd, but even if cut in half, that is another $200,000,000. There are also millions owed to the United States and Great Britain for damages awarded by special claims commissions, and on top of everything, agrarian claims that run from $125,000,000 to $250,000,000. All that has been done about this item is a statement from the government that a "plan of indemnification is being studied."

Add up these amounts, and contrast the staggering total with Mexico's income of $122,000,000 in 1937, and expenditures of $121,000,000, without the payment of a debt!

What adds to the gravity of the situation is the manner in which Mexico is turning assets into liabilities. One out of every seven pesos of Mexican income came from the oil companies, about $19,000,000 a year, and it was this same source that provided $5,000,000 for the construction of the Pan-American highway from Laredo to the City of Mexico. The great hotel at Agua Caliente was expropriated on the ground that it was needed as a school, but it stands idle today because there is no money for the establishment and conduct of a school, and no pupils near at hand if there were money. Not only did the expropriation of the Laguna, Yaqui

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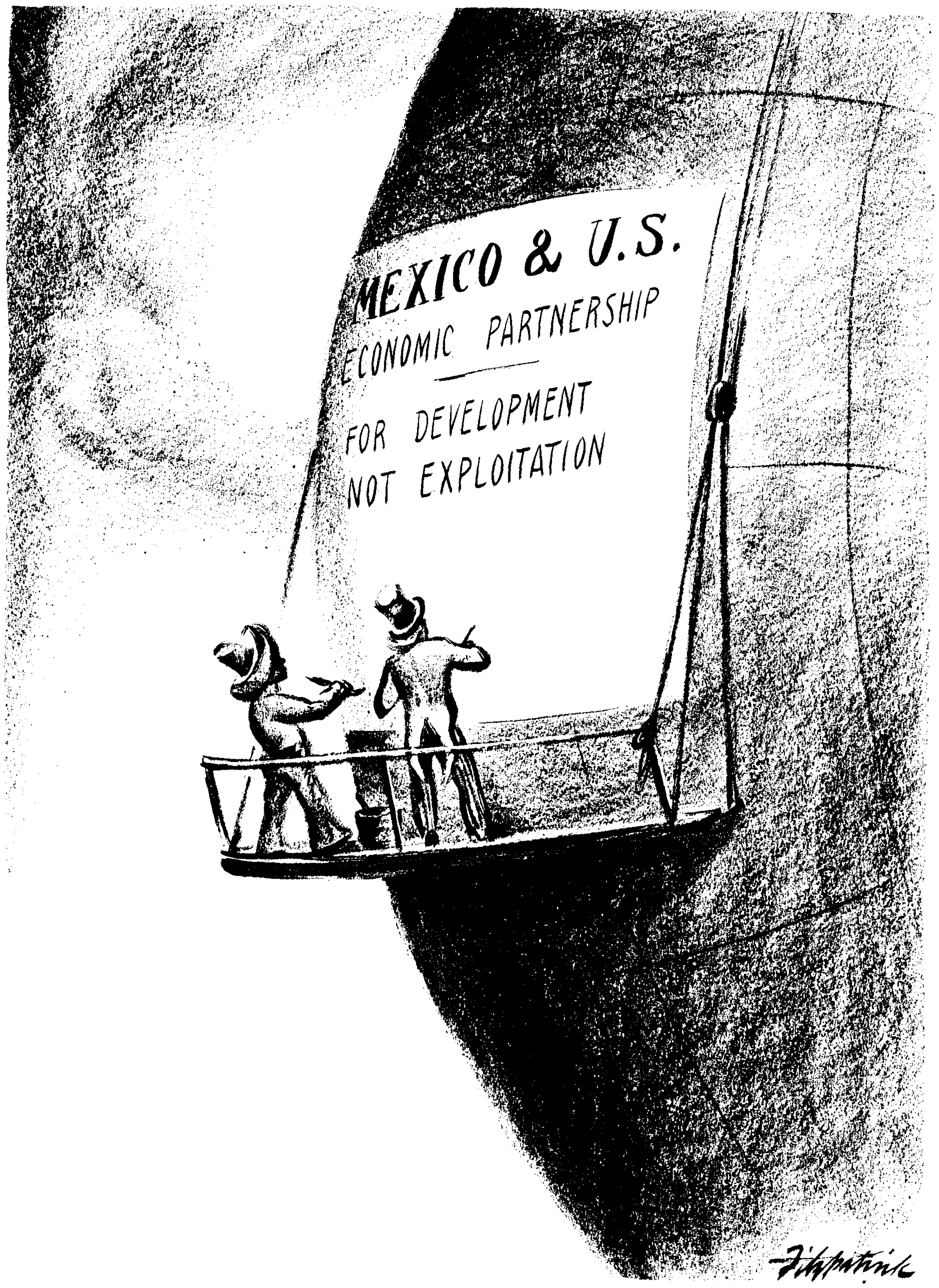
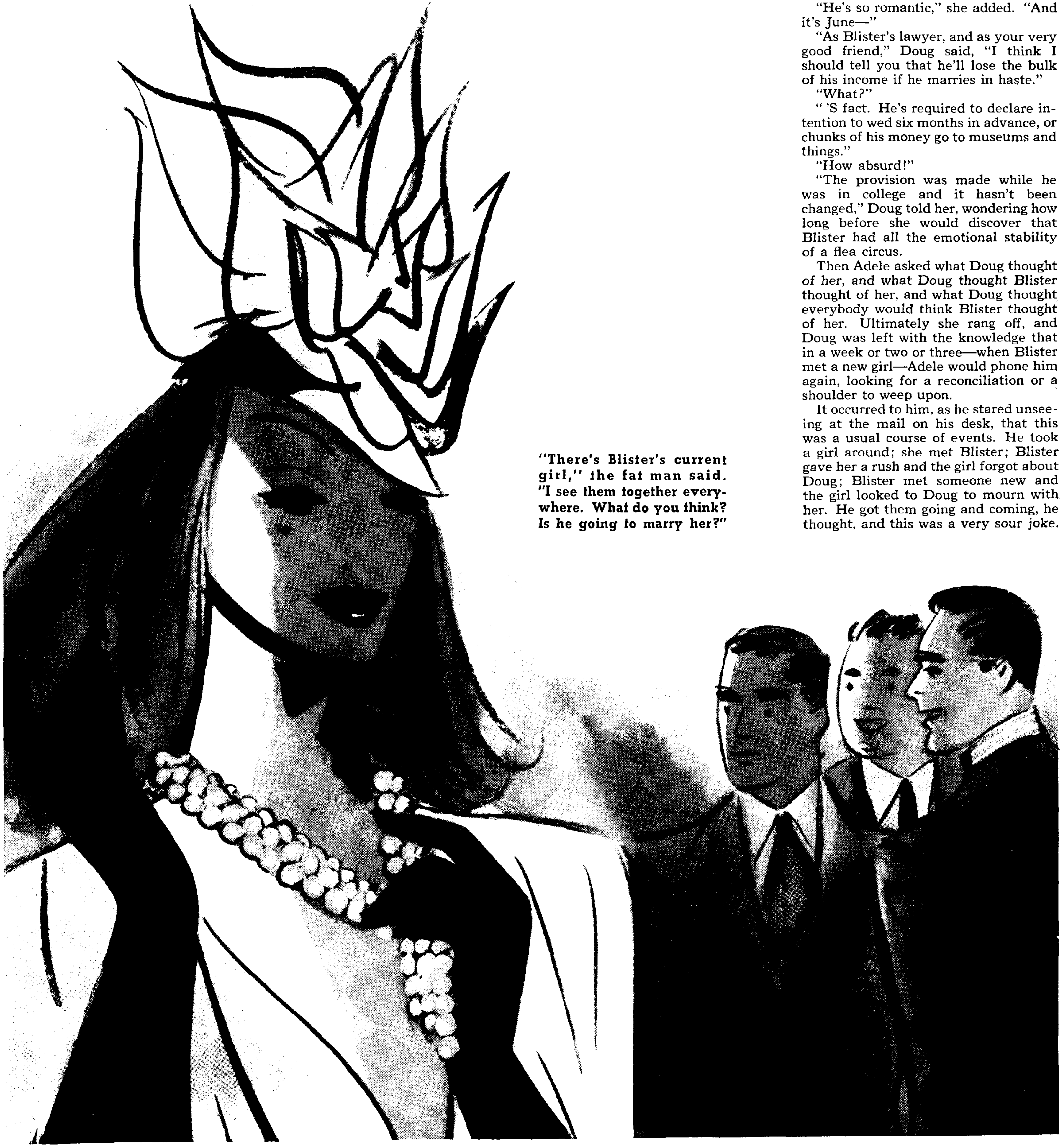


Ten'll Get You Twenty

By Constance Wynn

ILLUSTRATED BY JARO FABRY

She wouldn't marry for money—and she didn't



"There's Blister's current girl," the fat man said. "I see them together everywhere. What do you think? Is he going to marry her?"

UNTIL Adele phoned, Doug hadn't realized that the drift of girls from himself to Blister amounted to a trend. No one else possessed both Adele's passion for polling the secret places of her soul and her delight in announcing the election returns.

"Doug," she breathed, "I can never thank you enough for bringing us together."

"Oh, that's all right," Doug said. "It's—uh—all right."

"Blister and I were simply made for each other. Of course I'm fond of you, Doug. I always have been. But what I feel for Blister—"

Something in her voice reminded Doug of an amorous rattlesnake.

"He's so romantic," she added. "And it's June—"

"As Blister's lawyer, and as your very good friend," Doug said, "I think I should tell you that he'll lose the bulk of his income if he marries in haste."

"What?"

" 'S fact. He's required to declare intention to wed six months in advance, or chunks of his money go to museums and things."

"How absurd!"

"The provision was made while he was in college and it hasn't been changed," Doug told her, wondering how long before she would discover that Blister had all the emotional stability of a flea circus.

Then Adele asked what Doug thought of her, and what Doug thought Blister thought of her, and what Doug thought everybody would think Blister thought of her. Ultimately she rang off, and Doug was left with the knowledge that in a week or two or three—when Blister met a new girl—Adele would phone him again, looking for a reconciliation or a shoulder to weep upon.

It occurred to him, as he stared unseeing at the mail on his desk, that this was a usual course of events. He took a girl around; she met Blister; Blister gave her a rush and the girl forgot about Doug; Blister met someone new and the girl looked to Doug to mourn with her. He got them going and coming, he thought, and this was a very sour joke.

He couldn't exactly blame the girls, because Blister was a good guy even apart from the money. Having roomed with him at college and shared an apartment ever since, Doug knew that. And there's something about millions— Girls like being gossip-columned and rotophotoed. "St. Ives (Blister) Halfhill hotspotting with Miss Beulah Bluh." The girl with Blister, ducky or dummy, was potential news because someday one of these girls might become Mrs. St. Ives Halfhill, and so would end an epoch.

A tap at the door. Miss Haliver, who bore all the stigmata of intelligence, stood on the threshold.

"Someone from the Blurt to see you, Mr. Kent," she announced doubtfully.

"I'm rather busy. Find out what—"

THE girl could hardly have crept under Miss Haliver's elbow, and there was no other opening. Still, she was in the room. Because she was female, Doug automatically rose. Because she was feminine and slim and had a dimple, his spirits automatically rose, too.

"We shan't disturb you, Mr. Kent," she said with an ingratiating smile. "Hardly at all. We've just come to interview the smoke nuisance.

"The chimney on a building across the street is smoking like a Junior Leaguer," she explained, edging over to the window. "We want to take some pictures because the Blurt is campaigning for a smoke ordinance, and— Oh, this is a grand view!" She turned and called over her shoulder, "Leaky! In here."

A thug carrying a camera stood in the doorway from which Miss Haliver had vanished. The girl smiled at Doug.

"You're being simply swell about this intrusion," she said. "Leaky, I've promised Mr. Kent we won't disturb him the least bit."

"Sure," said Leaky, peering out of the window by which she stood. He pushed Doug's chair aside to look from the other window. Apparently it suited him better. He began pulling Doug's desk out into the middle of the room. "Kinda crowded," Leaky observed pleasantly.

"Now wait a minute—" Doug was moved to protest.

THE girl was leaning out of one window and the photographer out of the other. Doug felt that he could not continue to address two sets of legs, however shapely the feminine pair.

"—blowing across that light piece of sky," the girl was saying. "Oh, no, it's shifted. D'you think the wind will change back, Leaky, if we contain our souls in patience?"

"Sure," said Leaky amiably.

"Such a view!" The girl turned to Doug. "Do you ever look at it?"

"Not quite so intensively."

"But there's so much to see. Ceres on the Board of Trade building. And somebody in the Railway Exchange has a window box. I hope those are geraniums. It's hard to tell from here." She made room for him at the window. "And there— Oh, lovely!"

Her voice created an enchantment. Xanadu. Doug couldn't resist. He leaned out of the window beside her.

"Down there," she pointed out, "is a sign that says 'Cleaner Life Insurance Company.' Imagine taking insurance against a cleaner life!"

"*Against* one?"

"Of course. Isn't fire insurance for protection against fires, and collision insurance for protection against collisions? Well, then, cleaner life insurance would be— Whose idea do you suppose that was?"

"I'm afraid it was only the sign painter's," Doug told her. "The name of the company is 'Gleaner'."

"It's still a swell idea," she murmured.

"No one forces you to lead a clean life," Doug mentioned, noticing with approval the smooth curve of cheek beside him.

"Oh, the insurance wouldn't be for one's own life. It would be— For example, you're a lawyer. Suppose you had a client who kept getting in jams; in fact, suppose that keeping him out of jail was one of the major parts of your practice. Well, then, if he reformed it would mean a financial loss to you. So you'd take out insurance against his leading a cleaner life."

Doug liked it.

"And just as there is a Fire Insurance Patrol," he said, "to keep losses at a minimum, you'd have an emergency temptation squad to rush into action when one of your subjects showed signs of straying from the primrose path."

The girl nodded.

"We'd have several temptation squads," she said, "to take care of every type of moral weakening."

"Other people than lawyers could use that insurance," Doug pointed out. "Bondsmen and gamblers and—"

"And city editors. Which reminds me—"

"Let it remind you later."

"Well— I'll only let it remind me to interview you. Tell me, Mr. Kent, what has the smoke nuisance meant to you?"

"You mean this morning?"

"No, before this morning."

Doug told her about the sad inconveniences of being neighbor to a smoke nuisance. Then he gave her an interview on behalf of Miss Haliver, and one for "another tenant who prefers to remain anonymous."

"Thanks," the girl said. "That cleans up my story."

"DON'T go yet," Doug protested. "We have a lot of view still to discuss. Now there's a flag at three-quarter mast. What would you guess that means?"

"Where? Oh yes, I see it. Possibly it means that someone's only half dead."

"Or else that the flag owner is only half sorry."

"What nasty people you imagine."

Leaky stepped back from the other window.

"Look," he said, "I got enough stuff."

"I'm ready," the girl said. "You've been most kind, Mr. Kent. Thanks a lot."

In a moment she would accompany Leaky out of his office, Doug realized, and he must act at once or in the same moment she might be walking out of his life.

"Have lunch with me?" he asked.

She looked surprised and doubtful.

"One o'clock at the Barrington?" Doug persisted.

She looked at him thoughtfully and then she smiled.

"Grand," she said. "Even if it wasn't Thursday."

"What has Thursday to do with it?"

"I'll tell you later. And as a matter of record, my name is Penny Lyon."

The name echoed in Doug's mind. "Penny Lyon," he kept saying to himself as he dictated to Miss Haliver about parties-of-the-first-part and what they must do except when confronted by war, invasion, hostilities, rebellion, strikes, riot, and acts of God. Presently he discovered that he was saying "Penny Lyon pound foolish," and he forcibly wrenched his attention from the name and fell to pondering the Thursday problem.

It was very simple as Penny finally explained it.

"It's particularly lovely to be invited to lunch toward the end of the week," she said, "because I'm always broke. I'm so broke— Well, on Thursdays I practically never can afford three meals, so I cut down and have brunch."

"What about Friday?"

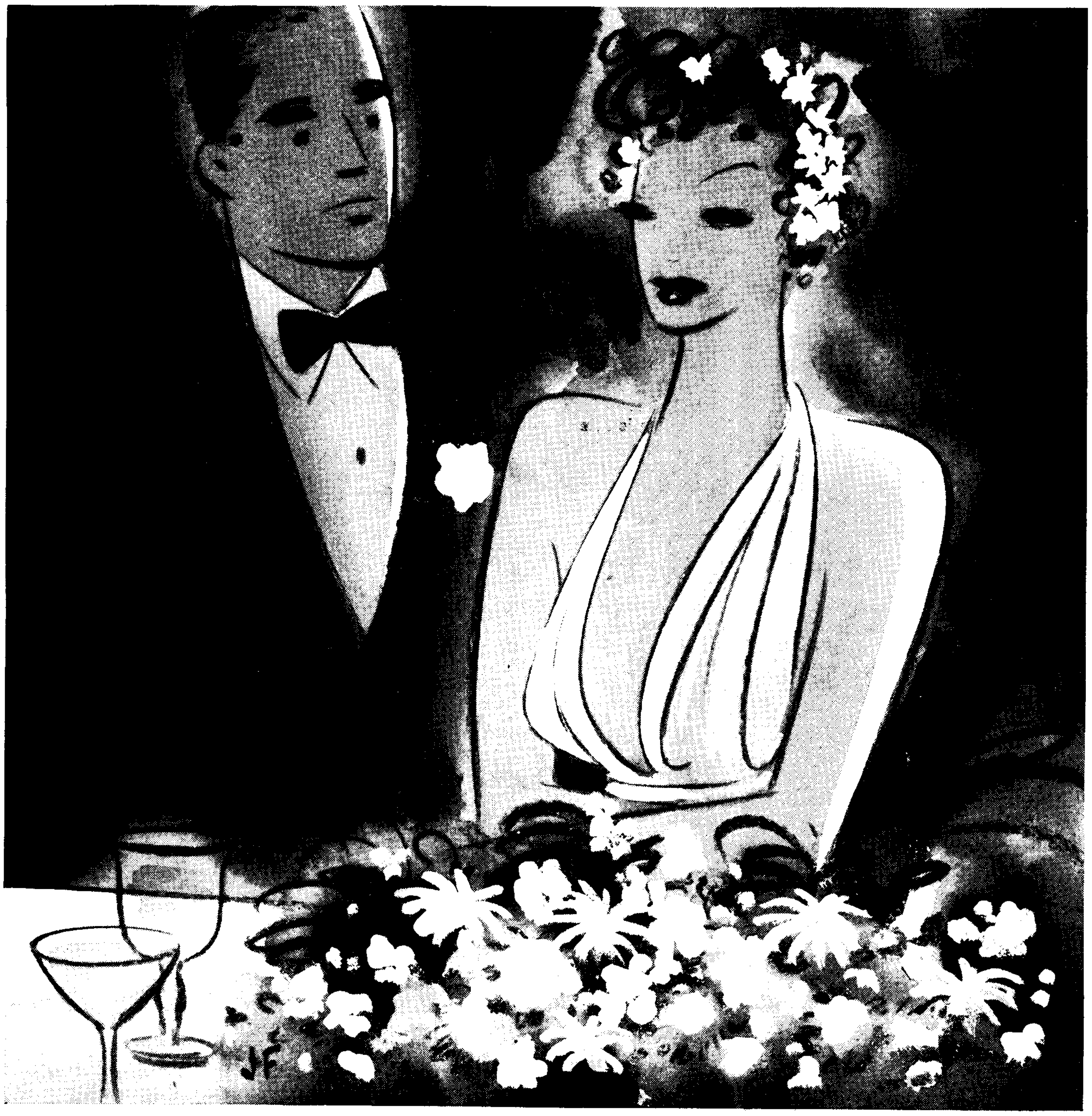
"Friday the same. Except when I have brupper."

"You'll have dinner with me tomorrow," Doug said fiercely. "It's a crime that they don't pay you enough to live on."

HAD Galahad gone to the right tailor he would have looked like Doug, Penny thought; and she refrained from confessing that it was cabs and caviar at the beginning of the week that reduced her to streetcars and hamburgers at the end.

Doug took her to dinner on Fridays and on Thursdays. Presently they began lunching together on Saturdays so

(Continued on page 51)



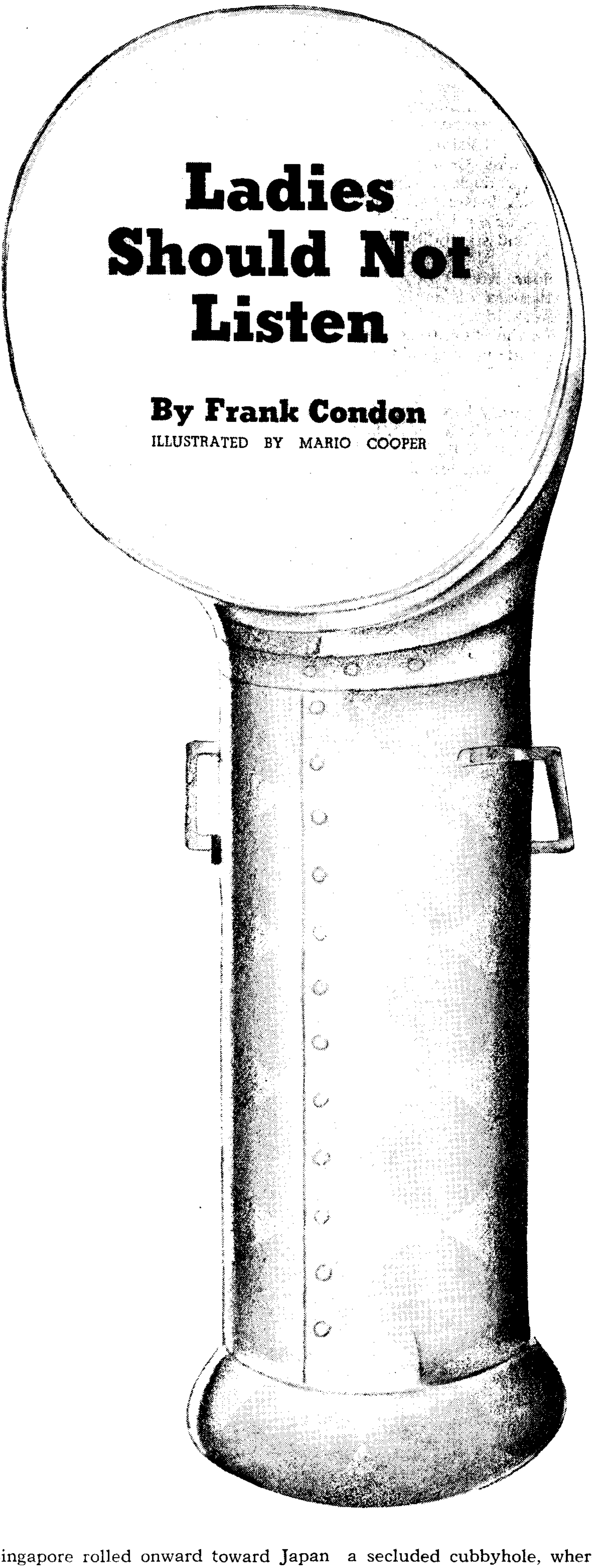
"And why haven't I met Blister Halfhill?" she asked. "I don't know," he said. "Just—circumstance"

The boat was on the bounding Pacific. Upon the boat were three who loved Bernice. Only one came back with her

Ladies Should Not Listen

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



IT BEGAN raining as we pulled out of Honolulu for Japan. The decks were wet, the companionways slippery, and that is how it happened. With never a wicked thought in my mind, starting down from A deck to B deck, my heel slid off a strip of stair metal, my hand jerked free of the rail and I went on down out of control. There happened to be a person of the opposite sex either walking or contemplating nature on B deck, and my arrival knocked her feet from under her, and she sprawled over backward, coming to rest on my back. We arose in unison, with me doing the work.

"Sorry, miss," I said in a penitent voice, and observing she was neither aged nor ugly, "I hope you are not hurt."

"You ever try walking downstairs?" she asked coldly, smoothing herself. "Many people find it the best way."

She was so pretty and indignant that I liked her at once, while she stood there in the Pacific breezes, frowning at me. She had brownish hair with red undertones, and it blew nicely about her face. Her eyes were friendly and you could tell that such a mouth was never intended to sustain a frown.

"I was the one underneath," I said in meek apology. "You fell on top of me, and as I am not hurt you cannot be hurt, so kindly stop glaring. My foot slipped and I fell downstairs at great risk of life and limb. My name is Wood—Peter Wood, and a very nice passenger indeed, when not falling downstairs."

She began to laugh and, as I knew it would, her smile lighted up the sea for several waves. She was called Bernice Cornell; she was headed around the world for purposes of feminine exploration, adventure and possibly romance. All girls stepping on steamers out of Frisco have in their minds the shy thought that perhaps they will meet a tall and noble male and marry him after a pleasant courtship on the boat deck.

Miss Cornell had boarded the ship at Frisco and was traveling alone. Frisco is the place where the inmates hate and often try to kill innocent strangers who call their town Frisco, and so I always call it Frisco. If they would shut up about it, maybe people might begin saying San Francisco.

I came aboard at Honolulu, destination Egypt, didn't know a soul, but now I knew somebody, and a very charming somebody she turned out to be. Ordinarily I don't care a hang about girls and would much rather avoid them, play stud poker in the smoke room and listen to male passengers lie entertainingly about their adventures in China. I have had considerable experience with girls on ocean liners, and while they love to dance and have you wrap them up in steamer rugs, still they all run rapidly out of conversation about the second day.

I said most girls. This Bernice Cornell happily belonged to a different school. She wouldn't have bored even George Bernard Shaw. Furthermore, she was so attractive and young and vivacious that although the steamer Singapore was only six days out from Fris—from San Francisco, already two of the gentlemen customers were goggle-eyed about her and wandered around the boat, cursing each other in low tones.

It so happens that young women trust me instinctively and almost automatically, as I am not a frivolous fellow nor romantic to the eye. I look a little like a faded print of Abe Lincoln when he was thin. There is a rugged honesty to be seen in my countenance that invites friendly disclosures from the young of the opposite sex, but seems to discourage sentimental philanderings; and if I begin telling a strange dame that I have never, never met anyone like her, that her voice is like the murmur of a brook at eventide, and her eyes are twin stars, she generally looks politely interested, but does not have any heart-throbs.

SO I quit that line years ago, after rueful experiences. I was forced into the belief that romance was not down my alley, and that state isn't really terrifying. Once you have it firmly implanted that you are an onlooker in the Heart Handicap, it's rather comfortable, for you can go about freely with all sorts of girls and say anything. You don't even have to be polite.

As intimated, girls seem to recognize all this, and that is why they trust me and often ask my advice, and so it came about on the Singapore. Without being in any way to blame, Bernice was in a sentimental jam, as both passengers desired to marry her and kept asking her day by day, insisting on a showdown.

"What would you do about it?" she inquired, after we came to be good pals, which was the second day. "I like them both. They're nice boys. It's embarrassing."

"Shouldn't be. Just select the one you like best. You can't like them both the same. No woman ever did that since time began. Pick out the one you love madly, and then tell the other one the bad news."

She replied that she couldn't and wouldn't do it, being a tenderhearted creature, and meanwhile the good ship Singapore rolled onward toward Japan and China. This was before Japan began activity civilizing China from the air and you could still get into Shanghai. I became acquainted with both contestants for the lady's hand and it was a simple job to give good advice, which is my dish. There was really no problem.

She had first encountered young John Dunbar, who was from New York City, wrote plays, sulked when offended, drank rum punches with great joy and regarded the other passengers as cockroaches in clothes. He joined in none of the ship's social activities, moped about by himself and parked his deck chair in a secluded cubbyhole, where he wrote dramas and, while I never saw a Dunbar play, I'll bet they were stinkers. I didn't either like or dislike him, the same as I feel about rivets or cow trees.

He was thin and intense-looking, seeming always to be miles away in his thoughts. He was definitely daffy about the Bernice person and was getting on smoothly until the other chap cut in.

The second suitor was down as Forest E. Inmann on the passenger list, but by the time I arrived aboard, they were all calling him Whitey. He had a head of tousled blond hair and was the North Pole opposite of John Dunbar. Everybody grinned at Whitey when he clattered past on the deck, and he grinned back, with a pleasant word for even the aged ones. He did everything and he did it with vim and vigor. Ship passengers admire lively fellows who gallop about energetically and never appear self-conscious.

IT WAS Whitey Inmann who borrowed the leader's cap, led the orchestra in ribald swing, played the piano for hours unending, gave imitations of Jolson, Cantor and Penner, and stood on his head. It was Whitey who thought up the most original costumes for the masquerades, danced the best among the men, laughed the loudest and longest and won the bean race in the deck sports. He won the wood-sawing contest and evoked the heartiest howls in the turtle race. When the amateurs required a master of ceremonies for the ship's night club, Whitey was M. C.

Old ladies adored him, the men regarded him as a regular guy and the girls were coy and teased him with their come-hitherest smiles. Among the damsels, he selected Bernice to fall in love with, and in his bluff, roistering way he demanded action and a definite reply. He wanted to know if she loved him and would marry him and when. Nobody could blame him, for it was easy to see that if he—or Johnny Dunbar—won a wife like Bernice, then the voyage was a success. Like many another puzzled young gazelle, adored by two, she faltered, hesitated to speak, and sought solace in consultation with old Peter Wood, advice free at all hours.

"Marry Whitey," I stuck to it, time and again. "He's smart and he's pleasant by nature, whereas this other mental case may have fits of temperament. Whitey won't. Whitey is in the tire business, and I know about that, as I sell cars. It's a good, solid business and he's a solid businessman, which means that you will continue to eat at regular intervals and can buy Easter hats through life."

"I realize all that," Bernice said, looking dreamy.

"Then where's the problem?"

"John is the problem. He wants to know. He insists that I tell him whether I will or won't, and also tell him if I have agreed to marry Whitey."

"The Whitey part is none of his business. But you'll certainly have to inform him that you cannot be his bride this trip. You know there is a law about having two husbands."

Miss Bernice Cornell, picking a flawless moonlight night to do it, stood beside Mr. Dunbar on the top deck, looked at the glimmering sea, and let him have both barrels. She said she was sorry and wouldn't willfully wound the feelings of any man. She said she enjoyed talking to him, admired him and hoped he would continue to be her friend, but that she could never marry him, as she was going to marry Whitey Inmann.

"Have you told him you would?" Dunbar asked, speaking in low, sad accents.

"Not yet."

DUNBAR looked at her like a dying doe and that night he got himself extensively corned on Spanish sherry and English ale, which, when mixed together in copious abundance and eased down the human thorax, will eventually produce results and a hang-over of splendid proportions. He shunted himself about the decks, leaning on walls and posts and threatened to fall downstairs until the stewards forcibly put him to bed. Next morning he looked quite sick.

From that time on, Mr. Dunbar ceased writing his plays on the secluded deck and spent time preserving himself in alcohol, hoping thus to forget the blow. I suppose he dramatized himself, like one of his characters, and I never did see a spurned soul destroy so much live liquor. He lit himself up like a Christmas tree and kept on adding candles, and any jilted lover who believes he can win back the lady by chinning himself on whisky is as wrong as Heil Hitler. I wasted little sympathy on the jiltee, as I don't approve of sulky people, or lofty ones, and he was both.

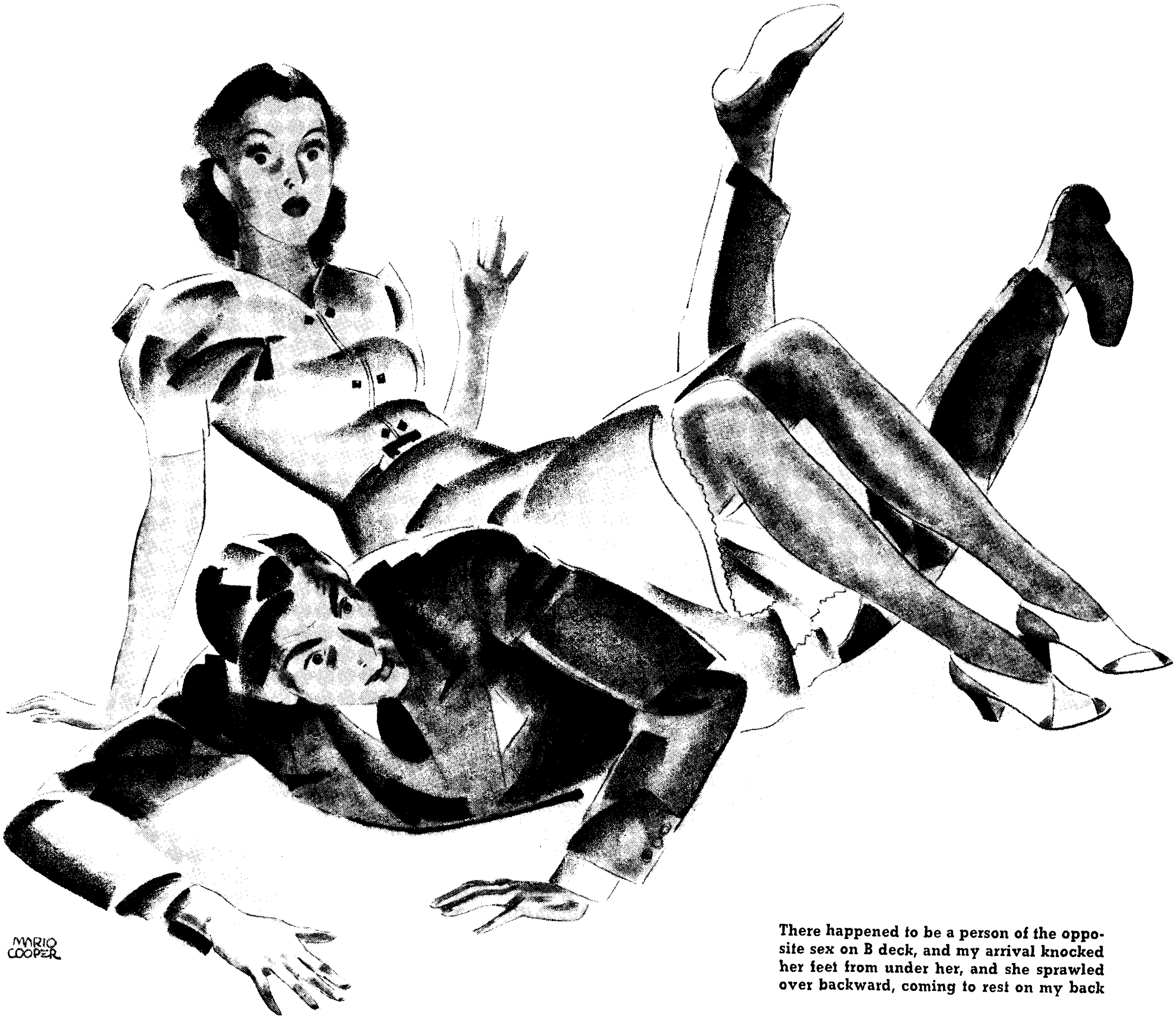
He continued to pester Miss Cornell, and I knew about the occasions but Whitey didn't, and a good thing, as he most likely would have taken a poke. Dunbar wasn't content with being turned down. He wished to know if she was surely going to marry Whitey and had she actually consented.

"Why don't you tell him it's none of his business?" I asked her.

"I'm sorry for him and I feel as if it were my fault. He looks so miserable."

"Well, then, tell him you said yes to Whitey, if that's what he wants to hear. I certainly wouldn't worry if I were you.

(Continued on page 55)



There happened to be a person of the opposite sex on B deck, and my arrival knocked her feet from under her, and she sprawled over backward, coming to rest on my back

Harry the Horse

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

YEAH, my kid brother wants to be a newspaperman," Harry Danning said. "My older brother, Ike, was a ballplayer and I'm a ballplayer, but the kid doesn't like baseball. He's going to college to learn to be a writer."

"That's too bad," I told Danning. "Too bad he didn't want to follow in your footsteps."

"What?" the big catcher exploded. "Too bad? Listen, I'm tickled to death. A man is a fool to play baseball for a living. At best you've only got about ten or twelve years of it. Then what? Then you're a bum. And what a gamble it is. It's a thousand-to-one shot you'll never get to the big leagues even if you've got ability. Then you become a regular and maybe some day you'll break a wrist or get cracked on the head or hurt your eyes and you're all through. You're all through and you haven't got a dime and you haven't learned any other trade. You're a washed-up bum. Playing baseball is really a hell of a way to make a living."

"I guess you just don't like baseball."

"Me? I love baseball. I wouldn't be anything but a ballplayer. It's a great life. I love it. Don't get the idea," Danning added, "that I don't like baseball. It's all right for me but not for my kid brother."

That must serve to introduce Harry Danning, who has been called Harry the Horse because he has a great capacity for work even when he has things like broken fingers, sprained ankles and painful Charley horses bothering him. At present he is the regular catcher on Bill Terry's New York Giants and only Gabby Hartnett and Bill Dickey outrank him as receivers. Hartnett hits better but he is slow afoot and he would not work out well under the system Terry uses. Dickey, of course, is the best all-around catcher in baseball and if you want an argument on that go to the record books first and to the ballplayers themselves second. That should convince you. But Harry the Horse is coming fast. Potentially he may be greater than any of them. He is good enough to keep Gus Mancuso on the bench and Gus can catch on anybody's team. Danning himself has no exaggerated idea of his own ability.

How Catchers Get that Way

"I can hit all right but I can't catch," he says gloomily, "I'm still learning. I watch men like Gabby and the others, trying to pick up things. I listen to Frank Snyder, our coach, and learn things from him. But I can't catch yet."

Harry is a large but not portly party out of Los Angeles, California, who would tip the beam at about 197. He is tall and straight and has very black hair. His face belies his Semitic origin and on Broadway, which is really the hotbed of Giant fandom, he is known affectionately as Harry the Horse. Danning belongs to Broadway and when anyone on Broadway talks about The Horse you know he is talking of Danning.

This year Danning has been playing plenty of ball. He's been hitting well and he's been handling pitchers well, especially those three low-ball pitchers on Terry's pay roll, Schumacher, Hubbell and Gumbert. Low-ball pitchers are hard to catch. You have to keep digging the ball out of the dirt and when there are men on bases it is important that you do it cleanly. It is easy to catch a Dizzy Dean, a Mungo or a Melton. It isn't easy, though, to catch those "downers" Schumacher throws. The ball is waist high when it approaches the plate. By the time it reaches Danning squatting there, it's around his shoelaces or lower. Danning is the best low-ball catcher in baseball.

"He can catch a low-ball pitcher," Bill Terry says, "better than anyone I've seen since Frank Snyder. Snyder was a very great catcher. When I compare Danning to him you'll know what I think of Danning."

Three of life's most insoluble mysteries are why men ever aim to be steeplejacks, sand hogs or catchers. A steeplejack works high above the ground. A sand hog works under the ground. A catcher works on the ground, frequently in it and he gets more of a beating than a sparring partner of Joe Louis does. I can't imagine any kid in whose breast there burned a fervent ambition to be a catcher. Kids usually become catchers by accident and sometimes they grow up that way. It was like that with Danning.

The Los Angeles Strong Boy

When he was a kid he used to hang around a vacant lot at Arlington and Adams in Los Angeles. The kids would play ball there every day after school. Harry was the youngest of them all so they'd say to him, "We'll let you play if you'll catch." Harry wanted to play ball and he couldn't play unless he caught and that's why he is making a very nice salary now and seeing at least eight cities per year plus a good part of Florida and the South.

He wasn't a very good catcher as a kid but he was strong. He started delivering ice when he was thirteen and he kept that up for several years. You can't chaperon fifty-pound morsels of ice all over Los Angeles without developing terrific arm muscles. By the time he was sixteen, Harry was the neighborhood strong boy. He'd go to the beach

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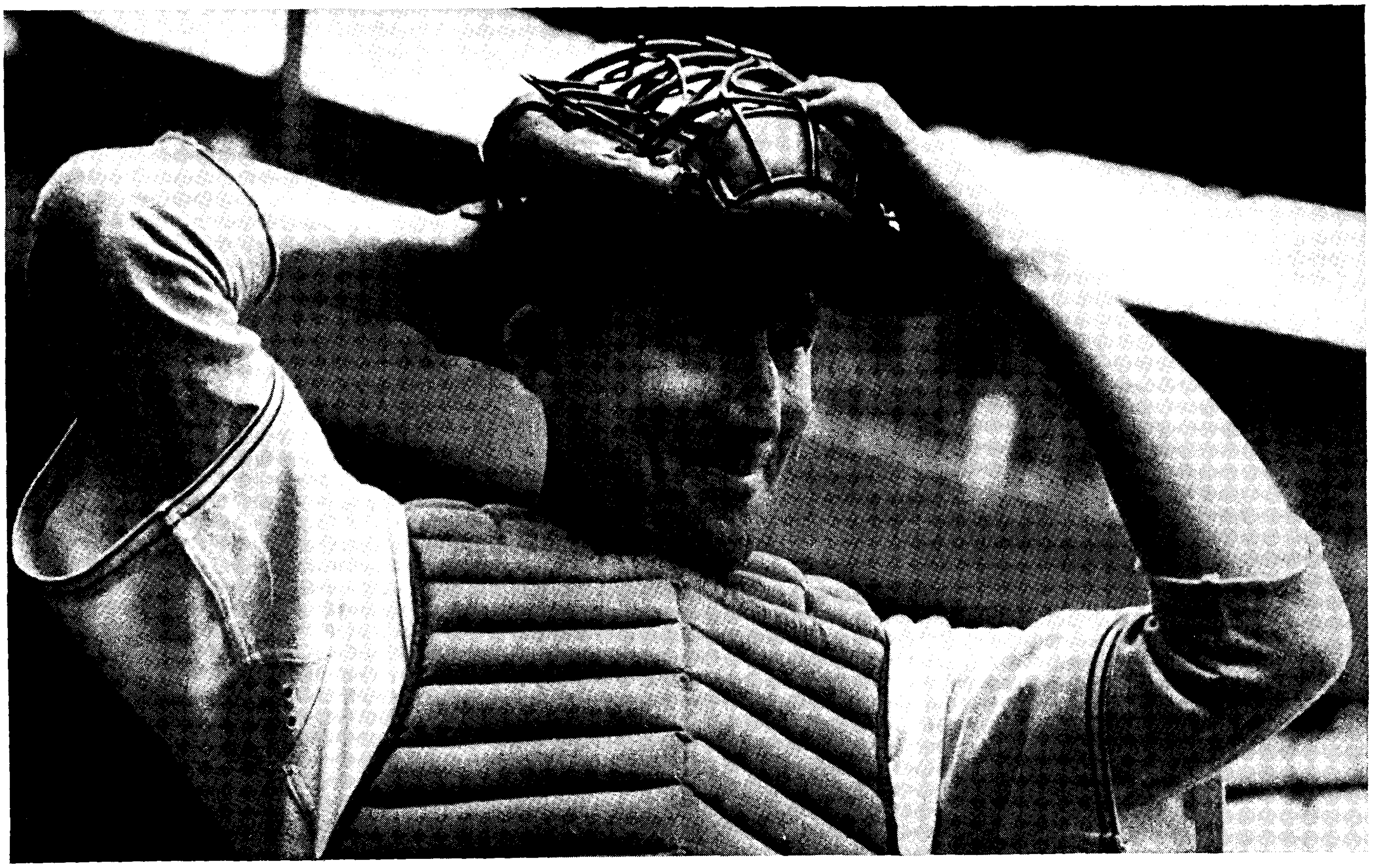

"I can hit all right but I can't catch," says Harry Danning, Giants' first-string backstop

The Runaway

By Kathleen Norris

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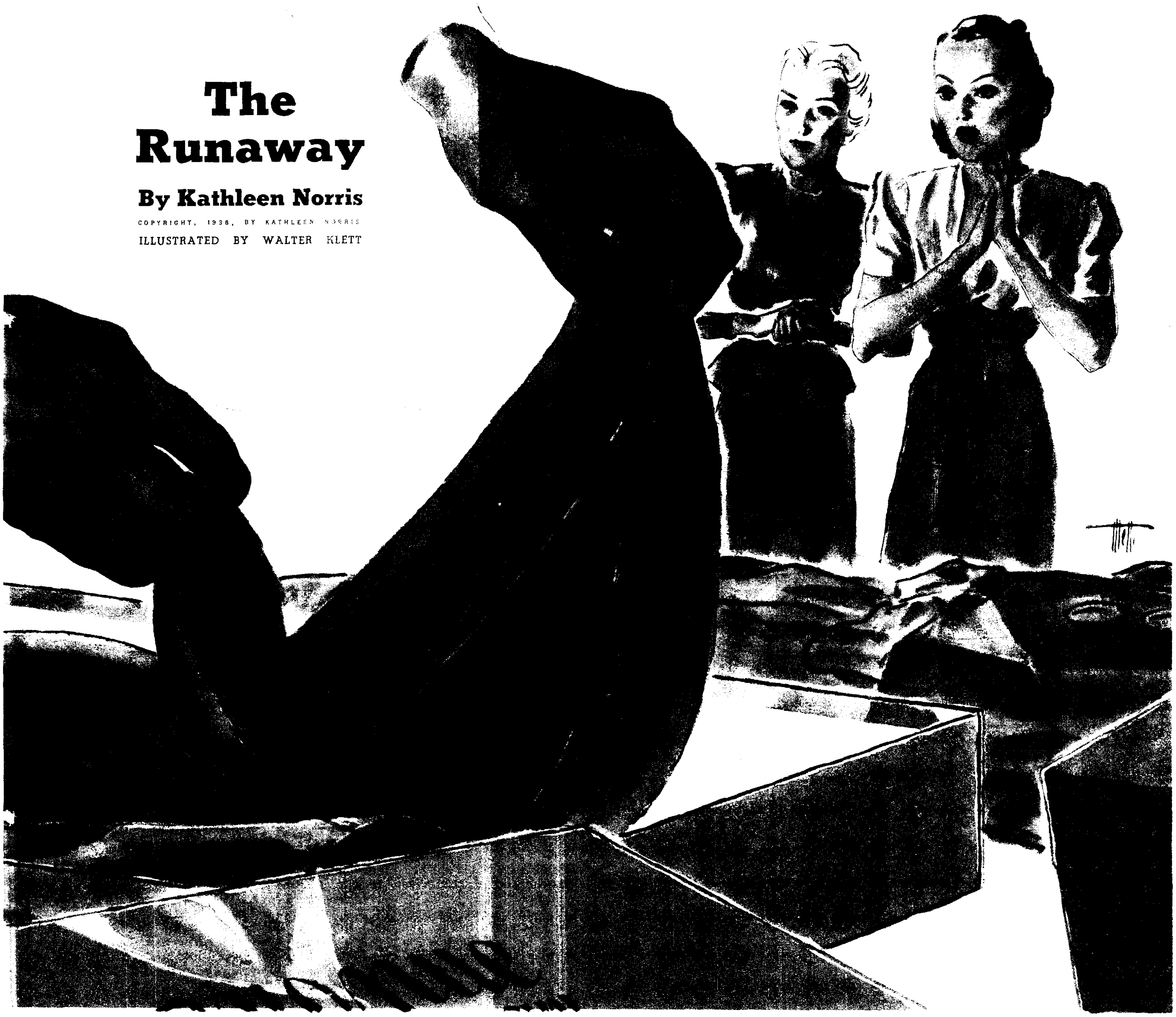

Tears smarted in Becky's eyes. "Not for me? Oh, he shouldn't! Oh, why did he?" she whispered

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Becky Gibson—who lives with her mother and father and four brothers on a California ranch—tells her mother that she is thinking of marrying Gavin Flood, of Hollywood, her mother expostulates with her. Flood, she points out, is thirty-one years old, yet he is still without a definite goal in life; he cannot support a wife. Then, too, what does Becky know about him other than what he himself has told her? No, Becky certainly must not marry him!

But Becky is adamant; she will not give Flood up. Whereupon, Mrs. Gibson tells her a secret that she and her husband have heretofore zealously guarded: Becky is the Gibsons' *adopted* daughter. When Becky was a baby, in Chicago, her real mother, "Mrs. William Davis," had died after giving the Gibsons (then known as "the Smiths") twenty thousand dollars upon their agreeing to take the baby girl, change their name, and move to California. The Smiths had become the Gibsons; they had moved to California; they had adopted Becky.

That is the first of a series of shocks for Becky. When Gavin Flood is a victim of pneumonia, in San Francisco, she goes to him, nurses him tenderly back to health, then marries him.

Flood is a charming person. Becky loves him. But it presently dawns on her that he is irresponsible, thoughtless, not to be depended upon. He cannot find a permanent job; he gambles with Tom, Dick and Harry; he is happy only when he is spending money recklessly.

When Becky's baby—Spencer Gibson Flood (Gibbs)—is born, Gavin is not with the little mother. He is in Southern California, "looking for a job." Nor does he even take the trouble to write to Becky (who is with the Gibsons). When, finally, he rejoins her, it soon becomes obvious to everyone that he is quite content to accept the hospitality of the Gibsons, and that he has no intention of making an effort to support his wife and son.

He borrows money from Mr. Gibson. He even has the bad taste to borrow from Joe Feratta, a young lawyer whom Becky had jilted when she became Mrs. Flood!

Then, when Gavin makes no effort to change, Becky takes her baby and runs away. She goes to New York City. There, as "Mrs. Rebecca Gibson," she takes a cheap room, gets a job. Two years later, while she is working in a department store and finding it difficult to make both ends meet, "Gibbs" has pneumonia. He recovers in a great hospital. But, while he is still convalescent, one of the doctors sends for Becky. Becky goes to the doctor's office. "The baby's all right," the doctor says kindly. "But now, Mrs. Gibson, I want to have a frank talk with you."

VIII

DOCTOR STEPHEN DINSMORE, nearing fifty, was dark, tall, lean, spectacled. Becky liked his voice. It was unalarming, cultured.

"May I ask where you live?"

"I have a little apartment in One Hundred and Forty-ninth," Becky answered.

"Go to work in the subway?"

"No. I work at Rheingolder's. It's not so very far from here. I've been able to come to the hospital every night at dinnertime. Before that a neighbor took care of Gibbs while I was away."

"I don't think," the doctor said thoughtfully, in his consulting-room voice, "that little Gibbs ought to go back to that neighborhood. Not now. He ought to have a month or six weeks in an even, warm temperature, and very careful building up. Any epidemic now, measles or whooping cough—"

"Oh, God help me!" Becky said in her soul. Aloud she added: "Could I take him to California?"

"How could you get to California?"

"My people are there. But there are circumstances—" Becky began, and hesitated. "They haven't a great deal of money," she explained. "I've four younger brothers, all in school. I thought—I knew so many people had made good here—I ran away from home—"

"What I'm suggesting," said the doctor in a businesslike voice, "is that you bring the child down to my house on Long Island, and keep him there until after Christmas. My sister is there, widowed, with two girls—grown girls; she's visiting me. I think she'd be very glad to have you. After Christmas we are going to Florida for several weeks. That would build him up perfectly, and I don't imagine you'd have any further trouble."

Becky looked at him in stupefaction.

"I'm not believing my ears," she thought. "You hear of that all your life,

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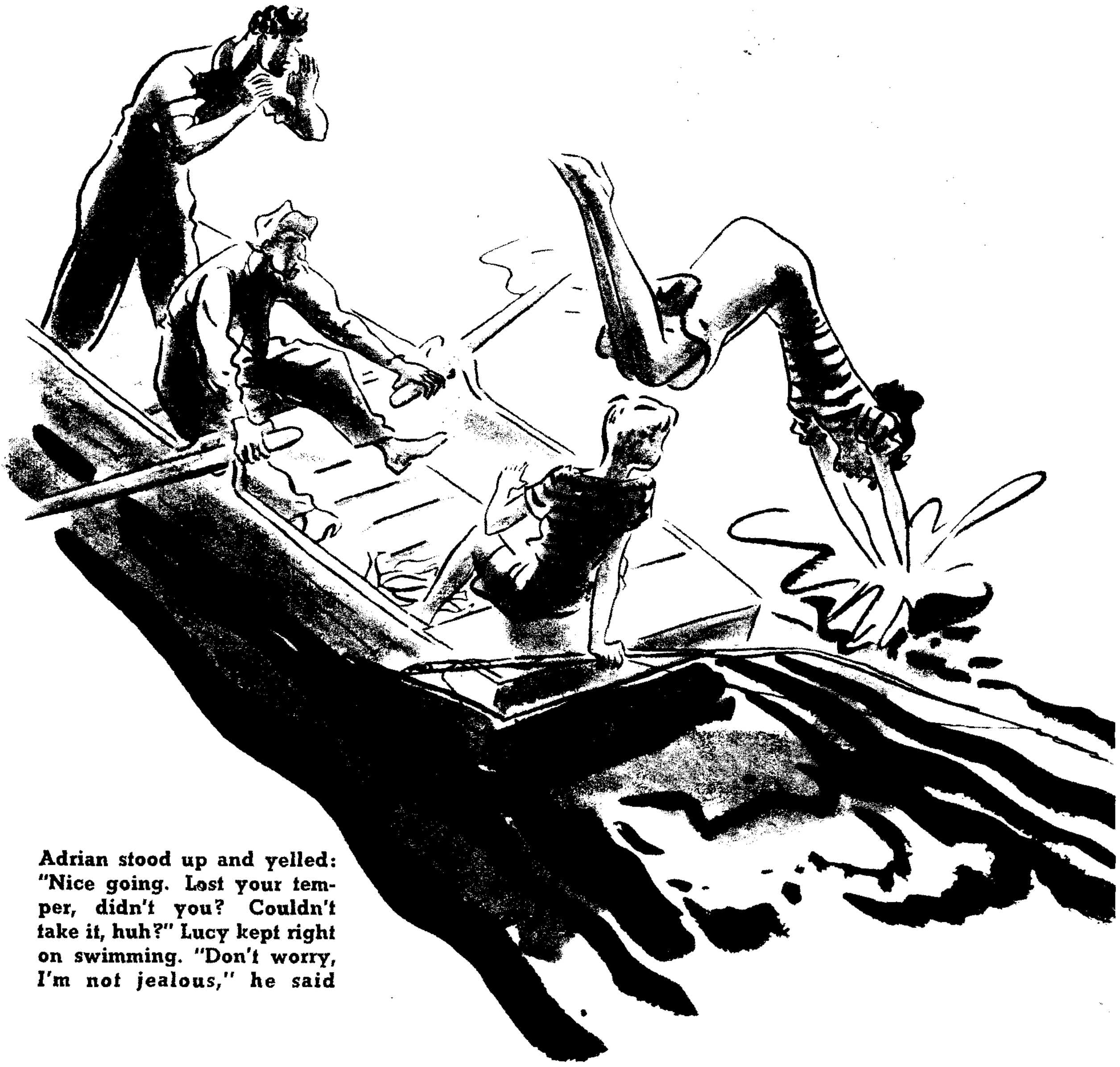
The Honor of the Dixie Belle

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST



Adrian stood up and yelled: "Nice going. Lost your temper, didn't you? Couldn't take it, huh?" Lucy kept right on swimming. "Don't worry, I'm not jealous," he said

The Story Thus Far:

TO HUMOR his wife—a distant cousin of Mark Twain—the wealthy Robert Emmet Lacey, Sr., of St. Louis, buys another country place: a rambling brick structure overlooking little Pike County Landing on the Mississippi (the "dear old river" that Mrs. Lacey "simply adores"). There, ensconced with her young son, Bobby, the prissy Mr. Gollomb, Bobby's tutor, and a number of servitors, Mrs. Lacey proceeds to enjoy the simple life.

Half buried in the mud for many years, near the house, is an old steamboat—the Dixie Belle. In it, surrounded by its faded glories, dwell some interesting people: "Cap'n Dan," eccentric owner of the vessel, who enjoys the delusion that a near-by railroad owes him huge damages (all imaginary); Lucy Hough, an attractive girl; Mrs. J. E. B. Drumwright, a lady with a questionable past but indomitable pride; and Buttinhead Adams, the Negro cook. Introduced to them by Paw Merrihew (a kindly old fisherman whose favorite fishing hole lies under a rug in the Dixie Belle's bottom, and who shows Bobby how and where to catch fish when others are going biteless), Bobby is fascinated by them; whenever he can slip away, he goes to the old boat.

The boy's new friends do not meet with Mrs. Lacey's approval. But, genuinely touched by their poverty, she makes a noble decision: She, the powerful Mrs. Robert Emmet Lacey, Sr., will "rehabilitate" those "poor, simple souls"—she will save them!

Bobby says "phooey" to the whole idea. Why, Cap'n Dan and his friends have plenty of money; and Paw Merrihew (who, on the authority of none other than Buttinhead Adams, has access to a sunken boat *containing tons of gold*) is positively rich! But Mrs. Lacey is obdurate—something must be done for those "poor, pitiful victims of circumstance!"

A short time after Mrs. Lacey goes into action, Bobby receives a postcard message from Lucy: "Will you please come down to see us this afternoon? Important."

Bobby, much excited, goes to the Dixie Belle. Cap'n Dan, Paw, Mrs. Drumwright, Lucy and—busily at work near by—Buttinhead, are all there, awaiting him. All seem terribly solemn. Bobby is kinda scared. "What's wrong?" he gasps.

II

LUCY jumped right up and came over and hugged me, saying: "It was sweet of you, Bobby, but it's all a mistake."

Paw gave me a sour look. "Ha! A goldanged insult, thet's what it is."

Mrs. Drumwright said: "We mustn't judge the *nouveau riche* too harsh, Mistah Merriwethah, an' I'm suah Bobby's mothah meant well."

There was a big pile of brand-new clothes on the table and several baskets of food. Cap'n Dan was pawing over this stuff and making notes of it in his big ledger book. He just nodded to me.

"I begged my mother not to," I said right out. "You can ask Mr. Gollomb. I told my mother you were not poor. You can ask Mr. Gollomb."

Lucy hugged me again and said, "I knew it wasn't your fault, Bobby," and told me to sit down in a chair. Then she explained to me just what had happened. My mother had not been satisfied with just giving them food and clothes; oh, no. She had offered to rent a house in Pike County Landing for Cap'n Dan and Mrs. Drumwright and Lucy. She had offered them jobs. She said Lucy could be a maid at our house and Cap'n Dan could be the watchman. She said Paw could be a cabinetmaker and work on the new taproom that was to look like a steamboat barroom at our house. And Buttinhead could do odd jobs around the place.

"It was very considerate of your mother, Bobby," Lucy said, "but Cap'n Dan couldn't leave the Dixie Belle. Mrs. Drumwright's asthma wouldn't allow her to live in the Landing on account of the pollen, and I haven't had any experience as a maid—"

Mrs. Drumwright went "Humph" and said: "No ward of mine, Lucy, is goin' into haousehold suhvice. I declaah. I don't know what the woman could have been thinkin' of, upon my soul I don't!"

Lucy tried to make her hush up but she kept right on talking, saying that Paw ought to take the offer of cabinetmaker work and try earning a respectable living for a while. This got Paw fighting mad and he yelled: "Dang ye, 'ooman, I'm my own man and I been my own man fer eighty-one year!"

"You've been a disgustin' reprobate," Mrs. Drumwright said.

"I'm a-going to slit your gizzard fer them words, 'ooman!" Paw said.

Paw drew his fish-sticker and said he would not give Mrs. Drumwright time to pray because the Good Lord had abandoned her as a gone gosling forty years ago. Cap'n Dan came to life all of a sudden and said he would call Paw out and horsewhip him. I thought Paw and Cap'n Dan really would have a big fight, but Lucy separated them.

"We've all agreed not to take charity work," Lucy said, "so Paw is just as honorable as you are, Mrs. Drumwright. Now calm down or you'll get Bobby so mixed up he won't know what to tell his mother."

Then Lucy carefully instructed me just what to explain to my mother so as not to hurt my mother's feelings. I said I would tell her, and all of them got to talking about what they would do with the food and clothes my mother had sent. Mrs. Drumwright said she would send her presents to relatives in reduced circumstances in Louisville, Kentucky. Paw would not have anything to do with his presents. He would not even look at them. Lucy said she knew a lot of poor folks in Shanty Town up to Clarksville who would be glad to have the things. The only one who really wanted to keep his presents was Buttinhead.

My mother had bought Buttinhead a new pair of pants and a sweater and had given him a derby hat that belonged to Travis, my father's valet. There was a big argument whether Buttinhead could keep even the derby hat.

"Cap'n Minor," Mrs. Drumwright said, "exert youah authority ovah this niggah. Is he a family niggah with traditions or can he accept charity f'm nobodies like them Laceys?"

Cap'n Dan called Buttinhead right on the carpet. He sure told Buttinhead off for wanting to take charity. Buttinhead said: "Aw, naw suh, Cap'n suh—I scorns dem, ob course I does."

Lucy said: "Let him keep the hat. Folks will think it belonged to Cap'n Dan or Paw."

So everybody finally agreed that Buttinhead could keep the hat. During this excitement another Burlington freight train came by and men threw coal at the Dixie Belle, but Cap'n Dan almost forgot to go and shoot at them. When he finally found the gun the train was out of range. But he went right out and estimated the damage the "Q" had done and wrote it down in his big book.

"The total damages the 'Q' owes me from October 21, 1905, to the present instant is exactly a hundred and eighty-nine thousand four hundred and thirty-two dollars and seventy cents. Got it all down here in black and white, sir," Cap'n Dan said.

NOBODY paid much attention to this because Lucy and Paw were giving me my final instructions.

"Tell your mother we think she is swell and generous and be sure to tell her how grateful we are," Lucy said.

Paw got mad.

"Don't ye include me in thet statement, son," Paw said. "I don't say nary a goldang thank you. I say foosh an' thrice foosh an' I th'ow in a obscene sound fer emphasis."

"Shame on you, Paw," Lucy said. Then she made me promise to hurry straight home and tell my mother.

When I finally found my mother, she was out in the new addition giving Hail Columbia to Mr. Prentice, the contractor, and all the carpenters. She was not in a very good humor. I told her everything that Lucy had said to tell her, but not what Paw had said.

My mother did not take it so good.

"Well," she said, "if *that* isn't a new chapter in social welfare! So they'd rather live in filth and poverty, would they? Humph. They're very welcome, I'm sure. I certainly shan't go down there and beg them to accept help, I'm sure." And a lot more talk with big words meaning that my mother was thoroughly disgusted with trying to rehabilitate the Dixie Belle people and would leave them severely alone.

"Hurray!" I said, and ran off to tell Mr. Gollomb that the trouble was over.

Mr. Gollomb was not so happy about it.

"It is all very well for Merrihew and the captain and their generation, Robert," Mr. Gollomb said, "but that girl is worth saving. She has a great deal of primitive charm, a great deal of primitive charm." Mr. Gollomb said he had conducted his own personal investigation and had found out that Lucy had graduated from the Pike County Landing high school with the highest grades of anybody. Furthermore, Mr. Gollomb said he had been informed at the grocery store that Cap'n Dan had a very small pension and wasted most of it in fighting the "Q." Lucy and Cap'n Dan and Mrs. Drumwright and Buttinhead were practically dependent on Paw Merrihew, and Paw did not have anything but a small fish-peddling business.

"Kafooey on that," I said. "Paw knows where there's a whole steamboat full of gold. And anyway Lucy is going to marry that Adrian Reed guy."

Mr. Gollomb looked goofy. He asked me a lot of questions about Adrian. He did not approve of Adrian at all. Mr. Gollomb was kind of sad and went walking off maybe to study birds and forgot I was supposed to have a history discussion with him.

FOR the next few days I sure had perfect peace. Mr. Gollomb was busy feeling sorry for Lucy, and my mother was busy arguing with Mr. Prentice and the carpenters to get the new addition ready for a big housewarming party she was going to have.

I went to the Dixie Belle every single day. Adrian came back down the river on the towboat and got a day layover while she was loading cargo on her barges. Adrian and Paw and Lucy and I went crappie fishing over to Stumpsucker Slough on the Illinois side.

Big-headed Adrian thought he knew all about crappie fishing. He said he knew just the place to fish for them and you should use angleworms this time of year and still-fish with a bobber. I could tell Paw did not think so, but Paw let Adrian have his way. Adrian gave all the orders and anchored the boat at the mouth of the slough. He and Lucy and I threw our lines in, but Paw did not. Paw went to sleep in the bow of the skiff. We did not even get a nibble.

"Kafooey on this. Gee heck," I said, "there aren't any fish here."

"The wind's changed on me," Adrian said.

Adrian pulled up the anchor and we tried two more places. Lucy still stuck up for Adrian and said she had days just like this when the crappie would not bite. She pretended to see lots of crappie in the water but they would not bite.

I woke Paw up.

"This guy is giving us a bum steer, Paw," I said; "we haven't caught a thing."

Adrian said: "They're here but they won't bite. Too much food in the water."

"Is thet so?" Paw said, and went back to his nap.

ADRIAN and Lucy did not care about catching fish. They sat in the stern of the skiff and Lucy just listened to Adrian talking big. It made me sick to my stomach just to listen. My mind was on fish. I knew there were a lot of crappie somewhere in that river swimming around waiting for the right bait and intelligent methods of catching them. So I put on a big storm and argued with Adrian and said he didn't know beans about fishing. Adrian got sore and offered to bet me and I bet, and bet that Paw could show us how to catch crappie. Before I was through betting I had bet Adrian my rod and reel and seventy-five cents and my tackle box with seven lures, all against nothing but Paw, and when I realized what I had done I got pretty scared.

"Now, you got to show me how to catch some crappie, Paw," I said.

Paw sat up and looked at Adrian and said: "Tell ye whut I'll do. I'll make ye a sporting propersition. If Bobby here ketches ten crappie in the next hour, you buy Lucy a new ten-dollar dress. If'n Bobby don't, I'll buy her the dress."

"You're on," Adrian said; and he picked up my rod and reel and said: "Hot dog, will I have fun with this!" Making me more scared than ever.

It was truly the most serious crisis in my life up to that time. But Paw said: "Jest rest easy, son, ye made a sound bet." So Paw right away pulled the boat ashore and cut a long elm switch. Then he took the boat downstream and across the mouth of the slough, sighting by rocks and trees on the bank. He got down and put his face close to the water and squinted at the bottom. He sounded with his oar and brought up sand, till he came to the place where the sand was just a certain silver color. Then Paw anchored the boat.

"Twelve minutes gone already," Adrian said.

"Rest easy, son," Paw said.

Next, Paw got out a can of white grubworms that he had been hiding in a gunny sack. Also some fine linen line with a thin green leader. He tied the line on the elm switch without any bobber. Then, Paw got out a sack of brown stuff and began throwing pinches of it in the water. He said it was chum but would not tell Lucy or Adrian just what it was made of.

"Sixteen minutes gone already, Paw," Adrian said. "I've got a cinch bet."

Paw handed me the elm switch after testing it for liveliness.

"Th'ow yer line in—right thar!" Paw said, pointing to a still patch of water with ripples swirling around it.

In my sober judgment it was truly the triumph of my career as a fisherman. I caught fourteen crappie fish in twenty-seven minutes by Adrian's wrist watch. Each time I hauled one in, it was good to see old smart-aleck Adrian's face. I mean he really looked sick.

"Well, I got to hand it to you, Paw," Adrian said, "you know your fishing," and he paid Paw ten dollars right then and there for Lucy's dress.

"I've got to hand it to Bobby," Lucy said. "He caught the fish, remember." Lucy is a swell girl.

GOING back home, Lucy and Adrian got to quarreling. It was over Mr. Gollomb. Adrian had found out that Mr. Gollomb was lending Lucy books to read and hanging around the Dixie Belle.

"I sure admire your taste," Adrian said.

"I feel sorry for the poor guy," Lucy said; "he's such an awful big sissy."

"Don't kid me, sister," Adrian said, "you're going in for high sassiety."

"I'm no such a thing," she said.

"A working guy ain't good enough for you," he said.

"That's not so, Adrian," she said.

"Maybe you just want to make me jealous. Fat chance," he said.

"Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't try it with a goof like him," she said.

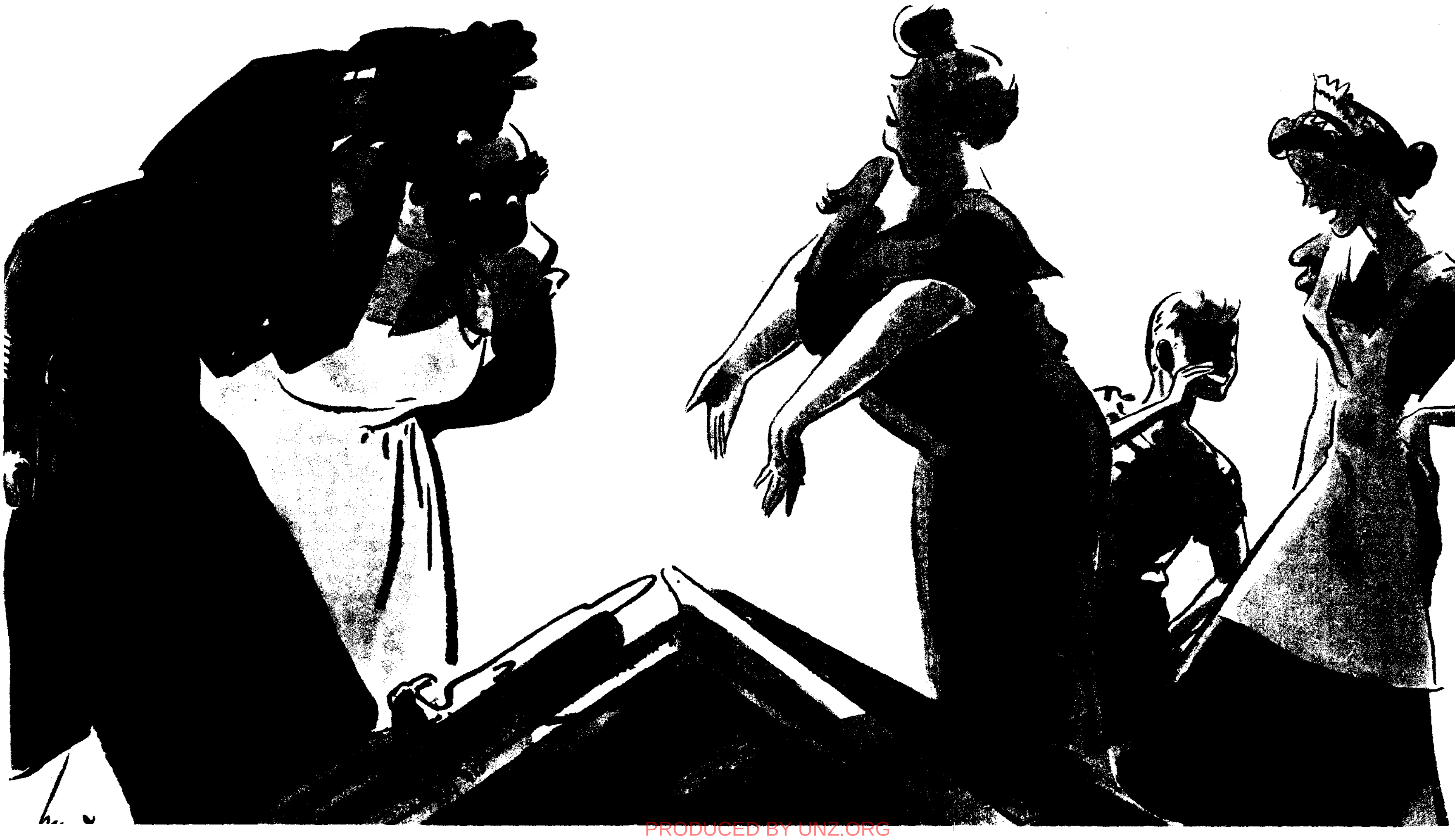
"Oh, I dunno. He's got dough," Adrian said.

"So you think I'd marry a man for his money, do you?" Lucy said.

"How should I know? All I know is the minute my back is turned working hard to get a start you start running around with Gollomb," he said.

"He only loaned me some books," she said.

Lucy got redheaded mad *(Continued on page 39)*



The very first day he got to showing off his butting skill and butted a door and the other side of the door had a big mirror on it. Buttinhead sure wrecked that mirror

IFOR THOMAS

CHARLES KERLEE

Above: Raymond Scott (born Harry Warnow) rehearses a new composition that his brother, Mark Warnow (left), will later conduct

THIS is a mad age. On every hand you hear of a mad hat, mad bull, mad fun, mad money. The madness of the Warnow brothers is something very special. Mark Warnow, one of radio's Big Ten orchestra conductors, has been known to settle himself back in a cab and give the driver his telephone number instead of his address. The other Warnow is Raymond Scott, composer, who, when he is lost in a musical mist, may pick his shoes off the floor, lace them meticulously, set them back under the bed, and proceed to go out the door in his stocking feet. Once, working out an intricate melody in his mind, he stopped at a drug counter, bought a package of mints, broke a lozenge off the roll and solemnly handed it to the clerk, while he tossed the dime into his mouth. This is not an escape from reality; it is merely shutting out the world while they get some work done.

Mark Warnow is probably the only conductor on record to follow his orchestra instead of leading it, as he did once when he discovered he had left his music at home. His brother kept seeing a girl he didn't like, only because her perfume appealed to him; when he found out the name of it, he stopped seeing her and wrote his "Perfume Suite" instead. Mark calls his radio orchestra "The Blue Velvet Orchestra" because his secretary wore a blue velvet blouse that delighted him.

Though Scott is in Hollywood and Mark is in New York, they talk to each other at least twice a week by long-distance phone, three quarters of an hour at a time, while Scott runs off a few bars of his latest opus for Mark to criticize. Raymond's music is their pet enthusiasm; Mark keeps a phonograph in his office at the Columbia Broadcasting Company and plays his brother's music full blast when he has nothing else to do—or even when he has. Scott admits his music is revolutionary, admits it with a strange, unaffected modesty, because he is so honestly detached about it. Stravinsky and Paul Whiteman, Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway are inclined to agree with *him*; Whiteman hopes to do a concert of his music some day soon.

Scott's number, The Toy Trumpets, is the climax of Shirley Temple's newest picture; his War Dance for Wooden Indians and Twilight in Turkey were also movie hits. His titles have a kind of crazy poetry: Piano and Pistol Duet, The Girl with the Light Blue Hair, Square Dance for Eight Egyptian Mummies, Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals, and so on—titles that are like strong drink: they make you groggy at first, and when you hear the music everything becomes beautifully clear. Raymond Scott's real name is Harry Warnow. But what's that to a man who calls his musical sextet the Raymond Scott Quintet simply because he likes the sound of it better?

The Gentle Art of Listening

Gertrude Stein once wrote a poem, "A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose," because she liked the sound the words made. The Warnow boys, too, see with their ears. They think with their ears, they judge with their ears. If a thing sounds pretty, it's pretty sound as far as they are concerned. If it doesn't, it's out and no amount of coaxing by movie executives, radio sponsors and phonograph companies can make them change their minds.

Raymond—even his own brother calls him that instead of Harry now—rehearses with his quintet as painstakingly and intensively as any classical string quartet might. Their movie contract with Twentieth-Century-Fox makes it possible for them to rehearse five hours a day, five days a week, a strenuous program, but one that has made the boys so sensitive to every mood and direction of their leader that he never writes down a single note for them to play. His retainer is a healthy one, but Darryl Zanuck is satisfied. One smash hit like Shirley Temple's song would justify any fee; besides, Mr. Zanuck has the privilege of sitting in on rehearsals, if he wants to, and listening to the boys go to town with the latest Scott's emulsion of sweet and hot. Brunswick, which sells records of Scott's music, signed him to a contract calling for twelve records a year and it gave him the right to veto any recording he does not consider fit to release. Raymond insisted on that, and surely there was no harm in it! But they had not counted on Scott's standard of perfection. He will make the twelve recordings all right; but so far he has permitted only four double-faced records to be released. Most orchestras recording for companies make two recordings to be on the safe side; Scott's men make half a dozen, a dozen, two dozen, if necessary. If he couldn't work it this way, he would cheerfully turn in his contract. So far, though they fuss and fume, nobody has asked him to. After all, composers whose records sell 250,000 copies don't grow on trees—and they keep on selling without a letup, regardless of season.

Scott's music is a language that has never been spoken before, complex, irresistible, provocative. Written primarily for mechanical recording and the radio, his music in its present form could not exist if there were no radio. If you've had anything to do with a microphone, you know that the sounds you hear in the room are nothing like the same sounds over a microphone. Raymond got to work harnessing this difference to make a new kind of music. When he composes, he doesn't sit down like the traditional composer and write down little black notes on ruled paper. He composes on the phonograph, working out each passage with his quintet, playing a theme for the clarinetist, for the drummer, for the saxophonist until each can play it back perfectly. Then together the whole group plays while the recording machine gets it down in wax. Before a number is perfect enough to be released, there may be seventy-five recordings. Scott sends the best of these on to Mark to play, who grades them as a teacher might grade an examination paper—B–, 50% complete. When it is an unqualified A, 100% complete, it will be passed on to the public. For sheet-music sales, a specialist is called in to translate the music into black and white. Other composers, too, follow this method. An average composition takes a day to transcribe; Scott's complicated music takes almost a week.

Success Story in Outline

Both brothers are short, stocky and dark-haired. Scott was born in New York, twenty-eight years ago. Mark was born in Russia, nine years earlier. Their father was a violinist, the only Russian violinist who never played fiddle for the czar. They came to New York when Mark was six. When he was fifteen, he got his first job in a concert ensemble, playing at the old Waldorf-Astoria. He made his debut as a concert violinist at Town Hall; already he had an enviable musical record, having directed Apple Blossoms and an edition of the Ziegfeld

(Continued on page 33)

Five times, this honor came to Sir Thomas

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Five times, the experts declared this famous tea "best of all."

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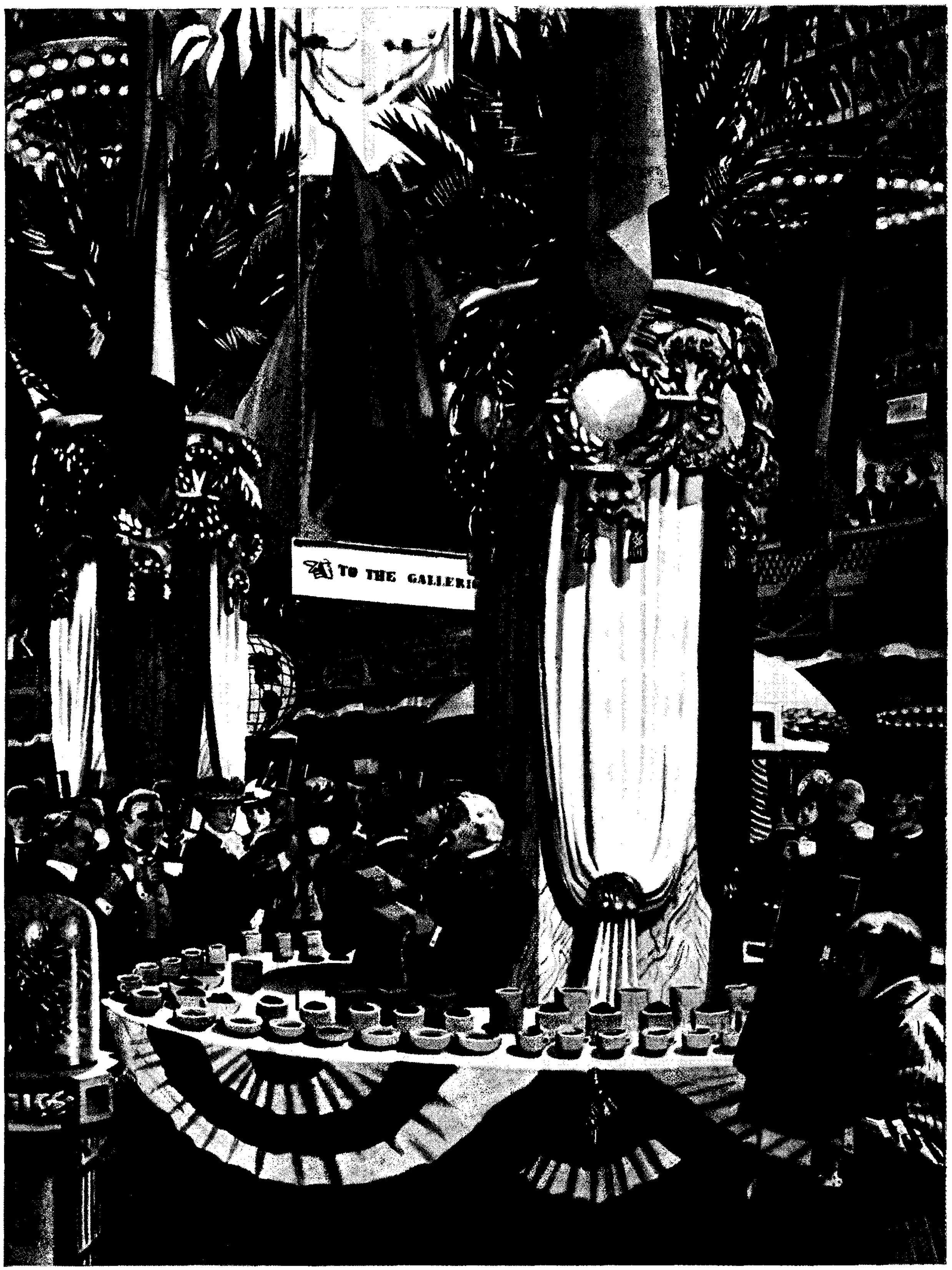
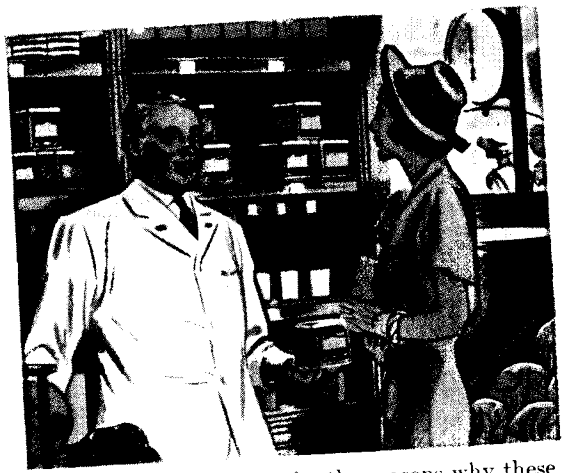


1. **Sir Thomas Lipton** himself was "Tea Merchant By Appointment" to three royal families. And at the Great Tea Exposition of Ceylon and India, the tea from his own gardens was given the coveted Gold Medal as the "Choicest Tea Grown!"



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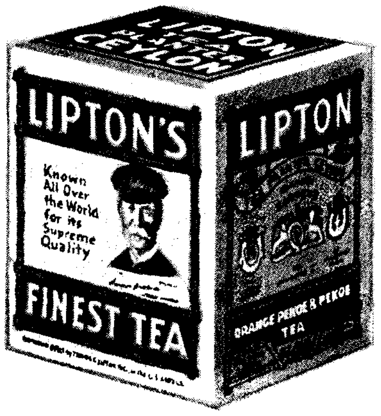

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* Highest and Only Award, Chicago; Grand Prix and Gold Medal, Paris; Grand Prize and Gold Medal, St. Louis; Highest Award, Gold Medal, San Francisco; Highest Award, Grand Prize, San Diego.

The Answer

By William E. Wilson

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

BARBARA looked down from the porch of the hospital for Bill's roadster and wondered whether, after all, she was getting into a rut, whether the routine of nursing was absorbing too much of her. Until recently, she reflected, putting on street clothes and leaving the hospital had been an important ceremony. It was as if each afternoon she put on her right personality and stepped out into her own individual role in life. But, today, if she really had any "right personality" left, she couldn't be sure where it was—in the white uniform in her locker, or in the yellow linen dress and the bright blue sandals and kerchief she had changed to.

Since what had happened to her in the morning, she couldn't be sure of anything.

Bill's roadster was at the far end of the parking space and, seeing it, Barbara lowered her head and hurried down the steps as if to escape her thoughts. Bill opened the door.

"Thought you'd never come, Barbs," he said, and took her arm eagerly in one of his big, brown hands. "The Red Sox are home again. Like to go?"

"I thought we were going swimming, Bill."

His hand tightened on her arm. His eyes were telling her that he liked her kind of black hair and gray eyes better than any he had ever seen before.

"Right, kid. And swimming we'll go. How's the patient?"

"They operated again this morning," she said. "The third time. It was a hundred and two in the operating room. You know they can't open the windows."

BILL let the clutch out and the car shot forward. In the street he blew the breath out of his lungs.

"Hospitals!" he said.

A half hour of Bill's skillful driving brought them to the beach. The tide was in, and the swim out to the float was a good, long one. As she rolled along, her side stroke ineffectual beside Bill's easy, powerful crawl, Barbara laughed to think how they must look together. After she grew tired and pulled herself up on the tilting float, she got a vicarious pleasure out of watching Bill. Tirelessly, time after time, he ran out on the diving board, arched into the air, and struck the water at a perfect angle.

Finally his head bobbed up beside her near the float.

"All through?" he asked.

She looked down at him.

"I still have to swim back to the beach, you know."

He pulled himself up beside her and sat looking at her solemnly for several minutes.

"Any chance of getting off this case?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Five weeks now," he said. "Five weeks on one case."

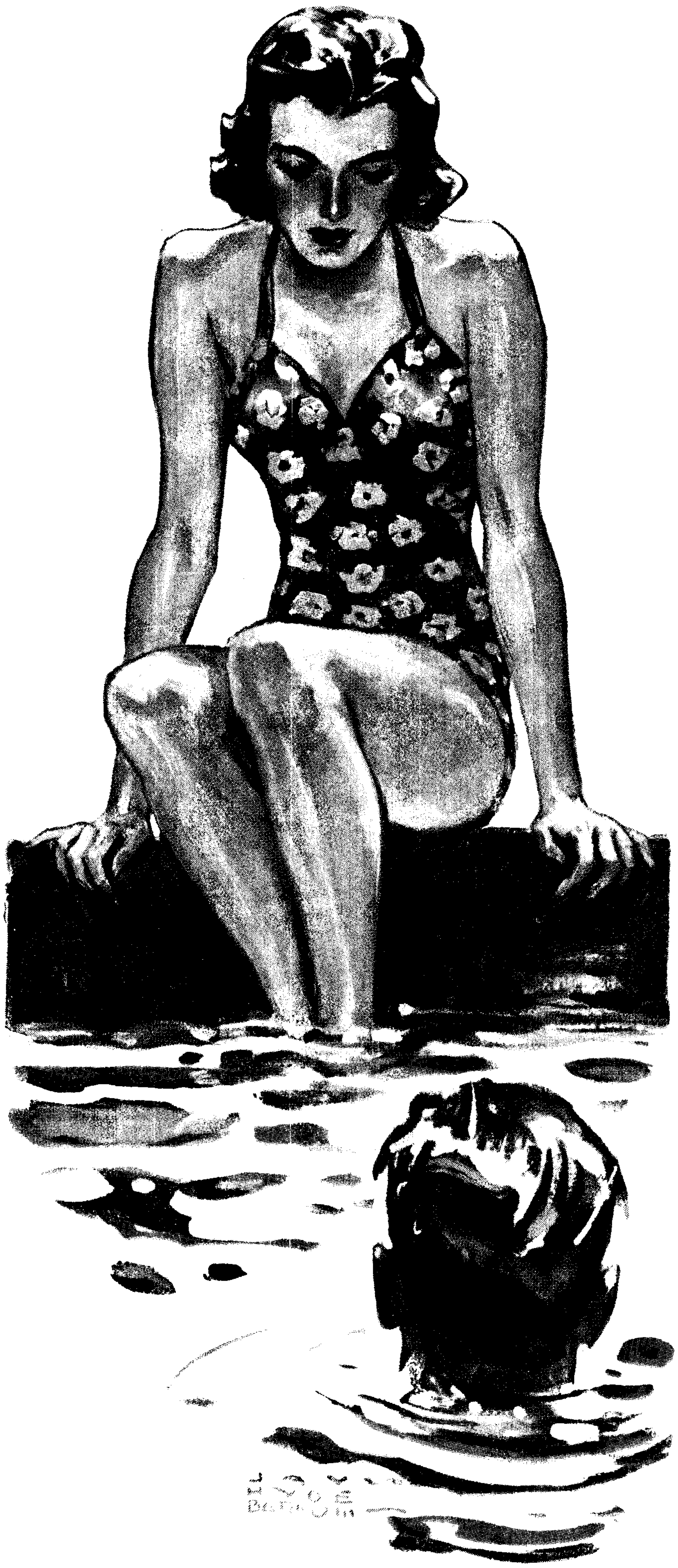
She nodded.

"And another operation this morning," he said.

She gazed across the water. If only Bill knew what had almost happened to her that morning!

"You've got to get out of that place, Barbs! You've got to give it up. Four years now—altogether. You'll ruin yourself. You'll get lost in that place and we'll never be married. You need to be out in the sun, out in the normal world, with people who are strong!"

He took both her hands and tried to draw surrender from her with his eyes, but she would not look at him. She wished, as much as he, that she could make up her mind. But it kept growing more difficult all the time.



"I still have to swim back to the beach, you know," she told him

"If only you'd get out for a while, Barbs!"

"But I can't walk out on a case without a good reason, Bill! It wouldn't be ethical."

Their return to the hospital was a repetition of the drive out. They said nothing because there was only one thing for each of them to say, and it had been said so many times they were weary. In the hospital parking lot, Bill stopped and grasped her arm.

"Say you love me, Barbs!" he pleaded.

The hurt look deepened in her gray eyes.

"Don't make me say it until I am honestly sure, Bill."

SHE left him and went into the hospital and changed to her uniform. As she drew on the white cotton stockings and buttoned the starched white dress, the sensation of assuming her rightful personality came back to her. The direction of her life seemed at once simpler.

But at the desk, her concern over her own sensations left her.

"He's out of the anesthetic now," the floor superintendent said. "The pain is very bad, but Doctor Sherman said it would be dangerous to give him anything at present."

Barbara turned and walked to her patient's room.

From the doorway she saw the pinched white face on the pillow and beneath the sheet the outline of the frail body that had endured unspeakable torture for weeks. Without seeming to move, she was at the bedside at once, reaching for the young man's wrist; and, as she began to count the pulse, his closed eyelids fluttered and a smile of recognition wavered across his parched lips.

"I'm back, Keith," she whispered. It was unprofessional, but he had asked her to use his first name whenever she could, whenever there were no doctors or other nurses about. "I'm back."

The smile came again, but it could not last; and then she noticed that his lips were moving. She bent over.

". . . g . . . h . . . i . . . j . . . k . . ."

QUICKLY, with a shudder of compassion and shame, as if she had intruded upon something private and sacred, she drew back. Unable to escape into unconsciousness, her patient was simply and desperately reciting the alphabet to himself to take his mind off the extremity of his pain.

For a long time Barbara stared helplessly at the tense, white face; beneath her starched dress her body trembled weakly. Finally, as if in surrender, she bent down and kissed the young man's forehead; and then she made herself go to the foot of the bed and begin smoothing the covers with firm, professional movements; for she was remembering how, that morning, when they took him into the operating room, she had almost fainted.

"Someone who is strong," she began to say over and over to herself. Bill's word for the well seemed suddenly even better for the sick. "Someone who is strong," she recited, as desperately as Keith, on the bed, was reciting the alphabet; and, in that moment, she understood for the first time what had been happening to her during the last five weeks. It was as simple now as the alphabet itself.

AGAIN CHAMPIONS PROVE THEMSELVES

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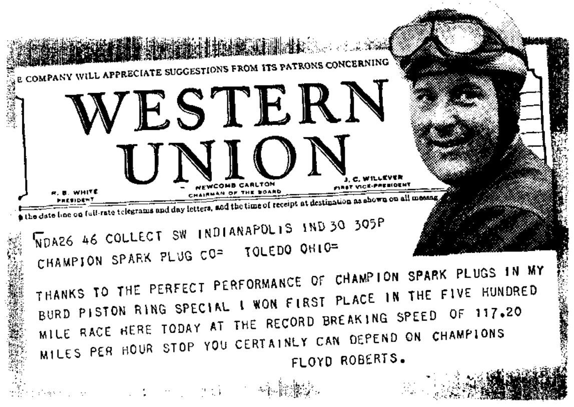
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FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messag

NDA26 46 COLLECT SW INDIANAPOLIS IND 30 305P
CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO= TOLEDO OHIO=

THANKS TO THE PERFECT PERFORMANCE OF CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS IN MY
BURD PISTON RING SPECIAL I WON FIRST PLACE IN THE FIVE HUNDRED
MILE RACE HERE TODAY AT THE RECORD BREAKING SPEED OF 117.20
MILES PER HOUR STOP YOU CERTAINLY CAN DEPEND ON CHAMPIONS
FLOYD ROBERTS.

AUG 31

"YOU RIGHTLY NAMED _IT SAVED OUR LIVES!"

THE FINEST CASING

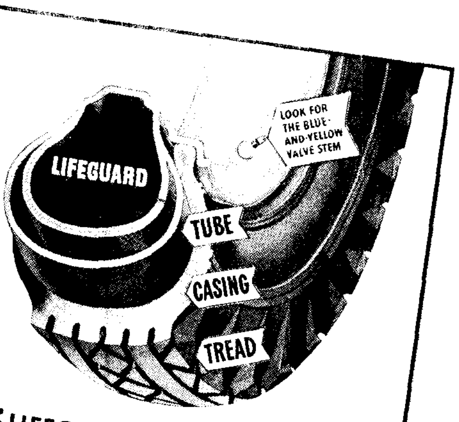
in which to install LifeGuards is the Goodyear All-Weather—the world's first choice for 23 consecutive years. Its famous **CENTER TRACTION** tread delivers **MAXIMUM NON-SKID MILEAGE;** patented Supertwist cord in every ply gives **MAXIMUM CARCASS DURABILITY.** Now, by adding LifeGuard's **MATCHLESS BLOWOUT PROTECTION** you get the only really modern tire—a combination of **UTILITY** and **SAFETY** not to be had elsewhere at any price.

PROOF POSITIVE—racing over giant spikes, Goodyear test drivers rip their casings wide open and come to a safe stop with LifeGuards still inflated. Thousands have seen this amazing demonstration—watch for it in your locality.

GOODYEAR

IT 'LIFEGUARD'

STRA[illegible]T from the highways c[illegible]e these unsolicited testimonials to the infallible safety of Goodyear LifeGuards—the only sure protection in the world against blowouts. With this modern tire equipment the conventional inner tube is replaced by an [illegible] safety member—a reserve tire that carries you to a safe, sure, unswaying stop when an outer casing fails for any reason. How unfailingly it does that without the slightest side-swing, lurch or wheel-drag, these grateful letters tell you—*


LIFEGUARD
TUBE
CASING
TREAD
LOOK FOR THE BLUE-AND-YELLOW VALVE STEM

***LIFEGUARD consists of a reserve two-ply inner tire inside a regular tube, both inflated by the same valve. When the casing blows out, the inner tire holds enough air to support the car without lurching until you can come to a safe stop.**

Available for CARS, TRUCKS, BUSES, MOTORCYCLES

DIDN'T SWERVE AN INCH

"While touring in a heavy car with my family and over [illegible]00 pounds of baggage my left rear blew out in passing another car. Yet we didn't swerve an inch although on a gravel road. I slowed down and found a hole blown completely across the tread and 12 inches along the bead—but the LifeGuard still held air. It saved us from the ditch." P. L. DeMONT, *Hanford, California*

PREVENTED SERIOUS ACCIDENT

"If I had not had Goodyear LifeGuards when my casing blew out recently, I am certain there would have been a serious accident. I wouldn't drive another mile without LifeGuards." ANTHONY BALESANO, *Hartford, Connecticut*

CASING TORN OPEN

"My front tire blew out while driving to Santa Fe but the car did not swerve a bit. I slowed down, found the casing torn wide open, but the LifeGuard still held enough air to support the car. You rightly named it LifeGuard—it saved our lives!" TOM JAMES, *Carizzozo, New Mexico.*

SAVED FROM FENCE

"My right front casing blew out while traveling fast on a high-banked road with a cable fence. I am positive I could not have kept the car from going through the fence if it had not been for the Goodyear LifeGuard holding up the casing." T. K. THOMPSON, *Minneapolis, Minnesota*

HUNDREDS OF VOLUNTARY LETTERS like these are proof positive that you need LifeGuards for *complete* motoring safety. They are as essential to your protection as 4-wheel brakes, safety glass and the all-steel body. You don't have to buy new tires "all around" to enjoy LifeGuard's priceless security—you can put them in your present casings. Install LifeGuards today—you can't buy better protection to save your life.

CHEAPEST INSURANCE

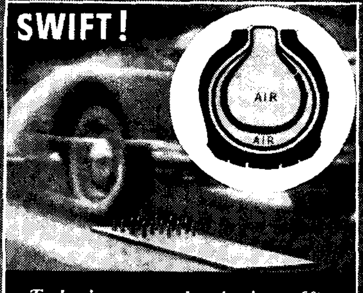
"I have had three blowouts on different cars equipped with LifeGuards at speeds over 60. Each time I was able to drive nearly a mile without lurching and the tire was still up when I stopped. LifeGuards are the cheapest insurance a man can buy." JEROME O. EDDY, *Skull Valley, Arizona*

HEARD "BANG"—NOTHING HAPPENED

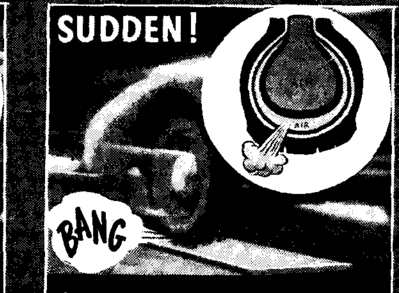
"While driving fast with LifeGuards my right rear casing blew out. I heard the report but had no trouble keeping on the road and stopping in about three-quarters of a mile. If I hadn't heard it I wouldn't have known I had a tire failure." E. F. GRANBERRY, *Rison, Arkansas*

PICKED UP 60-PENNY SPIKE

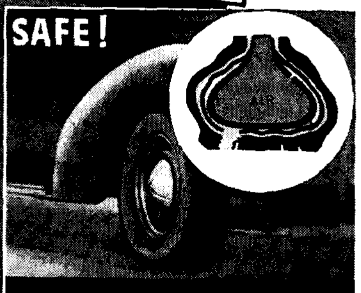
"We picked up a 60-penny spike while my wife was driving on a gravel road. We heard a noise like a blowout but on stopping all tires seemed to be up. Then I saw a spike driven to its head in one of the casings—yet the LifeGuard still held enough air to support the car. I feel it prevented a serious accident." W. E. GROOM, *Spokane, Washington*



Today's cars and today's traffic pace are faster than ever before



Blowouts come without warning, and the danger increases with speed



LifeGuards give you time to bring the car to a safe straightline stop

Quality tells, the world over:
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

LIFEGUARDS

LIFEGUARD, a registered trade-mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, fully protected by patents

Protect your hair from the havoc of

Broiling Sun—
Cold Showers

Use the VITALIS "60-Second Workout"

TENNIS and golf, sailing and swimming are swell for you—but what a ruinous job they can do on your hair!

For the blazing Summer sun beats down on your unprotected hair, baking it brittle and dry. Your cooling plunge in the surf or your soaking shower adds to the damage—washing away needed nourishing scalp oils. Naturally, your hair grows dull, lustreless, lifeless.

That's why you need Vitalis. For Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" helps to keep your hair healthy, handsome and well-groomed. Massage your scalp briskly with Vitalis—feel the tingle as circulation is aroused; then, Vitalis' pure vegetable oils come to the rescue of your oil-depleted hair.

See how rich and lustrous your hair looks—how easy it is to comb—how firmly it stays in place! So enjoy your sports—soak up sun and health—but help keep your hair lustrous and healthy with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout." Get a bottle of Vitalis at your druggist's today.

1. 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2. 10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH—Your hair has a lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Vitalis Sealtubes!

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

Don't Ever Forget

Continued from page 10

their honeymoon: playing six shows a day through little towns in Kansas and Oklahoma and Texas. It was a happy time: there hadn't been any times like it since. The years they were together went so quickly, and they were so poor. There was one awful night when they sat until dawn on a bench in Battery Park because they hadn't the money for a room anywhere. They kept telling each other that they'd get a break soon, until the phony cheerfulness in their voices became hollow even in their own ears. Then Jill had dozed a little with her head on his shoulder: but she had awakened once, toward dawn, to pat his hand and say:

"Well, anyway—don't ever forget."

It was during that period that it finally got so tough that Jill had to go out to Indiana and visit an aunt and uncle, until Nick could find a job. And so they stood in the Grand Central Station, that afternoon, six years ago, Jill twisting a button, looking at him with anguished eyes and a smile that tried to make all this a joke that they would laugh at later. They kept telling each other that this was only for a little while, just a week or two, a few weeks at the most. Until Nick could find a job. But the last thing she said, lifting her tired and . . . and hungry face, was:

"Darling—you won't ever forget, will you? Please. Don't ever forget."

So. There it was, and he had another double Scotch-and-soda while his lunch got cold. After that, he had gone to England, and through a friend got invited to a country house party, which came in handy because it meant he would eat well over that week end. And there he had met Solomon Friedmann who, tight with brandy-and-soda, had laughed at some of the gags with which Nick was earning his bread and butter, and given him a three-minute spot in his new revue. And Nick's three minutes had stopped the show. And that was that, except that Jill had already divorced him.

Nick blamed the aunt and uncle for that—good thrifty folks in the hardware business; and, after all, he had let Jill go hungry. Anyway, not long after his first show opened in New York, he had heard, somewhere, that Jill was married again.

HE MET her at five o'clock. He came by in a taxi and while the driver was trying to edge into the curb among the traffic he watched her standing against the wall of the Republic Theater. She looked tired and shabby, jostled by the sidewalk crowds. Nick lit a cigarette, feeling sick.

When he whistled, she looked up with a grin and hopped into the taxi. But a strand of hair across her forehead was damp, and her shoes were patched. Nick said:

"Hi, kid. On the dot."

And she said: "Hello."

On the way out to her Brooklyn address, they sat far away from each other.

"You know," Nick said, "I'm sorry, but I don't know his name."

"Dave," Jill said. "He's a writer, too. . . . He's been sick."

"Oh. I'm sorry," Nick said.

"Oh, that's okay," Jill said. "We'll get a break pretty soon."

". . . Sure," Nick said. "Sure, you will."

Dave turned out to be a good guy. He was lying propped up in bed when they came in, reading a tattered and greasy back number of a high-brow English magazine, picked up from the nickel bin of a secondhand bookshop.

"Dave," Jill said, "this is Nick O'Rell."

There was a silence, rather, as Nick passed Jill in the doorway and walked across the room to the bed. Nothing much happened, except that the wrinkles around Dave's eyes deepened as the grin became a smile, and one of his eyebrows lifted quizzically. It was a scarred and lopsided eyebrow: scarred by thought and lopsided with humor. And Nick, sticking out his hand, liked this guy.

Dave said: "I've been hoping to meet you, Nick."

"Hi, boy," Nick said.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and offered Dave his cigarette case. Dave took one and Nick held a match for him and then lit his own.

Jill tossed her coat across the bed.

"Well, I'm going to get us some supper," she said. "You fellows stay here and talk. Dinner in ten minutes. Nick, the bathroom is through that door, there."

"Oh, thanks. Thanks, Jill," Nick said.

THEY sat smoking, listening to Jill getting out pots and pans, rattling them in the kitchenette. And after a while Dave said hesitantly:

"We saw your last show. It was grand."

"Oh," Nick said. "Thanks."

When his cigarette was burned down to his fingers Nick went into the kitchen and ground the butt out in a grapefruit rind in the sink strainer. Jill was cooking the lamb chops.

"Say, what's the matter with Dave?" Nick asked.

"Oh . . . nothing much," Jill said.

"Lungs?" Nick said.

"Well . . . yes," Jill said.

Nick nodded. "Got a doctor?"

"Oh, yes. A very good one."

"What's he say?"

"Well . . . what they always say."

"The desert, huh?"

"Yes," Jill said. "But I'm taking awfully good care of him and everything will . . . be all right."

"Sure," Nick said.

"I keep him in bed," Jill said, "and give him lots of eggs and milk. Isn't he kind of a darling?"

"Yeah. He is," Nick said.

"And anyway, as soon as I can get a job, I'm going to send him to Taos. A friend of ours has a cottage there, and we can have the use of it for Dave to get well in. So all we'll need will be railroad fare and I can send him the money every week for his groceries."

"Fine," Nick said.

"And I'm bound to get a job pretty soon," Jill said.

"Yeah," Nick said. "Say. Look here, kid. You know, I'm in the dough now—can't get rid of it—and—"

"No, thank you, Nick," Jill said.

"But, look here. I want to—you know, a loan, strictly business, and—"

"Thank you just the same, Nick," Jill said. "Supper's ready."

At supper, which they ate around the bed, Jill said:

"You know, Nick—Dave has been trying some radio scripts."

"Really?" Nick said politely.

"Nonsense," Dave said quickly, "just a couple of hunches. Jill and I worked them out together. Nothing, really. We haven't been able to sell them."

"They're marvelous," Jill said.

"Let's see one of them," Nick said.

"Oh, nonsense," Dave said. "They're lousy. They aren't my speed."

But Jill was saying:

"Here, Nick. Just read this."

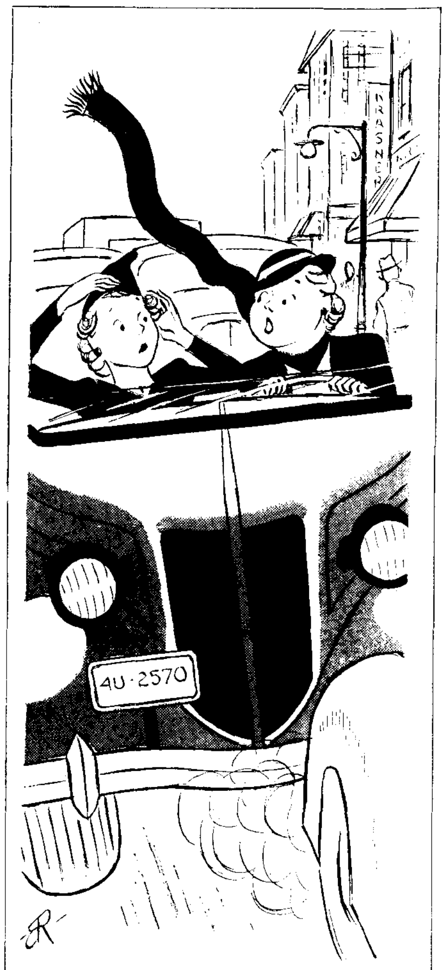
Flipping the typewritten pages, scanning the lines, Nick was painfully conscious of Jill's strained silence, though she made a pretense of continuing to drink her coffee; and of Dave's amused but frightened silence, lighting a cigarette. And Nick was conscious, at once, that Dave, whatever else he could do, couldn't write gags. No timing, no zing and no punch. . . . None of Dave's own quizzical personality came through at all: his gags were like the labored wheezes of a scholar. But, at the same time, the basic idea for this sketch wasn't so bad. It had possibilities that—well, yes. With a little doing, it could—

"Nick! What's the matter?" Jill said.

"Huh? Oh, nothing. I just thought of something," Nick said.

"What, Nick?" Dave asked.

"Nothing—nothing, really. But look here: let me take this along, will you?"



"My husband is always complaining about my driving. He never notices the weeks when I don't hit anything"

BEN ROTH

"Why, sure," Dave said. "But is there—I mean, do you think that—"

"It's nothing. Just a hunch," Nick said. "Just happened to remember a guy that I might show this to."

Jill jumped up and started to say: "Oh! How—"

But Nick shook his head and looked glum, so she sat down again.

"Damned long shot," he said. "Don't you two kids go and get excited, now. Maybe it won't work at all. Probably won't. So don't get excited."

"Oh, we won't," Jill said, beaming.

When she took him downstairs to the front door, she shook hands with him and said: "Good night, Nick."

BACK in his apartment, Nick called up his agent. He found him at home.

"Say, Manny," Nick said, "who's that radio guy?"

"What radio guy?" Manny's voice replied. "There are lotsa radio guys."

"The one you were telling me about last week, who wanted me to write that special Krispy Snackies All Star Anniversary Hour?"

"Oh, that one," Manny said cautiously. He paused, then asked: "Why?"

"Well," Nick said, "I want you to have him here at my apartment at five o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"Oh," Manny said. "You changed your mind, Nick? You gonna write it after all?"

"No. I haven't changed my mind. But I want to see him. Bring him up here."

"Well, he's a pretty important guy," Manny said, "in the radio business. I'm not sure we can—"

"I'm a pretty important guy, too," Nick said. "I want to see him."

"Well . . ." Manny said.

"Say. How much did he offer?"

"Fifteen hunnert dollars," Manny said. "But if you wanna go on it, I expect we can jack him up to—"

"Okay," Nick said.

The next morning he got up early and while his houseboy brought him his breakfast he sat in his pajamas, reading Dave's radio script again. It was even weaker than he had thought, but after breakfast he took it into his workroom and laid it open beside his typewriter.

HE WORKED hard all morning, and all through the sweltering afternoon. Tinkering with dialogue until the crumpled balls of wastepaper piled up around his bare feet, making sure that every line was built up to the utmost maximum of punch. Boiling down gags, rewriting them until they were sickening to him but had a racing staccato timing and wallop. They should have had. They were some of his best: gags he had been saving up a long time for his own show, the big one he had been planning for years. The big show he had finally decided he was ready to do now, for next year. . . . One after another he threw them in, the best gags of his life, that he had held out of his own new revue, saving them.

Sam Margolies called up several times during the day, but Nick had the boy tell him that Mr. O'Rell was out of town and didn't know just when he'd get back. Nick knew what Sam was stewing about—that new song for the second act. It would have to wait. He hadn't any tunes left, anyway.

He finished the script late in the afternoon and had a drink. A little after five, Manny showed up with the radio guy, whose name turned out to be Sol. Nick mixed drinks all around and when Sol had had a couple, he handed him the script and filled his glass again.

It took Sol three drinks to read it, and every once in a while he would look up from a page and stare at Nick.

When he got through, he said:

"Well, we hoped you'd do this for us, but we didn't expect anything like this."

"Why?" Nick asked.

"Well, maybe you don't know it, O'Rell," Sol said, "but this is just about twice as good as anything you've ever done before, and I should know. I'm a fan of yours for years and—"

"That's good," Nick said. "Because it means that it's worth just about twice as much money, then. Doesn't it?"

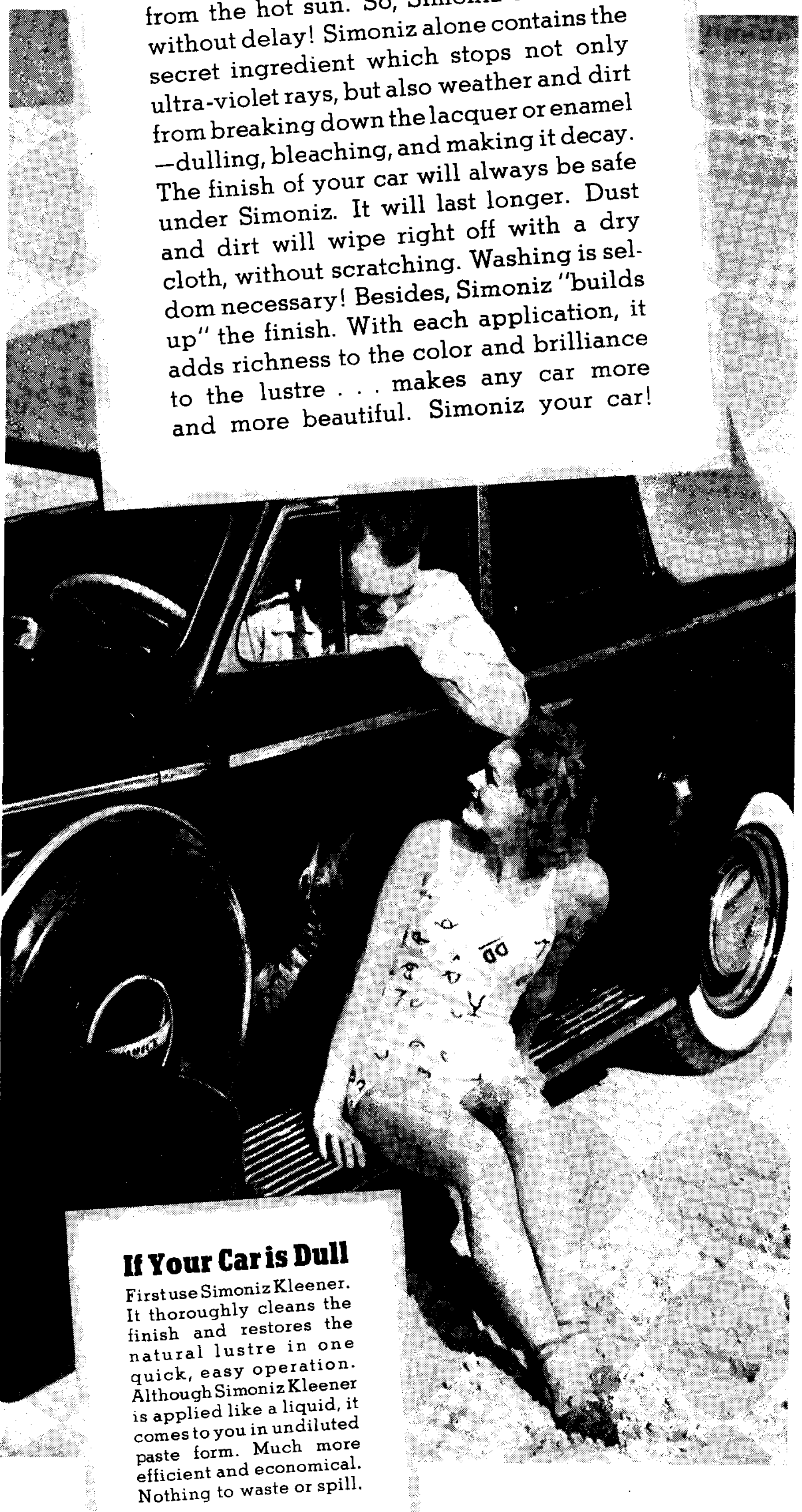
Sol cleared his throat and rattled the pages. He pursed his mouth and frowned, but Nick knew he had him.

"The agreement was fifteen hunnert," Sol said.

"There wasn't any agreement," Nick said, "and even if there was, it wouldn't make any difference in this deal. Because this isn't my script. It was written by another guy. A friend of mine. I only edited it a little."

Manny jumped up and started to say something but Nick waved him off and Manny sat down, looking bewildered.

Sol stared at Nick for a few mo-



Save Your Car from Sunburn

Your car's beauty, too, needs protection from the hot sun. So, Simoniz the finish without delay! Simoniz alone contains the secret ingredient which stops not only ultra-violet rays, but also weather and dirt from breaking down the lacquer or enamel—dulling, bleaching, and making it decay. The finish of your car will always be safe under Simoniz. It will last longer. Dust and dirt will wipe right off with a dry cloth, without scratching. Washing is seldom necessary! Besides, Simoniz "builds up" the finish. With each application, it adds richness to the color and brilliance to the lustre . . . makes any car more and more beautiful. Simoniz your car!

If Your Car is Dull

First use Simoniz Kleener. It thoroughly cleans the finish and restores the natural lustre in one quick, easy operation. Although Simoniz Kleener is applied like a liquid, it comes to you in undiluted paste form. Much more efficient and economical. Nothing to waste or spill.

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Never Sold Under Any Other Name

The brewers of Schlitz

asked an eminent adventurer and world traveler

to tell you

About a

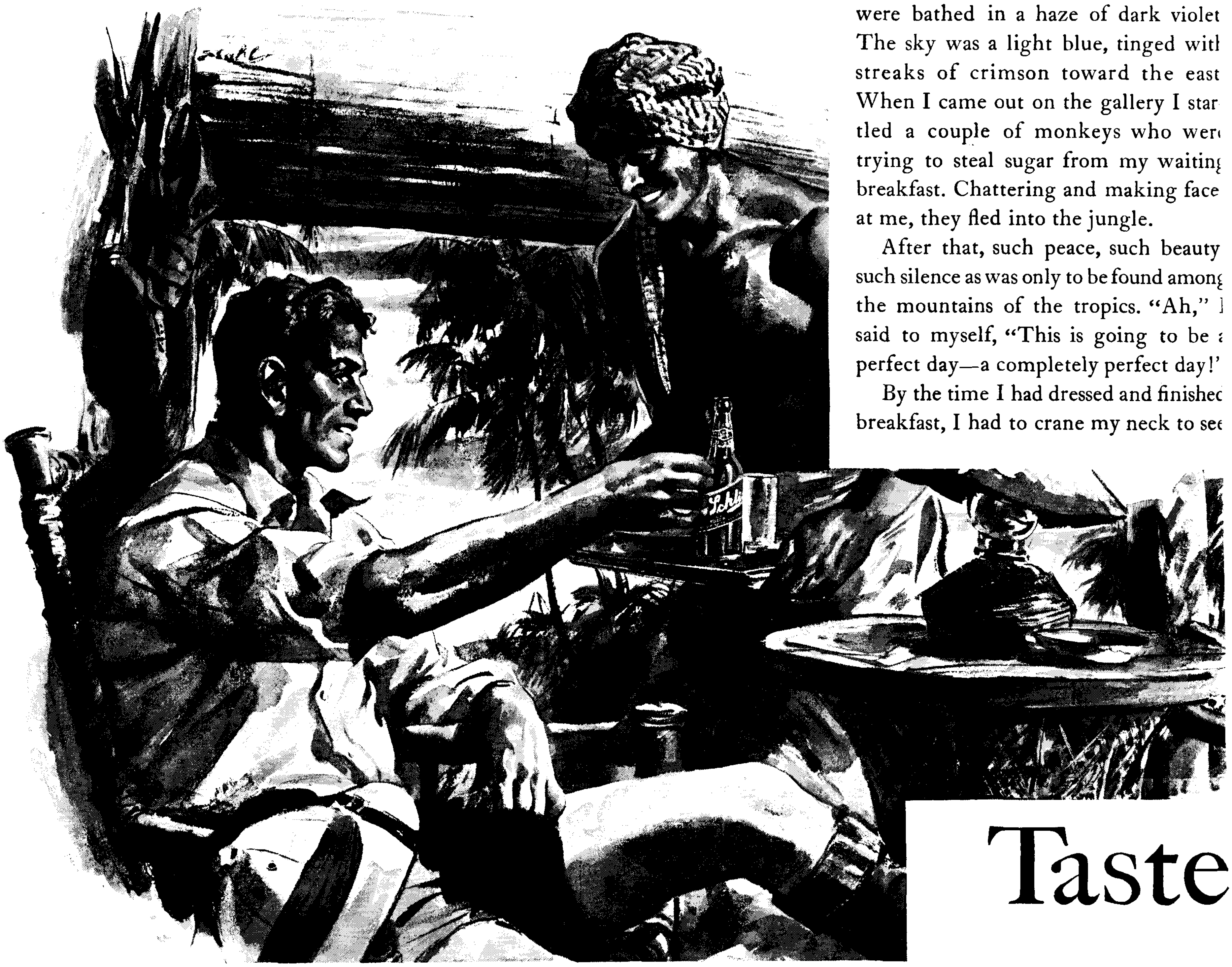
Sure! I know what beer is. It comes in bottles and you keep it in the ice-box and in the evening you say to your wife, "Let's have a couple of bottles of beer before we go to bed." Now let me tell you about a bottle of beer I'll never forget.

I was in Southern India to see that reservoir got built. They had warned m about the heat. I had laughed at then —I was brought up on a Kansas farm

I woke up at dawn that first morning. The world was like the entranc hall to a fairy story. The distant hill were bathed in a haze of dark violet The sky was a light blue, tinged wit streaks of crimson toward the east When I came out on the gallery I startled a couple of monkeys who wer trying to steal sugar from my waitin breakfast. Chattering and making face at me, they fled into the jungle.

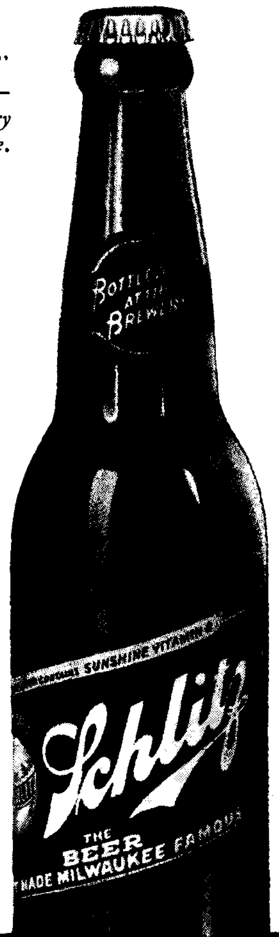
After that, such peace, such beauty such silence as was only to be found amon the mountains of the tropics. "Ah," said to myself, "This is going to be perfect day—a completely perfect day!'

By the time I had dressed and finishe breakfast, I had to crane my neck to se



Taste

"The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous"
is proud to have pioneered the brown bottle, for flavor's sake—
an epochal contribution to the brewing industry
and to lovers of real beer everywhere.



brown bottle

the sun. Then I had to close my eyes for ten minutes before the spots ceased to blind me. For this sun was made of molten copper. It was hotter than anything hot I had ever been able to conceive. Like an angry cobra, it hissed at me with a tongue of fire.

I went out in that sun. I was out in it for ten whole hours, making my first daily tour of inspection. There were hundreds of problems to settle with my native foremen. My tongue soon stuck to my palate; my voice became a whisper. My skin began to crack like the earth beneath my feet. And all the time, some invisible hand was holding a blow-torch against my brain.

Just before nightfall I returned, mumbling to myself that this was too much for mere human flesh and blood to bear, cursing the day I took this job. I vowed to send a cable that very night that I was coming home—that I was through—and if they thought I was a quitter, well, better a live quitter than a dead idiot.

And then my "boy" brought me a brown bottle. All day long he had kept that precious bottle standing under the tap of water that came from the mountains. I reached for that bottle with a hand that shook with exhaustion like the palsied fingers of the beggars in the village.

Then my lips felt the moisture. My body leaped at the coolness. With new hope, I settled back in my chair. The down-right goodness of that grand old beer did more than quench the thirst. *Any* cold bottle of beer might have done that. But this was SCHLITZ! Its distinctive flavor, which I've never been able to find in any other beer, cheered me like a message from home. I knew now that my cable of resignation would never be sent. I had lived through the day, as I would live through all the other days necessary to see the job to an end.

For a moment I closed my eyes, and I blessed the name of that man in Milwaukee who had saved my life—the man who had brewed that bottle of SCHLITZ. And I said to myself as millions of other men must have said millions of times—"*No wonder* it made Milwaukee famous!"

smooth
pale...dry

Trade Pure Mark
Schlitz

The Beer
that made
Milwaukee
famous
the World over!

Schlitz today! *.. and you'll prefer Schlitz* always

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ATHLETE'S FOOT
breeds on Hot, Perspiring Feet

The Athlete's Foot germ lives on perspiration products—enters broken skin

There's DANGER in that Crack between your toes— Drench it at once!

IN scorching weather, hot shoes, wet socks literally soak your feet in perspiration! The skin stays damp and soggy—rolls up between your toes. It cracks open. That may mean Athlete's Foot. Most people don't realize they have it till the skin is raw and itchy.

Athlete's Foot germs breed in perspiration—feed on dead skin between your toes. When the skin cracks, the germ gets in. It burrows deep and spreads. White, itchy blisters—painful soreness—skin peeling off tell you you are a victim of torturing Athlete's Foot.

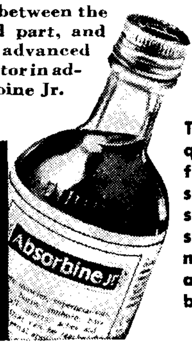
The U. S. Public Health Service estimates 50% of the adult population suffers from this painful infection at some time.

Look for cracks between your toes tonight—pour on Absorbine Jr. at once!

It *dries* the skin between the toes.
It *dissolves* the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
It *kills* Athlete's Foot fungi.
It *soothes* and helps *heal* the broken tissues.

Start treatments tonight! At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

DIRECTIONS: Apply Absorbine Jr. full strength freely every night and morning. For supplementary treatment, place cotton saturated with one part Absorbine Jr. and three parts water between the toes or other afflicted part, and lightly bandage. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.



The famous quick relief for muscular soreness, sprains, sunburn, mosquito and insect bites

ABSORBINE JR.
—Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT Fungi

ments but finally shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, we'll take it, of course. Who wouldn't?" he said. "It's a find. I won't conceal anything from you gentlemen. But for that price—"

"Three thousand?"

Sol sighed and nodded. "But for three thousand, we gotta have your name, too."

"Nope," Nick said. "Take it or leave it."

After a long time, Sol said:

"Well . . . I don't understand this, O'Rell. But if that's the way it is, what's the guy's name?"

"Why—I—" With a blink, Nick realized that he didn't know Dave's last name. "Just make the check out to cash," he said. "I'll call you up tomorrow. I forget how the guy spells his name. Manny, take your ten per cent out of my account, see?"

SO THAT'S the way it was fixed up, and after Manny, still looking bewildered, had taken Sol away, Nick got dressed and took a taxi out to the Brooklyn rooming house. He sent the landlady to get Jill to come down to the front door.

"Why, Nick!" she said. "This is—come in."

"No, thanks. Can't stop," Nick said. "I just came by to tell you that a radio guy bought Dave's idea. Here."

Jill took the check and stared at it.

"Oh, Nick!" she said. "This will—Dave will—come in and—"

"Haven't time," Nick said. "You give him the news. I've got to run along."

Jill was still stammering, looking at the check, but Nick could see that she wasn't thinking about him very much any more. She was wild to run upstairs and tell Dave and show him the check.

"Just one thing," Nick said. "This means that you can . . . go with him to Taos, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes," she said with shining eyes. "Oh, yes, Nick!"

"Well, that's . . . swell," Nick said.

"How can we ever thank you, Nick? I mean—"

"I didn't do anything. Just a little editing," Nick said. "Dave won't mind that, will he?"

"Why, of course not. We are so—"

"Forget it. By the way, what's Dave's last name?"

"Cardigan. We—"

"Okay, kid. Be seeing you," Nick said.

He went down the steps and got into the taxi. When he turned to look back, Jill was gone and the door was closed.

Along about midnight that night, Nick got an idea for the new song Sam wanted for the second act. He was sitting alone at a corner table in a night club, and the golden lights of the place were revolving slowly and dissolving into a streaky haze and then becoming sharp and stationary again as he made an effort and focused his eyes. Fumbling for his glass, he had another drink, slopping it over his shaky hand as he lifted it to his face. But that was all right. He had an idea for the greatest song of his life. He didn't hear any of the clatter and blare around him: he was listening to singing violins, a whole bank of them, and the broken stutter of a piano, carrying his new song—the greatest song he would ever write. And the words—

He lifted a hand and started beckoning the waiter, knocking his glass over. But that was all right. He kept beckoning and peering, trying to see the waiter and he was surprised when all of a sudden the waiter's voice was murmuring in his ear:

"Yes, Mr. O'Rell?"

"Oh, there you are," Nick said. "'S fine. Piece paper, penc-pencil— No. Nemmine paper. Use z'menu. But pencil."

"Certainly, Mr. O'Rell. Here you are. Right here."

Squaring himself away at the table, Nick started writing on the back of the menu. Get a few of the words down now—remind him in the morning. And then tomorrow afternoon at the piano, tinkling and breaking and thundering until a phrase was about right—and then writing it. And then crossing it out and trying it again and again with new breaks until it really was right. The greatest song he . . . would . . . ever . . .

THE next morning, he felt about the way he deserved to feel. But in the bathtub, he suddenly remembered the song: and he heard again the singing bank of violins, and the piano, breaking just right, softly. He remembered writing the—

Getting out of the tub, he wrapped a towel around himself with shaking hands, and went into the bedroom. His coat was on the floor, and the floor almost rose up to meet him when he leaned over, but he steadied himself and got the folded menu out of his pocket. He looked at what was written on the back, standing there frowning for a long time, with water running down all over him. Finally, he sat down and rang for the houseboy.

"I must have been pretty tight when I came in last night, eh?" he said.

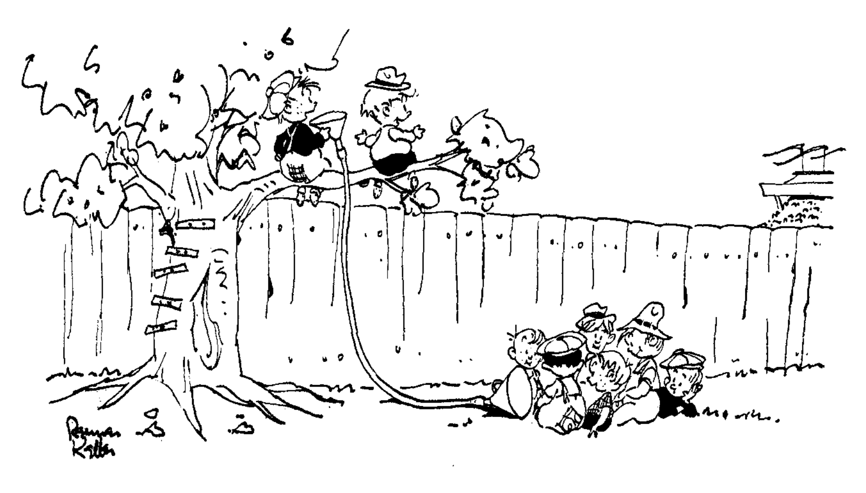
"We-ell, so-so, so-so," the boy said.

"I thought so," Nick said.

He tore up the menu and dropped it in the ash tray.

On the back of it was written just one line, in scrawling, wobbly letters:

"*Don't ever forget.*"



"McCarthy's on first, Moore's on third . . . one down and Home-run Boland's coming to the plate. . . . Take it away, Joseph!"

REAMER KELLER

They See with Their Ears

Continued from page 22

Follies. For the past ten years he has been on the radio. His home at Kew Gardens is affectionately cluttered with children, cocker spaniels and music. His wife is a girl who lived on the next block from his in Brooklyn for thirteen years—but he didn't find that out until they met one night at a fire. In the restaurant where he eats, the waiters call him "Maestro" and he calls them "Maestro" right back. His admirers believe that he could coax music from a windowpane.

If Mark had not interfered, Raymond Scott would have gone on with his studies of the electric oscillator. But his big brother heard the boy's first composition, Metropolis, and bundled him off to the Institute of Musical Art for a thorough grounding in music. Scott's wife is Pearl Stevens, a pint of brunette glamor and beauty who looks like a perfume ad. Her husband's soldering irons, microphones and uncut records finally got her involved in the recording business until now her skill in mechanical recording is something that even Irving Berlin and Guy Lombardo talk about.

When the Warnows were kids, their house in Brooklyn used to look like something drawn by Rube Goldberg. Microphones hung all over the place. Wires trailed everywhere. Glasses of water, telephone directories, sounding forks—everything was part of the laboratory. Evenings the two brothers would stand glasses of water on the telephone directories, rub their hands over the tops of the glasses and record the differences that the sound made on the Brooklyn directory, on the thick Manhattan book and on the thinner one from Westchester. What they evolved Scott called "creative acoustics," the production of sounds that either do not exist at all to the naked ear or would not exist if it were not for the mike.

Engineering to Music

Scott is more than a composer; he is a brilliant pianist and a thoroughgoing engineer who has invented several recording devices now in use. Engineering is as much a part of his music as the notes themselves. It governs the production and quality of each note, and the position of his famous quintet and the instruments they use. What comes out of the microphone is what counts with Raymond Scott. Like a scientist mixing things in a test tube over a Bunsen burner, he will take familiar and unfamiliar instruments—so far he and his men have made music with sea shells, table tops, wire whisks and buckets of water as well as the conventional clarinet, trumpet, drum, saxophone, bass fiddle and piano. The unheard members of his orchestra are the mikes, two and three of them, so that they can pick up the most delicate nuances of sound.

Scott was a pianist in his brother's orchestra until the day when Columbia Broadcasting asked whether he could get together an orchestra for a blues singer. The men he selected for his quintet were "house men," in the standing orchestra maintained by the broadcasting company. Not one was stellar material. Though everybody said such an outfit couldn't last, the same six are still together, unchanged except for a single thing, the saxophonist's name—Scott asked Dave Harris to become Eric Hoex because it sounded nicer.

When he couldn't find music to measure up to his conception of what true radio music should be, Scott wrote his own. The quintet's first offering was something called Twilight in Turkey. The title and the idea came to him while he was thumbing the National Geographic. Nobody who attended that première eighteen months ago is likely to forget it. Studio B was in total darkness, a violation of the fire laws, no doubt, but the very tops in showmanship. Out of the darkness there came a thin wailing note, barely masking a slow, suggestive thumping on the drums. Now and again a dancing girl's anklets tinkled. You could almost hear her eyelashes fluttering. There was a drone of voices in prayer. When it was over the audience rose to its feet and cheered. Fan mail poured in. Who was this man Scott? Where was he from? Where had he been all these years?

By Benefit of Microphone

There were more calls for Scott's music. He responded with Power House, which might have been called a tone poem except that it had the vitality and humor of true jazz. You could hear the wheels turning, hammering, clanging, a dynamo throbbing and the characteristic hum of a factory. What kind of instruments did he use? His drummer played on a cowbell and made a sound on the microphone of a sledge hammer on steel. The bass fiddle was the dynamo with a special microphone set to pick up sounds that otherwise would have been lost. And for that humming sound, the men made that by actually humming a low note in their throats as they played.

"None of these things could have been done without a microphone," Scott explains. "It's high time that composers realize that they can go into a special field; with the microphone to help them they can make it say things it has never said before, paint pictures, tell a story, thrill you."

Though his compositions would be classified as swing music, they have logic and continuity. Sheer virtuosity for its own sake is not substantial enough for him. The composition must go somewhere. Reckless Night on an Ocean Liner pictured a cruise liner leaving the dock. Down against the hold the water slapped softly, while four decks above, a noisy crowd was getting more and more festive. Johnny, the drummer, made the waves with a wire whisk on the cymbals and a microphone to pick up the sound without disturbing the balance of the other instruments.

Despite the concessions Hollywood makes to his methods, Scott hates the place. He hates being yessed. He'd rather be back in a place where, yes, they have no mañanas. In New York his brother or somebody will call him up and ask for a new number that must be done overnight. All night long he and his five men will toot and scrape and hammer away and, lo! the masterpiece will be ready before morning. In Hollywood, the telephone rings. They need a new number but they need it quick. "How soon?" Scott wants to know. "Oh, very soon," they tell him. "Immediately—certainly no later than six weeks," and he collapses again like a sick soufflé.

Back on Madison Avenue, where his brother and his friends are, they know that it's not madness in his method but method in his madness. They know that when, in the midst of a quiet talk or no talk at all he suddenly pops out with Consternation of a Cabdriver on Encountering a Fare or Yesterday's Ice Cubes, he is just trying out a new title on an audience in the same unexpected way you might hear them over the radio without build-up or introduction. For all of them are an ear-minded lot.

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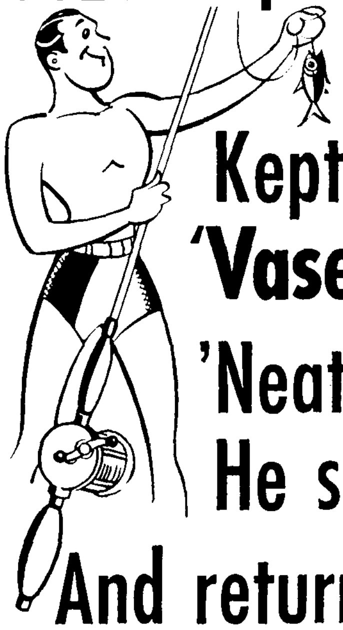

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Drops of Mercy

By J. D. Ratcliff

A courageous doctor discovers a new and very potent weapon

MOST great medical discoveries are made in the big laboratories where the sheer force of brains backed by unlimited money gets results. Expensive and magnificent equipment helps. So does the fact that quantities of experimental animals are available. So does constant contact with workers in other fields who can help with collateral details.

Yet, the great laboratories haven't completely cornered the market for medical discovery. You'll still find isolated workers toiling in garage laboratories—men to whom that ten-dollar *rhesus* monkey they so desperately need means a couple of meatless weeks for the wife and kids.

Generally speaking, it's a bitter, thankless life these experimenters lead. Possibly the projects they've staked out will bring them only to a cold, blank wall. If the idea is a loser, they have to content themselves with watching others get the Nobel Prizes, honorary degrees and flattering words. They must be ready to accept the polite contempt everyone has for a failure.

Still, they persist, and all of us can be properly thankful that they do. Otherwise we would have had no Pasteur. Gregor Mendel, the Austrian monk who founded the science of genetics, was dead sixteen years before the world ever heard of his magnificent work—work that laid down the laws of inherited characteristics. Banting, more or less a lone wolf, found the juice called insulin, which stopped people from dying of diabetes. And William Beaumont, a grim-looking backwoodsman, was the first to find how man's digestive organs work.

Our job here is to tell you about another of these isolated workers whose accomplishments are startling. Dr. George M. Retan of Syracuse has led a one-man expedition against the fearful brain-inflaming diseases that maim and kill children and make twisted wrecks out of adults. These diseases are meningitis, sleeping sickness and infantile paralysis.

Let's look at them briefly. Any one of a half-dozen different bacteria may cause meningitis. It can occur when an abscessed ear allows microbes to get to the brain. This is only one mode of infection—there are a dozen others. But once the microbes begin feasting on brain and spinal-column tissue, results are very much alike.

Body temperature climbs rapidly, and neck muscles tighten to draw the head back in a distorted position. Gasping, spasmic cries in the night are the rule. Under the most favorable circumstances death rates hang around eighteen per cent, but may rise to one hundred per cent for certain types of meningitis.

Sleeping sickness, better and more properly called encephalitis, is commoner in St. Louis than in any other city in the United States. It suddenly appeared in 1933 and has returned each year since then. It kills one out of every five people it strikes, and often leaves survivors jittery, nervous wrecks.

Infantile paralysis is a temperamental disease. One epidemic will kill five per cent; another, forty per cent. Aftereffects are only too tragically familiar to everyone.

This, then, was the formidable line of foes with which Retan set out to match wits. He developed a method that he thought would let him wash sick brains—launder them until the tormenting microbes were swept away. His idea didn't work out exactly that way but it worked out well enough to rob a lot of undertakers of a lot of business.

Mapping Out the Attack

Dr. George M. Retan was born the son of a country preacher, at Seeley Creek, New York, forty-seven years ago. He took his degree at Syracuse University medical school and was promising enough to be invited back to join the faculty once he had served his internship He is tall, spare, and has the big bones that mark him as a country boy. An unruly mop of black hair and a pair of the mildest, bluest, surest eyes you have ever seen complete the ensemble.

He mapped out his attack on the brain-inflaming diseases about six years ago. Scores of men were busy trying to build vaccines to protect people from these killers—to prevent their microbes from getting a hold in the first place. Retan decided to work on a means of lessening their damage once they were entrenched. That, to him, seemed the bigger problem. For once these microbes had started work there was little any doctor could do except pray.

Since all three diseases looked more or less alike, it occurred to him that the same approach might work for all. Each, after all, was a brain inflamer, wasn't it? And that meant some virus or bacteria was at work on brain membranes? Yes, very well—why not try to reduce that inflammation?

Running through this elementary catechism was simple enough, but it solved no problems. In the first place, the brain—as you need not be told—is a very inaccessible organ. Retan knew only too well that you couldn't saw off the top of a man's skull and work on his brain while he was sick with polio—infantile paralysis.

He wrestled with the problem and pulled a few pecks of hair out in the process—apparently vainly hoping a solution would come out with a hair root. Meanwhile, he had one patient who needed some kind of drastic treatment—and needed it desperately.

The corkscrew microbe of syphilis, inherited from his mother, was boring at the brain of a six-month-old Negro baby. The resulting brain fluid was increased, causing the child's head to grow at twice the normal rate. Retan knew pressure on the brain of enormous quantities of fluid would almost surely kill the baby. And if by some miracle this didn't happen, the child would survive only to become an idiot.

The most vigorous treatment had made absolutely no inroads on the infant's syphilitic meningitis. Most doctors would have folded their hands, sighed sadly and admitted that there was going to be one less Negro baby in the world. Not Retan. He is what the medical profession calls a "last ditcher"—a doctor who never gives a patient up.

He fretted about "S. M."—as the baby is recorded in the literature. Then one day he happened to read about the work of a researcher who had been pumping extra-salty water into experimental animals and dehydrating their brains.

The process worked this way: if you put fluids of different densities on either side of a porous membrane, they will work their way back and forth until they have the same density. Recall your high-school biology? That was osmosis.

The researcher that Retan was reading about had put salt water that was thicker than blood into the circulatory system. Osmosis had gone to work, and the thickened blood had sucked brain fluid through brain membranes, discharging it through the kidneys. In that way Retan had managed to dehydrate—dry up—the lake of fluid that bathed the brains of his research animals.

The Germ of an Idea

The big, brooding baby doctor—Retan had specialized in pediatrics—felt there was a germ of an idea there. But he couldn't figure out what it was. He fretted and fumed about it and it kept cropping up when he was supposed to be thinking about other things. Still it didn't fit anywhere. Then suddenly it did.

In the middle of one sleepless night everything straightened out with startling brilliance. That crazy idea of the *thick* salt solution had to be reversed! Why not pump in a solution *thinner* than blood? What must result stood out in clear, clean relief. Fluid from the blood would pass through brain membranes and into the lake of fluid. Then you could drain off the excess through a needle inserted in the spine at the small of the back. In that way you could literally wash a brain!

Retan hopped out of bed and got his ideas down on paper. Next morning the idea looked as good by daylight as it had by lamplight.

Then he dressed it up still more. Pretty certainly the salt water would flow in the course he had predicted. Why

IFOR THOMAS

Dr. George M. Retan, who developed the new "bath" treatment of brain diseases, and Mrs. Retan

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In low and second, your engine makes up to 3 times as many revolutions as in high

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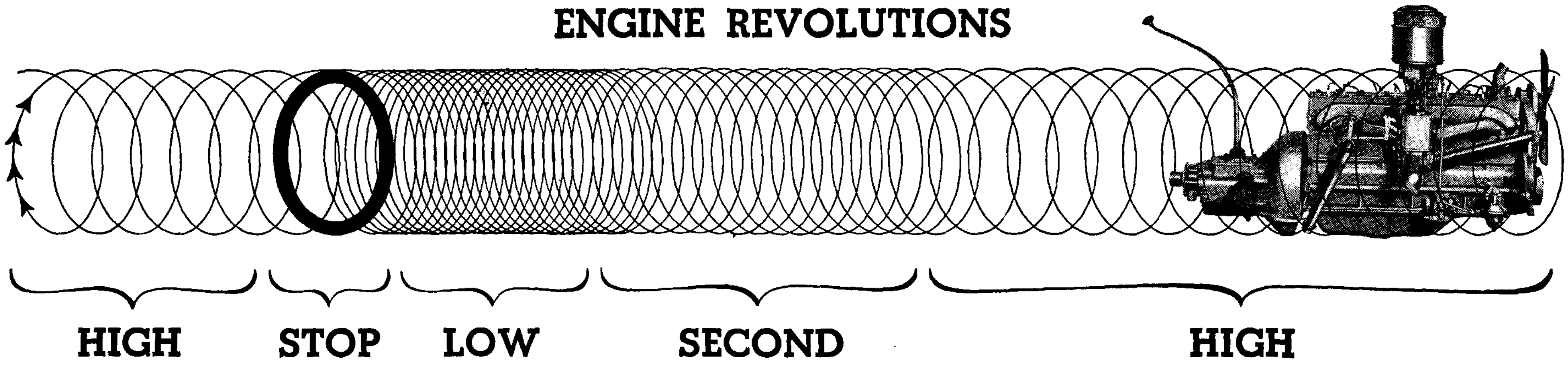

STOP-AND-GO driving fools your speedometer —while your car is going a mile, your engine may go the equivalent of *two.*

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SAVES ON STOP AND GO

SHELL

not let some medicine ride along with it? In other words take medicine to the very seat of trouble?

He went to the mother of that Negro baby with the swelling head. He told her frankly that he thought her baby would die—and that if it lived it would be an idiot. Then he explained that he had an idea that had never before been tried so far as he knew. Was she willing to have it tried on her baby? She was.

It takes a courageous man to strike out into utterly unknown territory when human life is at stake. Retan had the courage. Over the stomach of that little colored baby he put a strip of adhesive tape—to hold it firmly to a canvas bedframe. Another strip held an ankle rigidly in place. Into an ankle vein he slipped a needle, which was connected by a bit of rubber tubing to a glass flask of liquid. This was the hypotonic—very weak—salt solution. In it he had mixed a small amount of neoarsphenamine—the arsenic compound that has a specific, killing effect on syphilis' microbe.

After the fluid had been running slowly into the vein for a few minutes he opened the spinal needle and a fluid began to drip out. This went on for three hours. Subsequently three more treatments were given during which a quart of saline solution was administered. Then the baby's head stopped growing. A Wassermann test showed the blood was free of syphilis. That midnight brainstorm had been right!

Once the first flush of excitement had worn off, Retan had to find whether there was experimental background for what he had accomplished. His wife Kathryn—or Kate—a small, compact bundle of energy, began plowing through medical literature. After three days she brought out a significant paper. A few years earlier Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie, a worker at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, had an idea very similar to Retan's.

Primarily, Kubie had been interested in seeing what changes took place in blood vessels and cells when tissue became waterlogged with large amounts of saline solution. To get this information he had cut a piece out of a rabbit's skull and inserted a window so he could see whatever changes took place.

A Mean Decision for the Parents

He watched blood vessels bloat and distend as they delivered their salty dose to the lake of brain fluid. For some reason Kubie attached no very profound significance to this. He reported what he had observed and let the matter drop. It remained for Retan to translate this interesting work to human beings.

The case that followed the Negro baby was a mean one.

One of Retan's friends had a seven-year-old daughter whom Retan had doctored from birth. One night the child awakened at 2 A. M., complaining to her mother that her back and neck hurt. Hands and legs trembled and she was feverish. The parents had lived in a nightmare of fear for three weeks—since their child had slept in a room with another youngster who developed infantile paralysis a few days afterward. Now their own child had it. They needed no professional diagnosis to give them the awful news. Retan was called. By the time he got there the child couldn't move her neck. He ordered her immediately to Syracuse Memorial Hospital.

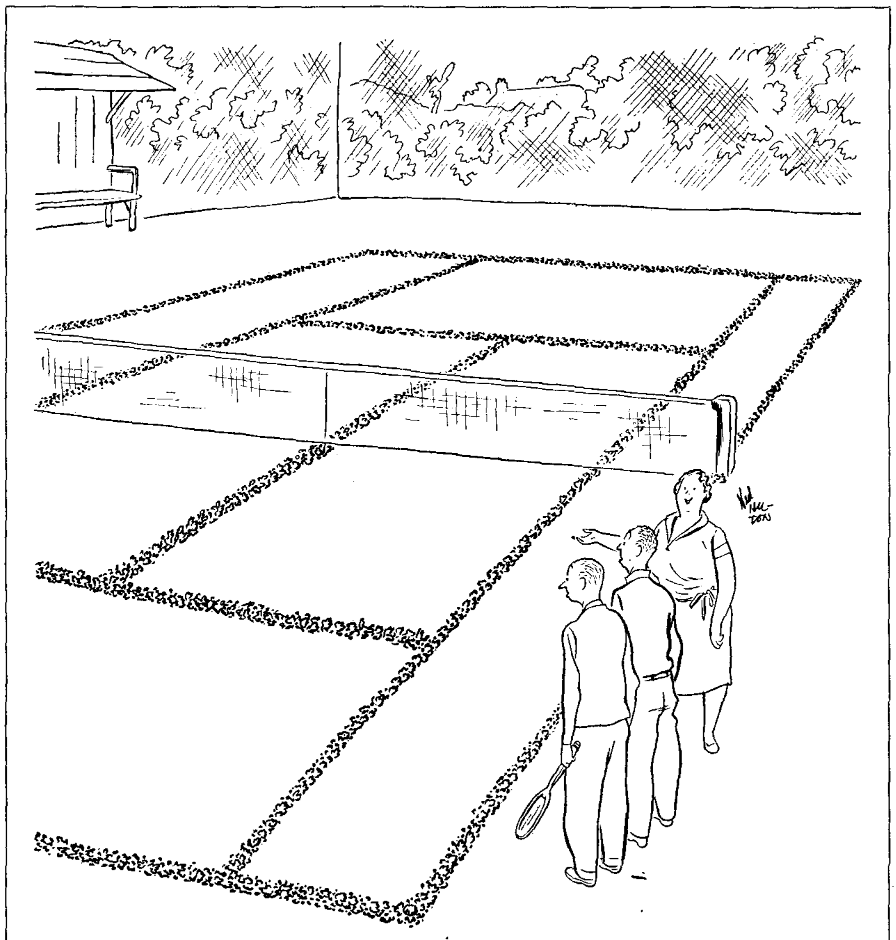
He explained the case frankly to the parents. They could try the human immune serum, which had been proved worthless. Or they could give routine rest treatment, which would fit any disease. Or . . . he told them about his spinal drainage. They would have to choose.

He left them while they made up their minds and phoned Kubie, the animal experimenter, in New York. He explained the circumstances. He told about the Negro baby. What did Kubie think? The Rockefeller Institute man said it ought to work—to go ahead.

It was a mean decision for the parents to make, for they were told that their child might very well have an uneventful recovery without any drastic measures being taken. On the other hand she might die or, equally tragic, live and have her spine bend like a bow and her legs shrivel until they were no larger than her wrists. They decided on the treatment Retan had devised.

Working on Epidemics

First the doctor anesthetized the skin with novocain and slipped the spinal needle in place. Then the saline needle slid gently into the youngster's wrist. After an hour quivering hands quieted. After two hours leg reflexes returned. This was packed with meaning. Reflex muscles disappear before other leg muscles are put out of commission. If they return, that usually means the worst is behind. Thrilling? Plenty. The child got well.



"Marigolds! I did it all by myself to surprise you"

One of the greatest drawbacks—and at the same time one of the biggest advantages—of medicine is this: you can't report on a handful of cases. The reason is obvious. Too great enthusiasm about a few lucky cases might have calamitous results.

So Retan began collecting cases for the record. He went to Louisville for an infantile-paralysis epidemic, worked on another in Binghamton, New York, and collected as many cases as possible in Syracuse. Not one of the sixty-three people he treated died.

Let's look at a few of the survivors. One was a girl baby who had contracted infantile paralysis in the Binghamton epidemic. She had Landry's type of ascending paralysis—a sort regarded as universally fatal. It begins in the extremities, then works its way upward. Death results when some vital function—breathing or heart action, for example—becomes involved.

This baby's chest muscles were already involved when Retan got the case. She was blue from oxygen starvation. By tortured movements of the sternomastoid muscles in the neck, the baby was still able to drag a few precious wisps of air into her lungs. Since no iron lung was available—these devices will keep a person breathing even after complete paralysis has developed—the baby was surely doomed. Surely? Well, not quite.

Retan measured out the saline solution needed for the treatment. He figures that about nine cubic centimeters per pound of body weight is needed each hour. In a full-grown man this works out at about a quart each sixty minutes.

Next he tapped the baby's spine, and inserted the saline needle. For five hours the fluid dripped into the baby's ankle vein. During that first treatment the breathing function came back. After a four-hour rest period she got a second five-hour treatment—then a third.

The baby's legs were already paralyzed when Retan took the case and no treatment in the world—except time—can patch nerve tissue that has been destroyed. So today that child is at Warm Springs, Georgia—slowly regaining use of her limbs.

How Does It Work?

He has accumulated ten cases of respiratory paralysis. All have recovered. And he's treated ten cases of Landry's ascending type of paralysis—the heretofore always fatal kind. Six lost leg function and four came out scot-free. There were no deaths.

With all justice, any critic could say this was the purest kind of luck. And possibly it is. But it's luck that's convincing.

The Retan injections have also been used on sleeping sickness. So far he has reported four cases, all of which had uneventful recoveries.

Results with meningitis have been mixed and Retan isn't ready to talk about them yet. Records, however, show that he has had a few recoveries from nearly always fatal streptococcic meningitis. In these cases he used the same technique that he used on his first patient—the Negro baby. With his salt water he mixed sulphanilamide, the new German drug that has a lethal effect on the streps.

How does the new treatment work? Retan—and no one else, for that matter—can do more than make a wild guess. At first it appeared that results came directly from washing a brain and draining the wash water out of the spine. It looked as if this process actually flushed the chewing microbes out of their happy homes in very much the same manner that the Mississippi annually flushes out the riverbank residents of Hackman, Kentucky.

It was a satisfactory explanation until Retan tried to find dead—or even live—microbes in drained spinal fluid. There were none. Then he contaminated a monkey's brain with paralysis virus and gave it the saline treatments without draining off any spinal fluid. That monkey survived perfectly happily.

These bits of evidence seemed to indicate that the actual drainage of spinal fluid played no significant part in the process. So Retan stopped making large fluid withdrawals from patients. Now he makes the spinal taps principally to keep pressure from building up and giving the patient devastating headaches. For, heroic as it sounds, the treatment does not otherwise cause any undue discomfort. While the saline is slowly dripping into their veins, children often read storybooks and ask for toys to play with.

Skepticism is Banished

Animal experimentation has partially explained the salt injections' effectiveness. One of Retan's monkeys whose lungs were inflamed died while getting the infusion. Autopsy revealed that it had drowned—from the saline solution's pushing its way through the inflamed lung tissue. Other evidence cropped up to indicate that the solution always had a selective action—that it trickles through porous, inflamed tissue far more readily than through sound tissue.

Retan offers one theory of why this selective-action fluid kills microbes. Each body cell might be compared to a tiny electrical potential. Isn't it thoroughly feasible that the salt solution enters these cells, upsets the electrical balance and brings about environmental changes that the invading bacteria or virus can't tolerate?

Yet another theory suggests that in passing through cell walls the saline solution carries antibodies with it. These are the fighting bulldogs that the body manufactures to kill off disease organisms. Once inside the cell—a domain usually denied them—they could start the battle royal of Life vs. Death.

Retan admits frankly that "the introduction of a new procedure such as this one encounters a healthy skepticism on the part of the medical profession." Still, things have happened that would tend to banish any skepticism. Preparalytics who were unable to stand before treatments have been able to walk immediately afterward. A Fall River doctor told about one child who was in the initial throes of respiratory paralysis. After one five-hour infusion she sat up in bed and asked for her toys. Another doctor in Wilmington told of a hopelessly addled patient with sleeping sickness who was able to read a newspaper after a gallon of saline solution had dripped into his veins. . . .

Why these things work as they do may be of vital importance to the research man. But it has no very profound significance to a mother with a deathly sick baby. She isn't interested in *how* Retan's brilliant new technique works; she is interested only in the fact that it *does* work.

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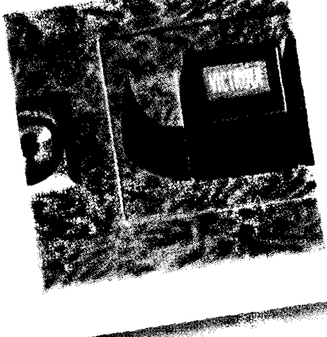

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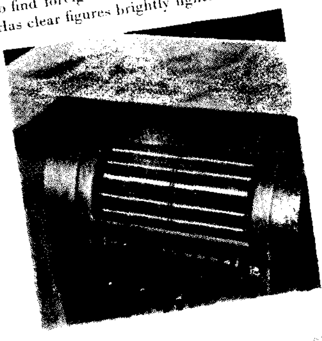

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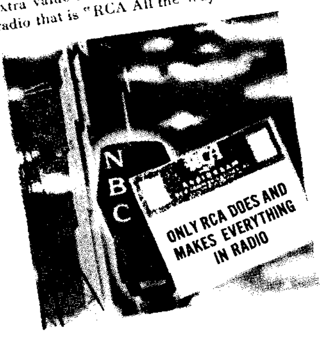

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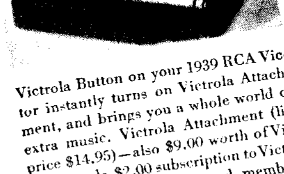

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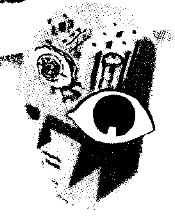

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drink **CANADA DRY** *it's pure and wholesome*

The Honor of the Dixie Belle

Continued from page 21

and kneeled up in the boat and said: "Paw, Adrian insulted me. I want you to put him right out of this boat!"

"Foosh," Paw said and kept right on rowing.

"Her conscience hurts her, that's what," Adrian said. "She's been reading immoral, unclean books that old Gollomb lent her."

Lucy said: "I won't stay in this boat with you another instant!"

BEFORE anybody could stop her, Lucy dived right into the river and started swimming toward the Dixie Belle, and we were 'way out in the middle of that Mississippi too. Paw did not say anything. He just kept on rowing. Adrian stood up and yelled: "Nice going. Lost your temper, didn't you? Couldn't take it, huh?"

Lucy kept right on swimming.

"Don't worry, I'm not jealous," Adrian said.

She did not say anything.

"Go ahead and marry the guy," Adrian said.

She did not say anything.

"You and I are through," Adrian said.

Lucy kept right on swimming.

"I guess you think I'm all broken-hearted or something," Adrian said.

She didn't say anything.

"You're just another gal to me, sister," Adrian said.

Then, all of a sudden, Lucy stopped swimming and threw up her arms, thrashing around a little, and then she went down under the water.

"Gosh!" Adrian said.

He dived in the river after Lucy. Both of them were out of sight. Paw kept right on rowing.

"Gee heck, stop!" I said. "They're drowning!" Paw stopped rowing.

Adrian came up out of the water and looked around. Then he dived down again. He came up and he dived and he came up and he dived, eight or ten times. Paw pulled the boat over close to Adrian. I began to bawl. I was so scared.

"I can't find her, Paw! I can't find her!" Adrian yelled, his face all purple-red. "Do something; help me!" He dived down again and came up and this time he was about all in. He grabbed the side of the boat with one hand and started to bawl.

"I didn't mean it, Lucy," he kind of blubbered. "I love you. I always loved you. Oh, Lucy—"

I was bawling louder than Adrian.

"Help me in, Paw," Lucy said.

I turned around and there was Lucy's head on the other side of the boat. With an oar Paw helped her climb in. Adrian looked and said some swear words, a lot of swear words. He heaved himself into the boat. He really was sore. He said more swear words and cuffed Lucy with both hands on her head. Paw yanked out his fish-sticker and said: "Leave her be!" Paw really meant it. Adrian sat down on the middle seat next to me.

"Girls are hell," Adrian said.

He was so sore at Lucy he would not even look at her. Lucy wrung the water out of her dress and hair. She leaned over and patted my back.

"I'm sorry, Bobby. It was mean to scare you," Lucy said. "But I thought you would see me."

PAW gave Adrian a chaw of twist tobacco to brace him up. Adrian and Lucy did not notice each other all the way home. As soon as we got to the levee, Adrian jumped out of the boat and walked away as fast as he could go. Lucy was not sorry. She just stuck her chin up in the air.

"I knew he loved me," Lucy said. "I made him admit it, too!"

Paw was looking at his skiff where it had got soaked from so much scrambling in and out of it.

"If I was seventy-two and in my prime," he said, "I'd take ye acrost my knee. Love ain't no excuse fer swampin' a man's boat like that. Ye acted like a heifer bustin' through a barn gate."

Kafooey on this, I thought to myself, I can't stand so much excitement. I thought maybe I would pass out or something. But I stopped by the drugstore at the Landing and had a couple of chocolate ice cream sodas and a popsickle and some licorice drops and felt better. It was a lucky thing I did, because when I got home I found more excitement than ever.

Miss Beveridge stopped me coming in the front hall with my crappie fish and said my mother was in bed with a raging sick headache. She said Therese, the second maid, and Margruder, the butler, and Mrs. Ludlow, the housekeeper, had all quit. They could not stand the country living, Miss Beveridge said, and had gone back to St. Louis on the two-o'clock bus. Not alone that, but all the workmen on the new addition had quit, too, because the strike in St. Louis was over and they had to go back to work for the union. Kafooey on the luck, I thought to myself, gee heck, I will never get these crappie fish cooked for supper now.

I went in to see my mother and my mother was prostrated on her back with a nervous breakdown that looked like a trip to Bermuda at least. Kafooey on the kafooey luck, I said to myself, just when things are going swell this has to happen. But it turned out that my mother was not in a nervous breakdown. She was distracted and at her wit's end because she had invited forty people from St. Louis to come to the housewarming party. The servant problem, oh, the servant problem, my mother said. She was sorry for every tear she had wasted on the dear common people. Let fascism come to America, my mother said, and let the mad, bloody persecution of the dear common people commence right away. But let the butchery start with cooks, butlers, maids, contractors and carpenters.

I went back to the Dixie Belle and gave my crappie fish to Lucy. I told Lucy what a big H there was to pay at our house.

Lucy said: "Oh, your mother needn't cancel her house party. We'll help her!"

"Of course, of course," Cap'n Dan said. "I'll go fetch Merrihew!"

Mrs. J. E. B. Drumwright said she would go right up to call immediately and offer to do just anything. She said she would lend my mother General J. E. B. Stuart's punchbowl that was her ancestor, and also Mr. J. E. B. Drumwright's silver coffee-percolator.

MY MOTHER sure was agreeably surprised that evening when all the Dixie Belle people came to call, even Paw. Lucy said she would take Therese's place as the second maid. Mrs. Drumwright said she would lend my mother Buttinhead to be butler. Paw and Cap'n Dan went out and looked at the new taproom that was only half finished and they said they would finish it for my mother. Paw had brought his cabinet-maker's tools along. Mrs. J. E. B. Drumwright said this was a great emergency and she would just take charge of everything. My mother was just to go back to bed, poor soul, and leave everything to Mrs. Drumwright.

"I am so touched," my mother said, when they had all gone. "They really want to be helpful."

"Surely you aren't going to risk it, are you, Mrs. Lacey?" I heard Miss Beveridge ask her.

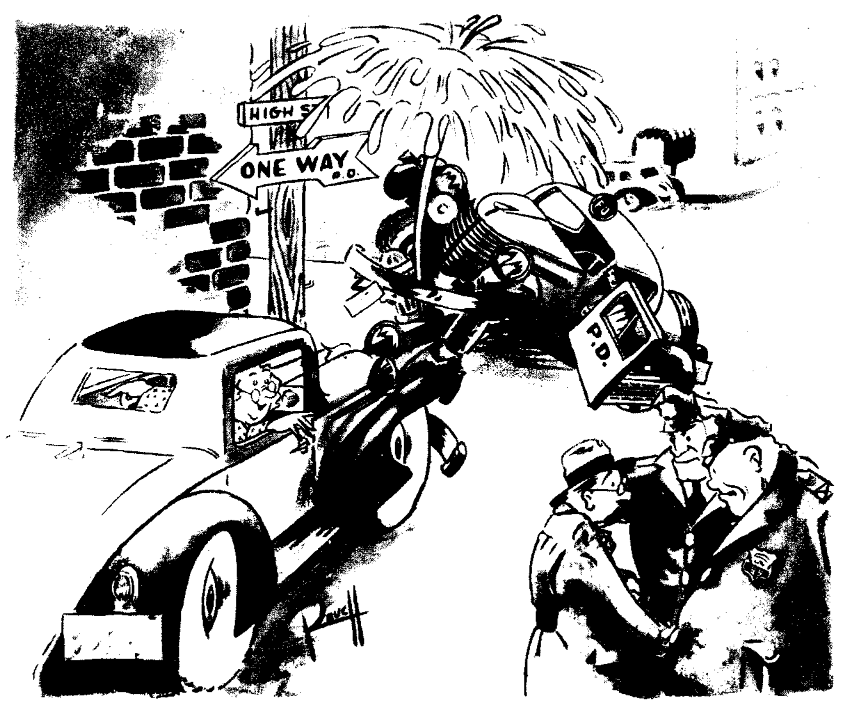
"I have no choice," my mother said. "I am desperate. I have forty people coming up Friday afternoon."

"Kafooey on the luck, gee heck," I said. "Now I can't fish."

"If I hear the word fish again I will scream, scream, scream!" my mother said.

Mr. Gollomb and I talked it over and he agreed with me that nothing but sorrow would come of it. But I could tell he was glad Lucy was coming to work at our house because he could make a study of her better.

Well, it turned out just like I knew it was going to. My mother went and made Lucy wear a uniform. Lucy told



"Apologize to the gentlemen, dear; we must hurry along, you know"

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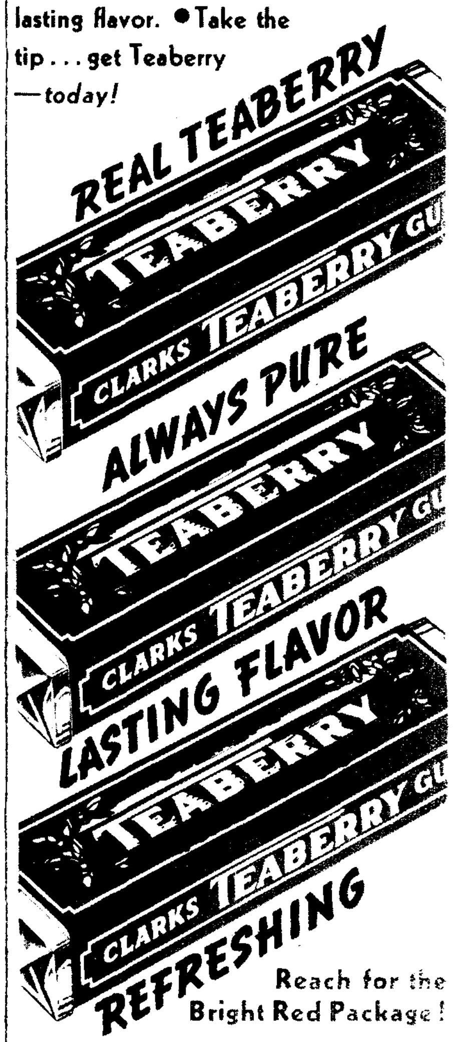

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GUM

Mrs. Drumwright she would wear it so as not to hurt my mother's feelings. But Lucy would not say, "Yes, Mrs. Lacey" and "No, Mrs. Lacey." She would forget and say "Yeah" and "Sure" and "Okay." And Lucy would wink at me in the dining room and grin like it was all a big joke. My mother said to Miss Beveridge, "Well, I will have to be patient."

Buttinhead was a great trial to my mother. He was not very bright and did not know the first thing about butling. Mrs. J. E. B. Drumwright claimed that she had trained Buttinhead perfectly with the best Southern traditions of butling, but in my sober judgment my mother could not be blamed for feeling nervous about Buttinhead. The very first day he got to showing off his butting skill to Norah and butted a door, and the other side of the door had a big mirror on it. Buttinhead sure wrecked that mirror. But my mother said she would have the patience of Job, she would not wince nor cry aloud, that maybe Providence had set this plague upon her for her sins. Meaning my mother was getting sarcastic.

Mrs. J. E. B. Drumwright, when she got right down to it, did not mean to do any work at all. She just came to call two or three times a day, dressed in a black lace gown with big flowers on it, and a hat with ostrich plumes on it. She just came to see how everybody else was making out.

The only ones that really made a big hit with my mother were Cap'n Dan and Paw, especially Paw. That was because they pitched right in on the taproom and made the chips fly and changed it all around so it would look like a real genuine steamboat barroom.

"Mr. Merrihew is my jewel and my treasure," my mother said, "and Cap'n Dan is priceless."

BUT my mother really went for Paw in a big way when she found out accidentally that he used to know Mr. Mark Twain who wrote the books. My mother was entertaining some St. Louis ladies in the living room and Paw came in to ask her where she wanted the chandelier put in the taproom.

"Mr. Merrihew is an old river man," my mother said.

"Eighty-one year, man an' boy," Paw said.

Mrs. Jurnline was a vice-president of the International Mark Twain Society and she said: "Did you by any chance know Mark Twain?"

Paw spit in a wastebasket.

"It's by-the-mark-twain, lady," he said. "It means twelve foot deep."

"I was referring to Mr. Samuel Clemens," Mrs. Jurnline said.

"My cousin Sam," my mother said, proud.

"Oh . . . Clemens? *Sam* Clemens thet was a jackleg pilot on the Amos B. Wright?" Paw said. "Sure. I knowed Sam. He come f'm up at Hannibal. I was cook's boy on the Amos B. Wright with Sam Clemens."

Everybody said "oh" and "ah" and my mother said Paw must sit right down and tell all he knew about Mr. Mark Twain.

Paw said: "Why, dang ye, there ain't much to tell. Sam was a tol'able pilot. I've seed wuss an' I've seed a dang sight better. I mind he was allus trying to tell funny yarns, only they wasn't funny."

"Oh, come now," my mother said, laughing.

"Unfunniest yarns I ever heared," Paw said, stubborn. "Never had a lick of hoomer, Sam didn't. It was his wuss failin'. He left the river 'fore I got my license. I heared his wife straightened him up arter he moved east. Seems like he done something pretty smart later on and got put in a statue up to Hannibal. Mind ye, I ain't seed the statue myself, but thet's whut they tell me."

My mother and Mrs. Jurnline and the other ladies could not believe their ears.

"Why, Mr. Merrihew," my mother said, "Mr. Clemens was a famous author!"

"Oh, is thet whut he turned inter?" Paw said. "I allus had the notion he'd be a lawyer."

"How whimsical," Mrs. Jurnline said.

Paw got mad and contrary.

"Thet's a two-bit word, lady," he said, "an' I don't like it. Sounds obscene."

AND Paw walked right out of there and left them flat. All the ladies were kind of shocked except my mother because she was so tickled to find out about Paw. After that, she kept pestering Paw to hear more about the old days on that Mississippi River. Paw did not have any objection to telling her anything she wanted to know, but you cannot trust a natural-born wisecracker like Paw around a lot of ladies because he does not care what he says. I tried to warn my mother not to get Paw wound up when she had company. But the very next day my mother was entertaining a lot of ladies from Louisiana and Clarksville and Bowling Green that belonged to the Pike County Historical Society. My mother made Mr. Gollomb read them a paper on the Mississippi River in the old steamboat times. In my sober judgment, listening to it from the side porch, Mr. Gollomb's paper was not so hot.

Paw was taking a nap on the steps in the shade and my mother saw him and waked him up and asked him if he wouldn't tell the ladies a real true old-time story of what happened on the Mississippi.

"I reckon I could tell 'em about thet race between the Cincinnatie Queen an' the Dunphy of Memphis, lady," Paw said.

"A steamboat race; splendid!" my mother said.

This is going to be good, I thought, and I am going to listen to this myself. You would have thought Paw would be scared to walk in there in front of all those ladies, but it did not embarrass Paw at all.

"Dang ye," Paw said, "I'm a-goin' to tell ye how we raced a steamboat race thet *was* a steamboat race. Shet up and listen." Then, Paw started in with motions to act it all out: "The Cincinnatie Queen an' the Dunphy of Memphis was bow an' bow as we made the crossin' above Island a Hunderd an' Ten. Then the Queen she begun to draw ahead. Cap'n Bojer of the Dunphy comes rarin' down to his injin room. 'Goldang ye,' says he, 'the Queen is leavin' us. How come?' So Mike Teague, the injineer, he says, 'We ain't got no more rosin er lard to make her burn hot—' "

MY MOTHER said: "It was the custom to force their fires, I presume?"

"Shet up," Paw said, going on with his motions to imitate two steamboats racing. "So, ladies, I was in thet injin room an' I says to Cap'n Bojer, I says: 'Cap, I'll tell ye how to win this race. Doughbelly Johnson is layin' in his coffin back yonder. He was a steamboat man and a sportin' man and he weighed four hunderd pounds on the hoof—' "

My mother said: "Excellent, but—"

"Shet up," Paw said. "Well, ladies, Cap'n Bojer seed the beauty of my idee right off. 'Goldang it,' says Cap'n Bojer, 'we got to beat the Queen. Doughbelly Johnson left a dyin' request to be cremated in St. Louie. We might as well anticipate thet a leetle'—"

"Really—" my mother said.

"So, ladies, we th'owed Doughbelly Johnson gradually inter them fires. An', ladies, ye should have seen the old Dunphy begin to walk. We passed the Queen like she was stuck on a sand bar!"

"Hully gee, Paw!" I said, from the doorway. "And you won the race?"

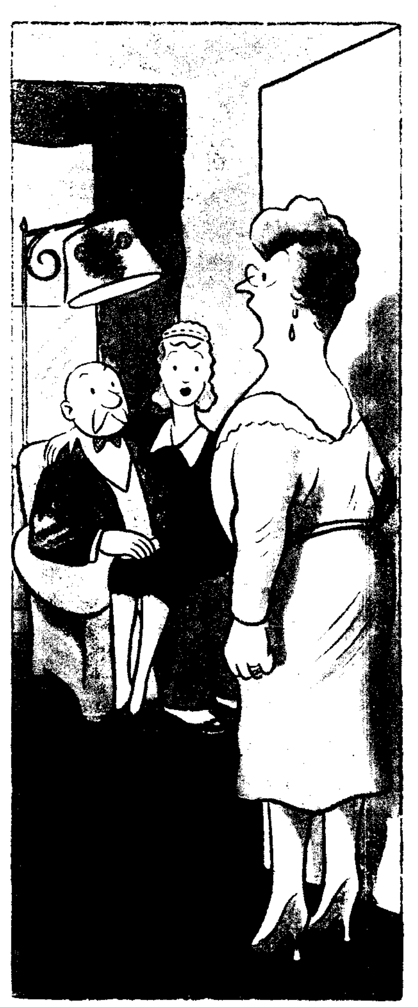
"No, Bobby, we didn't win the race," Paw said. "Five miles short of the St. Louie landing our goldanged bilers blowed clean th'ough the grand saloon!"

My mother said: "How awful, Mr. Merrihew, how did it happen?"

Paw said: "Well, ye see, Mrs. Lacey—there was a powerful lot of *gas* in Doughbelly's stomach!"

"Oh . . . oh, yes," my mother said.

Nobody else said anything, but three ladies put handkerchiefs to their mouths and Paw went out of there saying, "Crackey, thet's a good one!" and slapping his leg. I laughed and laughed and couldn't stop and my mother sent me out in the yard to get over it. Lucy was maiding on the porch and she had heard part of the story and she told Paw he did not have a lick of sense to tell it before all those ladies.



"What are you doing on my lap?"

CHON DAY

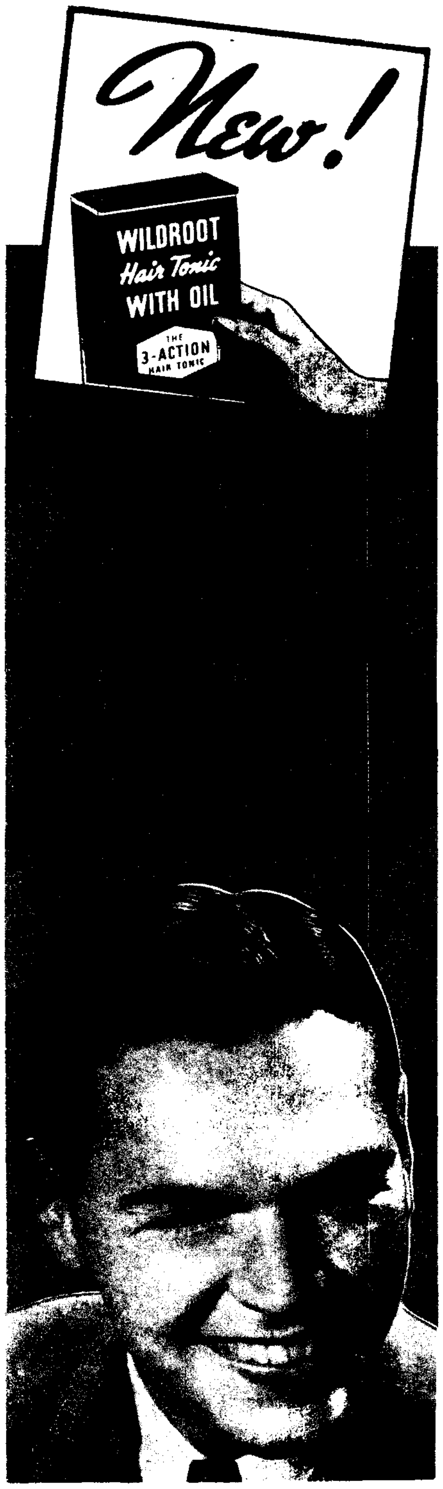
"Foosh!" Paw said. "They was hangin' on my every word. Thought it'd be a coarse story, mos' likely, dang 'em!"

My mother did not pester Paw to tell any more river stories. She got hold of a whole lot goofier notion than just stories. She made up her mind she would rent the Dixie Belle from Cap'n Dan to give a big party the week end of the housewarming.

"Kafooey on the kafooey luck," I said, "gee heck, this is terrible."

I put on a big storm and got in a highly nervous state and begged my mother not to. The Dixie Belle is not for goofy old parties. It is not for a lot of goofy bums from St. Louis that are just silly and laugh and giggle and drink cocktails. I had made up my mind already that I was going to make my father buy the Dixie Belle for me. I did not want my mother and those St. Louis people to have anything to do with the Dixie Belle. I thought sure that Paw and Cap'n Dan and Lucy and Mrs. Drumwright would not rent her to my mother.

Cap'n Dan said: "It'll be like old times



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on the Dixie Belle, like old times, sir! Has your mother any connection with the 'Q'? I thought not, thought not. Happy to entertain her, sir."

Mrs. Drumwright said: "It's the genteel thing to return Mrs. Lacey's hospitality to us."

Lucy said: "Oh, they can't hurt that old steamboat, Bobby. Your mother's got her heart set on it."

Even that Buttinhead went back on me and betrayed me, the big stupid shine. My mother said he could wear a dress suit evenings and all Buttinhead could think of was strutting in those clothes.

But Paw stuck up for me.

"Goldangdest fool stunt I ever heared tell of, Bobby," Paw said. "No good'll come of it, no good'll come of it. Wisht I was seventy-two and in my prime. I'd put my foot down."

This was the most critical serious crisis in my life up to that time. In my sober judgment it would be just a mess.

"You buy the Dixie Belle, Paw," I said, "and I'll pay you back when I get big. If you owned that steamboat you could tell my mother it's not for rent."

"I'd like to do it fer ye, Bobby," Paw said, "but it'd take a fortune to git thet boat away f'm Dan'l Minor."

I came right out then and told Paw to dig up all the gold in the Beulah M. Hickson. I owned up that Buttinhead had told me about it. Paw just looked sad and shook his head.

"Never was no gold in the Beulah M. Hickson, son," Paw said. "Thet was jest a yarn I cooked up to tease the marryin' women with." Paw cheered up and laughed and slapped his leg. "I had them women whinnying around me fer forty year, Bobby. Yep, I et good fer forty year. Widders' an' spinsters' chicken, all white meat, too. Crackey!"

I DID not have a very good sense of humor about it because I was too disappointed. Paw saw that I felt bad, so he offered to sell his grave to raise some money to make a down payment on the Dixie Belle. He said he would not sell his grave for anybody but me. I said no, I did not want him to sell his grave. So Paw said we would have to try diplomacy then and he would get to work on Cap'n Dan and poison his mind against letting my mother have the Dixie Belle for a party.

I thought maybe that Mr. Gollomb would help me and go to work on my mother while Paw was working on Cap'n Dan. But you cannot depend on a goof like Mr. Gollomb. That dizzy guy had decided to ask Lucy to marry him.

"Kafooey on that," I said. "She won't marry you. She is going to marry Adrian Reed as soon as they quit fighting."

"I think not, Robert," Mr. Gollomb said, smiling wise-like.

"Did you *ask* Lucy?" I said.

"Er . . . yes . . . in a way," Mr. Gollomb said.

"You're a big old liar," I said. "I bet you a hundred million dollars you never asked Lucy."

"Let's not discuss it, Robert," Mr. Gollomb said, and went off whistling and stepping high and looking for birds to tell the name of.

I went right straight to Lucy; she was polishing silver in the pantry.

"Did old Gollomb go and ask you to *marry* him?" I said.

Lucy acted goofy, too. She got giggly just like any old girl and said she couldn't make out just what Mr. Gollomb was asking her. He used too many big words, Lucy said, and got too flustered. She said Mr. Gollomb had called her an extervert and said he was an intervert. Lucy did not know what that meant and asked me and I did not know either. Lucy said Mr. Gollomb thought he had too much culture in him and Lucy was a primitive girl and would be against the culture in Mr. Gollomb, which he got when he was a Rhodes scholar, and Lucy would be good for him to marry.

In my sober judgment it was all a lot of bushwah, just hooey, and I told Lucy she should marry Adrian if she just had to marry some guy. But Lucy was in a highly nervous state and began to cry and said she was all mixed up and despised Adrian, who did not seem to want to marry her, but she did not love Mr. Gollomb and to go away and not say anything about it to anybody if I was her pal.

So you can see from this that Paw and I were making a singlehanded fight to save the Dixie Belle from my mother and the forty people that were coming up from St. Louis.

IT SURE was terrible what my mother began to do to the Dixie Belle. She sent the carpenters down there and they built a goofy-looking platform walk from the levee out to the Dixie Belle. It did not look like a gangplank and was not suited to a steamboat at all. The Mississippi was rising in a big June rise and there was water all around the Dixie Belle, which made it look more terrible. Then my mother strung electric wires out to the Dixie Belle and hung a lot of silly-looking Japanese lanterns along her promenade deck and on the hurricane deck and the texas. Flags, too, and a mess of blue and yellow awnings between the pilothouse and the stacks. Paw and I went down to inspect the delicate situation and Paw said: "Goldang it, the poor old Dixie Belle looks like a circus merry-go-round. Tch-tch-tch, jest look at her now!"

But the worst was inside the grand saloon, which looked so swell before my mother started in on it. She took up all the carpet and nailed the boards down over Paw's catfish hole and spread goofy old canvas over the floor and covered up all the classy, artistic paintings on the stateroom doors with lace paper and frills.

"Oh, Jerusalem dang it!" Paw said, listening right over the catfish hole. "Thet high water's brung a big one in!" Meaning a whopping big catfish or a buffalo.

I ordered the carpenters to tear up that canvas and let us pull those boards up, but they ignored my orders. That made me mad, and I ran all the way back to our house to tell my mother to make the carpenters let us at Paw's catfish hole. But my mother was right in the middle of forty people from St. Louis, all laughing and drinking cocktails and looking at the new taproom.

"Fish? Oh, yes . . . fish," my mother said, just laughing. "Not now, Bobby, not now. Mrs. Peyton, this is Bobby. His mind is on fish." Making fun of me. A lot of them wanted to ask goofy questions about my fishing career, but I was in a highly nervous state and kafooey on all of you, I said, and I am going to catch that big fish and nobody is going to stop me.

BUT when I got back to the Dixie Belle with a hammer and a hatchet and a saw, those carpenters had put the orchestra stand right over Paw's catfish hole just for spite. Cap'n Dan was there all dressed up in his Captain's uniform and Mrs. Drumwright was there all dressed up, too. Cap'n Dan was screwy in the dome, saying: "Looks like old times, Mrs. Drumwright, like old times," and that big fat mean old Mrs. Drumwright said: "Fish? Of co'se you cain't fish in heah now. The very idea of sech a thing."

Kafooey on the whole world, I thought, and I hope something terrible awful happens.

It did, too.

(To be continued next week)

"IT'S A DUCKY CIGARETTE with no QUACK about it!"

There are two things I admire in a cigarette. (1) Good taste in its tobacco; (2) good taste in what it says about itself! On these two counts, Old Gold checks okay with me. It doesn't profess to be a panacea; but it is a pleasant companion!

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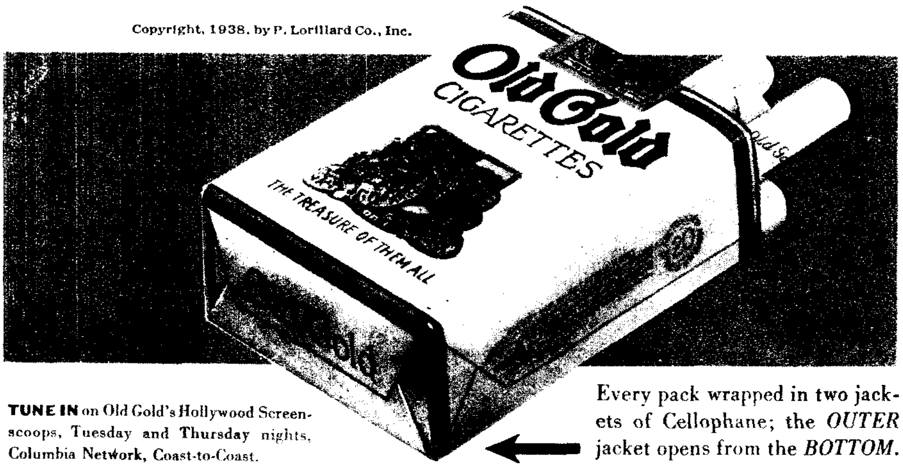

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The Runaway

Continued from page 19

but you don't think it ever happens. But I'm really not believing my ears."

Aloud she said dazedly:

"But, Doctor Dinsmore, why—why should you do this for me?"

"Because I want to," the doctor said composedly, looking at some scribbled message on his desk pad.

"But—but my job?"

"You would have to give that up."

"But what—what would I do in return? I couldn't just—just *take* it."

A glance was flashed at her through the strong glasses.

"Why not? I would of course guarantee you your fare to California in March, in writing if you like. You could safely move him in March, I believe."

It was as if the dark December skies above the grim old city had broken into the blue of June. Flags were waving and birds singing, and the air was sweet with flowers. Rest now, and the divine right to care for her child! Florida's palms and sunshine for him! And afterward, home again and her mother's voice, boys racketing in for lunch, and Dad coming forward in the oil-scented coolness of the Exchange to say, "Better take your mother some asparagus, Becky. Just in."

"What do you say?" Stephen Dinsmore asked.

"Why, but Doctor Dinsmore, what can I say? Except that I didn't know that people could be so wonderful—so marvelous. I was—I was—sort of at the end of my rope—" Becky faltered, "and it doesn't seem true!"

And suddenly abandoning an attempt to hold back her tears, an attempt to turn them into a laugh, she put her head down on the desk and burst into wild sobbing, sobbing so uncontrolled, so exhausted and abandoned that the man presently rang for a nurse, and Becky had to be quieted with something powdery and white dissolved in water, and made to lie down in one of the waiting rooms on a wide leather couch.

She saw Doctor Dinsmore again before she went home; he was quiet and businesslike and unemotional. Gibbs could be moved on Friday; that was the eighteenth. If Becky would be at the hospital with his clothes and hers on Friday afternoon, they could be driven straight to the Locust Valley place.

"My sister will take charge of you, she's done this sort of thing for me before. You're to do nothing but rest and eat for a while. I'll be down Saturday and see how you've settled in."

Her face colorless, her lashes soaked, her voice shaking, Becky caught at his hand.

"Doctor—you don't know—you don't know—"

He blinked at her, stirred himself.

"I do know," he said.

ON FRIDAY Gibbs, well-rolled in a big soft tan blanket with "S. D." lettered upon it in brown silk, rode in his mother's arms away from the city into the clean, sweet winter country. Becky, herself luxuriously wrapped in rugs, looked out of the limousine window and watched the congested streets sink away under the bridge, and saw the cold walls of the island prison, and the great cakes of ice that drifted in the East River.

They went under mighty girders and through a shabby, snow-spattered town or two, and then they were out on the open roads, and the beautiful homes of Long Island began to slip by one by one, mansions standing proudly on the rolling hills with great stripped trees and clean white barns and fences, with empty tennis courts, and stable yards where famous racers lived their protected lives.

After a while they came to the water again—cold gray water strewn with blocks of gray ice. Becky drank in the beauty of the road thirstily; the prosperous breadth and spaciousness of it enchanted her. It was good to see children riding on ponies, to see smoke rising from comfortable brick chimneys, to realize that all life was not the crowded griminess, the biting, incessant, burdening poverty that she had seen in every day and hour and minute for all these two long years.

The big car turned in at an iron gate; it was not a pretentious house at which they topped, but Becky thought she had never seen a more inviting one. A square plain brick building, painted a cream white on which bare vines etched delicate patterns; French windows with curved tops; a doorway severely Colonial with fine-fluted columns and a fanlight. There were window balconies of green ironwork; there was a fire in one of the downstairs rooms, for she could see the pink hospitable light of it flickering on primly drawn net curtains.

The fire, in a fireplace of white tiles, was burning briskly in the great upstairs bedroom to which she and Gibbs were immediately taken. Mrs. Lafayette Lee, Stephen Dinsmore's sister Harriet, a faded sweet woman of some fifty-five years, escorted Becky there, as did Carrie-Sis, an enormous, gentle young Negress, who performed all the offices of nurse for Gibbs so kindly that even the shy three-year-old did not feel strange with her.

Harriet junior, a pretty girl of twenty, did what she could to make Becky feel welcome. There was a butler, who went off for milk and toast for Gibbs, a big motherly gray-headed cook and a thin little eager maid. All these, as Becky was to learn later, composed the house staff, but so comfortable and friendly and understanding was the relationship between them that the domestic machinery at Hillover ran as if by magic, and she was never conscious of their presence again unless she needed them.

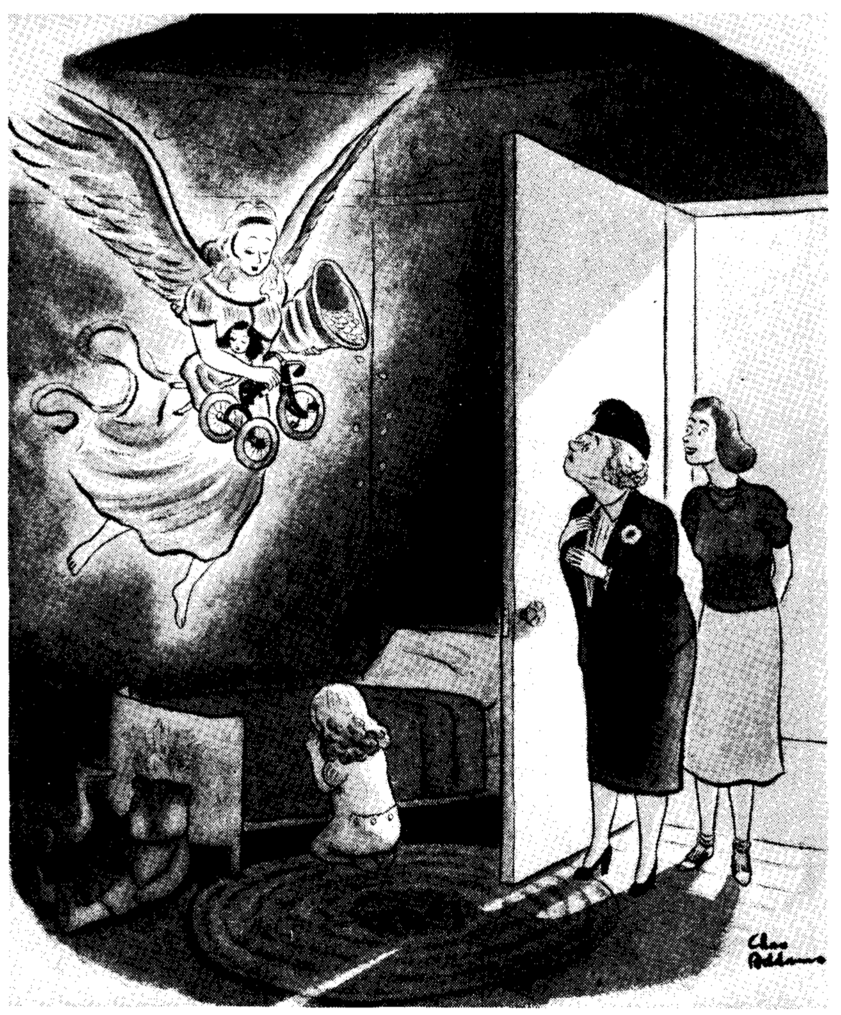
She was presently left alone, to sink panting into a great ruffled chair by the fire, and wonder — and wonder — and wonder what had happened to her. . . .

Gibbs' supper of chicken soup and custard appeared on a tray, and afterward Becky went shyly down a curved gracious white stairway to dinner, and sat with the two Harriets over a meal so simple, so perfect, so delicious that she felt that the daughter of a California farmstead was taking a lesson in table service.

AFTERWARD they had a library fire, and talked, while the elder Harriet played solitaire with tiny cards that matched her small ivory hands, and the younger Harriet debated tirelessly the arrangements for a Princeton week-end party.

The older Harriet Lee advised, planned, indulgently attentive. She must have been very pretty once, Becky thought, with her blue eyes and sensitive mouth. Now her curled hair was gray and her thin face wrinkled, but still it was a pleasant face.

Hatsy, as the daughter was called, was of larger build than her mother. She had ostentatiously avoided fats and sweets at dinner. She told Becky that when she even sampled them she became "gross." Her fair lusterless hair was cut, rolled and curled in the latest mode, wide-open brown eyes, not a pretty face exactly but smart and aristo-



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CHAS. ADDAMS

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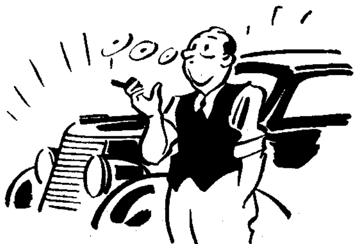

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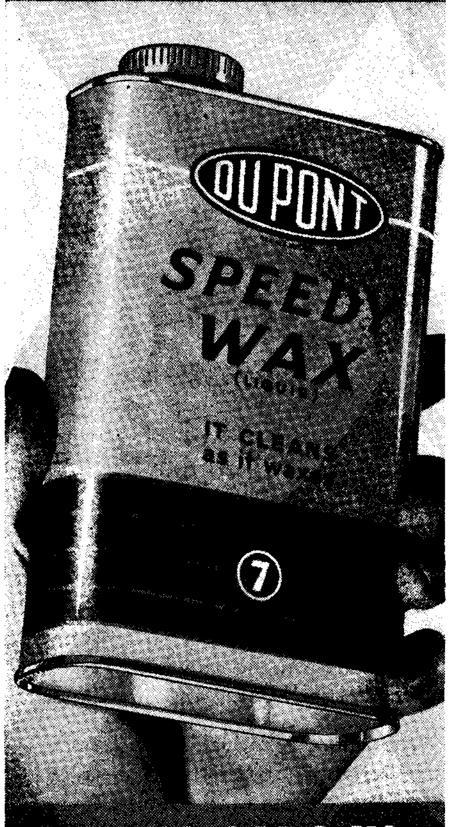

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cratic, her expression, her manner, the tones of her voice assured and confident.

Some friends of hers came for her; they were dancing at Sally's.

"Now, you take good care of her, Donald," Mrs. Lee said to one of the boys. "Hatsy hasn't got any brother, and I've got to trust you."

"Mother, why not make him an offer of me in writing," suggested Hatsy. Her mother was unabashed.

"Well, I may get that far yet!" she answered cheerfully.

Then she and Becky were left alone.

"Steve has a heart of gold," was Harriet Lee's only acknowledgment of what Becky tried to say. "It gives him the greatest pleasure in his life to do what he calls 'playing God.' "

Again, Becky thought. God again.

She told her hostess her own story of the past few years.

"Well, you'll get a real rest now," Harriet Lee said comfortably. Becky had already discovered that the one real treat life could bring her little hostess was a good listener. Mrs. Lee loved to talk, to ramble on endlessly of the glories of the old South, of her family's possessions and privileges all through America's history up to the present moment. She had always been rich, gentle, generous, good, proud of her place in the world. She wished she had had a son, she told Becky, because with Barbara and Hatsy one branch of the fine old family died out.

BARBARA was the older daughter, now on her way home from a two months' stay in Hawaii. Hatsy and her mother had gone over with her in September but they had come back to arrange for Hatsy's formal bow to society, a great ball on the day after Thanksgiving. Four hundred had come to the ball, some from Richmond and Asheville and Washington, some from Boston. Lights and music and champagne and terrapin for four hundred. Becky thought of the woman in the drugstore the night she had been telephoning the Lincoln Hospital about Gibbs. A woman trying to prove to the clerk that he had given her a bad dime.

"Stephen, of course, wouldn't come," said his sister. "He had some poor old thing dying over on Blackwell's Island, and he had to be there all night. My brother is—well, we call him a social outlaw, Mrs. Gibson. But the longer you know him the more you'll admire him."

"I haven't any doubt of it," said Becky.

Portraits in colored chalks of Barbara and Hatsy flanked a large handsome oil portrait of their mother and father over the mantel. The late Colonel Lafayette Lee had been painted in uniform with decorations. He sat at a library table, looking at papers; his wife, a slender young creature in plain black velvet, stood at a window in the background, half turned toward him, as if she had looked back from the lovely view beyond.

"I wasn't supposed to be in that picture at all," the widow confessed, seeing that Becky was studying it. "But I just couldn't bear to see Lafe being made immortal without me. And afterward I was glad I insisted!"

Barbara was evidently beautiful in very much her mother's type. Hers was a small, sensitive face framed in loose gold-red curls. When at half past nine Becky said that she thought she would go up to Gibbs, Mrs. Lee took her about the room and showed her other portraits: elderly Dinsmores handsome in buttoned alpacas, lace collars, stiff-skirted black cloth; a great friend of President Cleveland's, that one; married to Senator Buckholt, that other. Hatsy and Barbara when they were babies, sweet in bare arms and white ruffles and blue ribbons with a white kitten and a brown setter.

Gibbs was lively, interested himself when she went to him; in that fact alone there was heart solace for Becky. After she had settled him off and gotten herself ready for bed she suddenly, unexpectedly, sank on her knees again. And this prayer was one of pure gratitude.

It was all wonderful. It was a miracle of peace and security to awaken in the warm stillness of a winter morning, and see snowflakes coming steadily, gently down outside, and to think of Rheingolder's "big, bright, busy basement" as a thing of the past. All gone: the stifling heat of the shop, the damp cold of the basement, the smells of cloth and wet raincoats and bad dyes. All gone, the aching of leg muscles and chill of roughened hands, the smell of unaired apartments and the taste of rancid butter preserved too long on a chipped pink saucer.

A MIRACLE to go downstairs quietly, exploringly at eight o'clock, and find a fire crackling in the little white-and-blue breakfast room, with the snowy garden making a Christmas picture of itself outside of the deep-silled windows, and the coffeepot smoking invitingly. A miracle to rest and rest and rest through all the hours of the dreamy day and the next day, reading to Gibbs, telling him stories, lying cozily tucked under the fur rug, dozing herself when he dozed.

For a few days Becky could only steep herself deep in the wonder of it, the thankful, all-absorbing novelty of ease after strain, peace after strife. The snow fell steadily; Harriet Lee puttered with potted plants in her green-glassed conservatory off the side porch; Hatsy departed for her house party; Barbara sent a radiogram to say that she would be home on the twenty-third.

On Saturday the whole house stirred with an expectant ripple to meet the master's arrival. Carter, his driver, brought him through the flattened snowy roads, coming in breathless and rosy while Becky and his sister were at luncheon. Hungrily falling upon his own chop, his own plate of salad, he had little to say, but he smiled at them through his strong glasses and somehow his merely being there seemed to Becky to add comfort and safety to the world. The boy was going on well? Good. Barbara getting home for Christmas? Good. And how was Mrs. Gibson? Too good? Well, that was a nice thing for a doctor to hear.

AFTER luncheon he had to go to a consultation in Oyster Bay. His snowy topcoat and wet cap had disappeared, another thick fur-collared coat was ready for him; he pulled on a dry new pair of thick gloves.

"Is it Senator Lawrence who's sick, Steve?" his sister asked. "She telephoned this morning."

"Yep. I brought you home some boxes," Stephen Dinsmore said to Becky almost absent-mindedly, pulling on his gloves. "I asked Carrie-Sis to put them in a spare room somewhere for fear your boy was asleep. You might look 'em over; Miss Sachs, in the office, picked 'em out. She dresses well, they tell me."

Becky, her fork arrested, was facing him with widened eyes and suddenly reddened cheeks.

"Me?" she said a little thickly, breathing almost as if she were frightened.

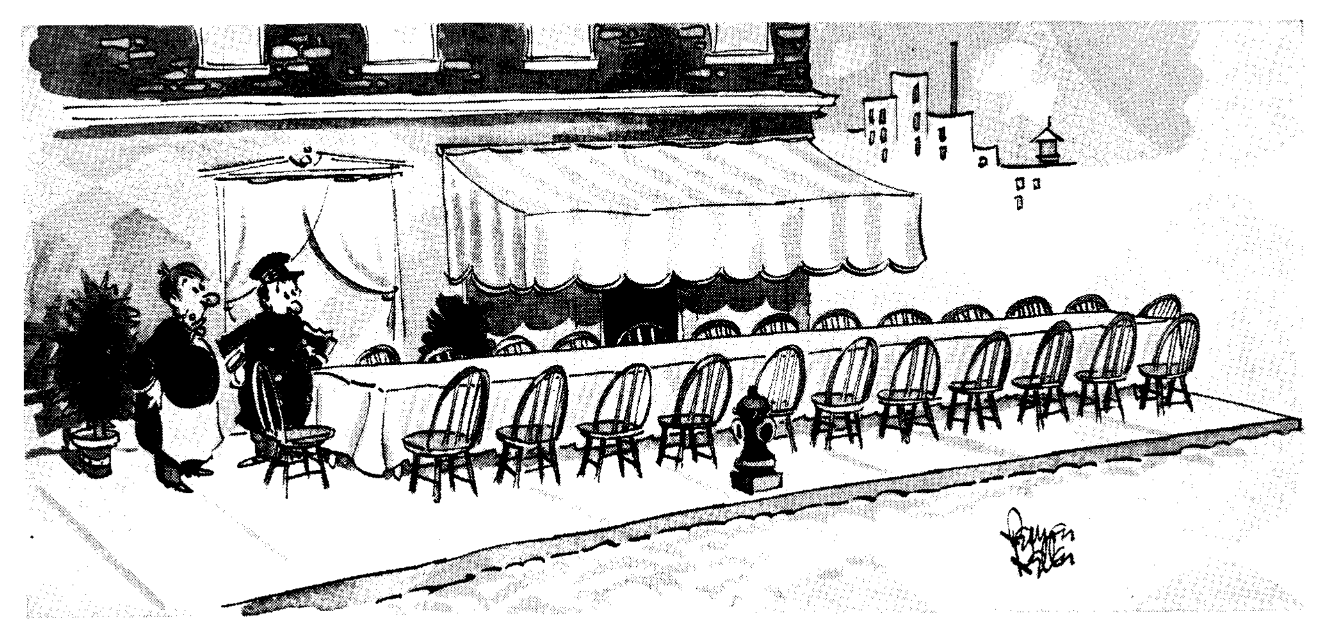
"Frocks," the doctor answered briefly. "Girls have to have 'em! You and Harriet go up and look at 'em, and if you don't like any one, put it back in the box and Carrie-Sis will wrap it up to go back."

"Ah, Doctor—" Becky's voice, the note of reproach that deepened it making it richer than ever, said protestingly.

"Well," said the doctor, "go look at 'em! You may not like any of 'em! I'm on my way."

Dessert lost its taste for Becky. Her heart beat high. He had sent her a dress—he had known that she would not have the right wardrobe—

But how ever to thank him? How ever



"As a rule, we try to discourage banquets"

REAMER KELLER

to pay him back? The burden of gratitude was heavy upon her as she and Mrs. Lee went upstairs.

"I don't know what makes him—what makes you all—so kind!"

"Stephen's always been like that," the sister said.

Carrie-Sis had opened the boxes and laid out the clothes; the room looked like a smart frock shop. Becky caught one audible deep breath and stood stricken, staring.

There was, to begin with, a dark brown coat of some silky warm cloth that felt like a kitten's ear, a coat big enough to banish all the chill one could possibly feel on a winter's day, and possessing a great soft beaver ruff of a collar that would come up about one's ears. With it was a brown hat trimmed with two balls of beaver, and lying on the table were two pairs of soft white gloves, two pairs of soft brown, one pair fur-lined.

SPREAD on the bed were a plain homespun suit with a sweater blouse, an evening gown of maize-gold taffeta exquisitely corded and severely plain, a house gown of delicate brown velvet and two all-service dresses of black crepe, one patterned here and there with small scarlet cherries, the other smartly tailored, and trimmed only with a fall of rose point. Carrie-Sis was very much enjoying the job of opening boxes when the other two women came in.

Tears smarted in Becky's eyes.

"Not for me? Oh, he shouldn't! Oh, why did he?" she whispered. And because it was habit with her now something within her added, "Oh, God, how good You are to me! I do thank You!"

And the next hour was one of rare delight, the rarer because her life, the long years that had gone before, had known nothing to equal it.

That night at seven, when Stephen Dinsmore came into the library before dinner, Becky got up from her chair and went to meet him. No one else was in the room. She was wearing the brown velvet gown; its rich darkness set off her own golden-brown beauty, the warm smoothness of her smooth cream-brown skin, the amber lights in her eyes. There was embroidery at the throat of the dress, and against it her breast showed soft and brown; firelight behind her aureoled her head with gold.

"Doctor," she said, "you are very good to me. I never knew anyone so kind. They've been telling—Hatsy and Carrie-Sis and all of them, all this week, that I'm not the only one. But that doesn't make it any easier for me to thank you! I think it's—it's like God, to do things like this, with money. It makes—everything *right*."

She knew she was saying it awkwardly, clumsily. But it was all the more eloquent for that. Her hand in the doctor's chilled hand was warm, was trembling as every fiber of the whole vital beautiful woman was trembling with feeling. Doctor Dinsmore smiled behind his glasses, took them off to wipe them.

"You look lovely," he said, clearing his throat.

IT WAS several hours later that Stephen Dinsmore went into his sister's bedroom. Harriet had not started to undress; she was standing staring down into the fire. Both faces wore a strange look as their eyes met.

"Well?" questioned the doctor.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" the woman said quickly, speaking in a hushed, cautious undertone. "In spite of your telephoning to warn me, the instant my eyes fell on her I thought I would faint. Her voice—her coloring—nobody else in the world ever had Madeleine's coloring!"

"Does anyone else know, Harriet?"

"No one. Not Hatsy nor Carrie-Sis nor anyone. Better so, Steve! It would only stir up all that old agony again."

"Oh, far better not! She'll not think it strange?"

"Even if she does? You've done so many things like it nobody else will. She'll very quickly accept it. Look, Steve!"

She had a handful of old photographs. They looked at them together.

"That one," he presently said thickly.

"That one. And look at this one! How did it happen, Steve? Not the detective agency?"

"Not the agency. I suppose I never told them to look for that gold color. It didn't follow that the child would have it. No, it was in the children's ward at the hospital, one night last week. I suddenly heard her voice—Madeleine's voice. She was just going away; I followed her, but I didn't talk to her until Sunday. They sent her into the office. She looked at me with Madeleine's eyes. I suppose we talked of the child. I told them—it seems to me that almost immediately I told them that the little Gibson child was not to be discharged until I had seen the mother again. Or perhaps I telephoned that later from the office. I have no idea."

He sat down, suddenly unable to go on, and his sister, equally silent, watched him for a few minutes.

"She was working in Rheingolder's," the doctor presently recommenced, "that big department house up in the Bronx—you don't know it? Well. I went up there twice during the week and watched her; she didn't know it, of course. I didn't need proof, but she gave me proof. Quite innocently she said to me, 'Doctor, it might make a difference in Gibbs' constitution—inherited tendencies you know, that sort of thing—but I don't really know anything about my own people. No one knows this, but I was adopted.' And, as if it concerned the child, I asked for dates." He put his two hands over his face, bowed his head. "My God, my God, my God, they matched!" he whispered.

The woman was in tears. She smiled shakily.

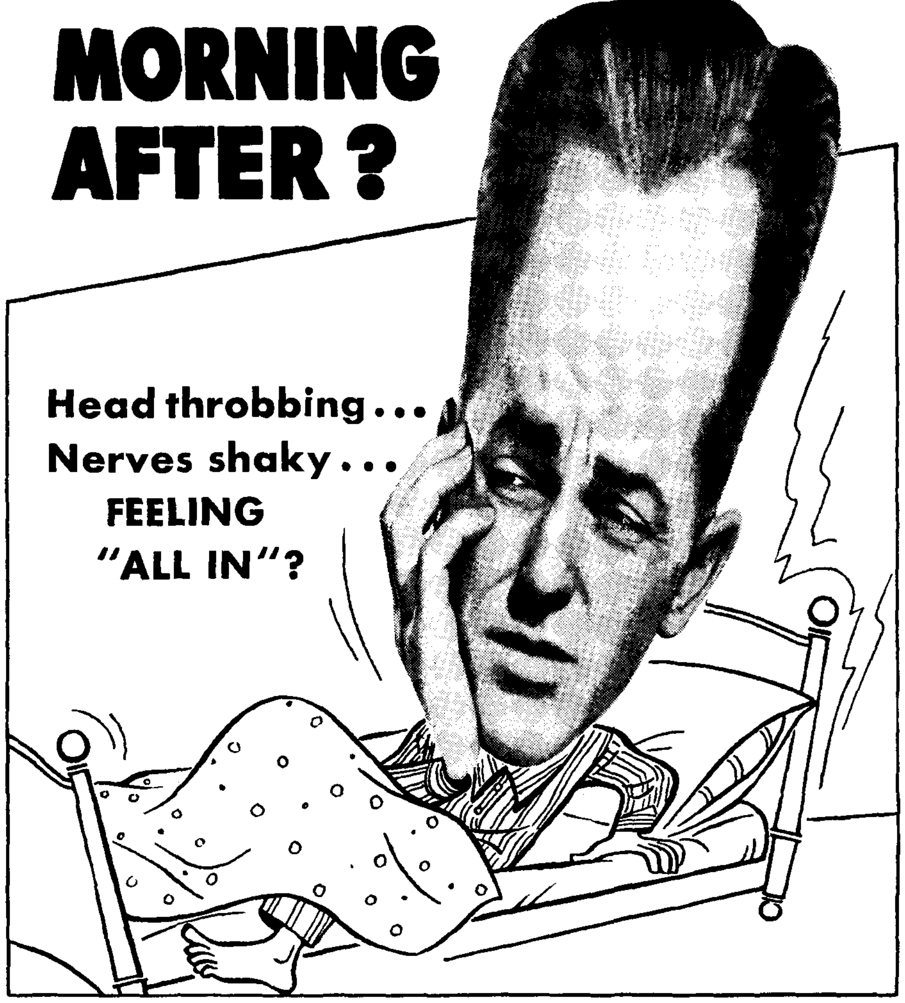
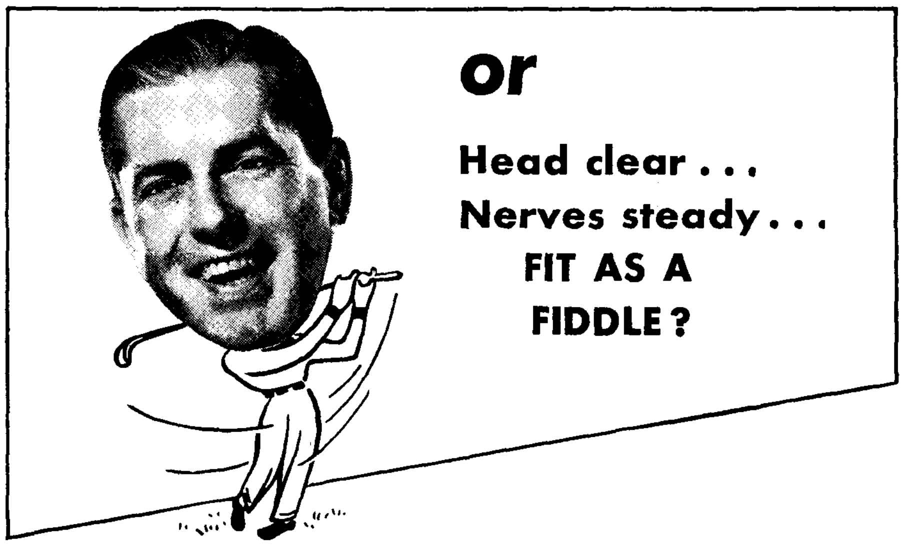
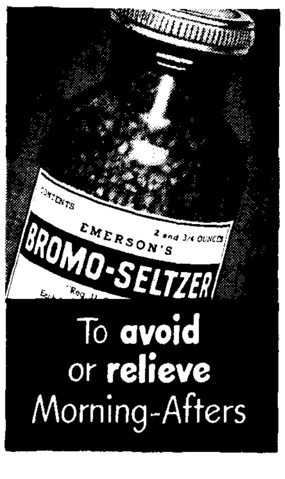
"Congratulations, Steve!" she said.

BECKY came downstairs to the library early; the doctor had said he might rush in for an early dinner; he could not stay for Barbara's formal eight-o'clock affair.

He liked to play dominoes with Becky. She rarely beat him, but she played well enough to avoid too overwhelming defeat and to concede him only a narrow margin of gain. Sometimes Harriet Lee would be reading near the fire, and now and then Gibbs could come down for a few joyous minutes; Hatsy, if she were dining at home, always was early, being ravenous by dinnertime. Becky, to whom all hours were wonderful now, thought this special hour one of the happiest of them all.

On a wintry night of winds and crackling branches and wild snow, a week before Christmas, she came downstairs with Gibbs to find Barbara alone in the library. Barbara, taller than her mother, spirited, even a little rowdy, was even lovelier than her portrait. It was practically a flawless head that was crowded by the red-gold curls; the eyes were wide, thick-fringed and very blue; the mouth's only fault that it was a little too perfect, a little too completely the Cupid's bow.

Spoiled, selfish, a good deal of a snob, followed and admired wherever she went, rich and of America's finest lineage, Barbara had not shown Becky a very attractive side at first. She had arrived unexpectedly, having left the yacht on which she had been traveling at San Pedro and flown home; she had shown no special enthusiasm at finding a small boy and his mother, a woman of just her own age, snugly installed

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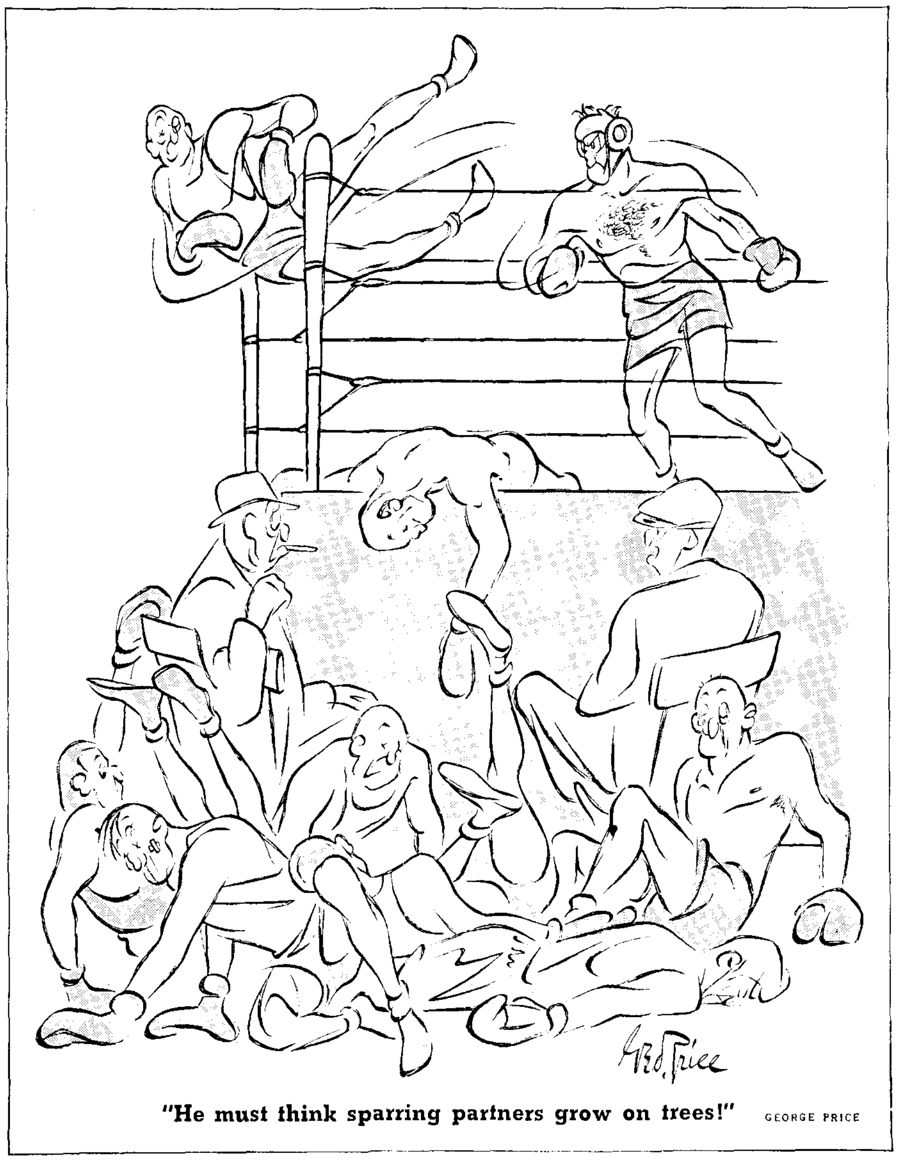


"He must think sparring partners grow on trees!" GEORGE PRICE

at Hillover. At the first dinner table Becky had heard a good deal of Barbara's marvelous friends on the islands, her marvelous good times, the perfectly marvelous men she had met there, the simply marvelous invitations that she was now considering; to go to Europe, to London, to Palm Beach, to Nassau.

But quite suddenly, a few hours later, Barbara's attitude had changed. In their few brief encounters when she rushed home to sleep, dress, telephone, make fresh engagements, she had been pointedly friendly with Becky, and tonight, as Becky came into the library, and Gibbs made a straight frontal attack on the doctor's setter and her litter, lying on the rug, Barbara rose with a welcoming little cry and burst at once into feverish speech.

"Becky, thank heavens we have a minute alone! Listen, I'm in trouble and I've got to talk to you! Mother'll be along any minute and then it'll be too late."

Becky laughed a little at the other girl's intensity, but it was an understanding laugh, and as they sat down together on the great leather davenport that faced the fire their hands were locked.

"YOU see," Barbara Lee said, "thousands of people are coming to dinner tonight."

"Twenty-four," Becky, who had helped with the planning of menus and arranged the seating at dinner, altered it quietly.

"Well, twenty-four. And Pedar Granger with them. And you know I am supposed to be engaged to Pedar Granger."

"But nothing definite." Becky nodded at the information, for little gentle babbling Mrs. Lee had mentioned this man's name in connection with Barbara from the very first. Pedar van der Venter Granger was an important figure in the older woman's scheme; Becky knew that he was rich, and prominent in Long Island's most influential group.

"Mother told you so?" Barbara asked in quick suspicion.

"She said something about it."

"Well! It's been more or less understood. You've seen him?"

"I don't think so."

"Thin and small and yellow-haired, but nice, and always talking," Barbara supplied, always in the same urgent hurried manner she had used in first speaking. "He was here on Sunday."

Becky laughed again.

"I think I know which one he is."

"Well, this morning, shopping in town, I met Larry Moulton," Barbara said, and stopped with an air of having launched a bombshell.

"I don't think your mother had him on tonight's list," Becky said, instantly concerned.

"No, I should think not! But he's—he's *the* person. I mean I'm madly, desperately in love with him and there's no use lying about it," Barbara said in a luxurious rush of frankness. "He's—I knew him in Paris a year ago, and Mother met him and disliked him. Then he was in Honolulu; he left two weeks before I did. But it's—at least with me it is—I mean, everything's over, the ship's sunk, the marines have positively *landed!* He's thirty and he's absolutely marvelous-looking in a completely and definitely marvelous way— I haven't time to tell you about him—but anyway, here's the thing, he's coming to dinner."

"Tonight?" Becky asked, aghast.

"Of course. I met him, d'you see," Barbara continued, glancing occasionally toward the hall door, to be sure of not being overheard, "when I was lunching at the Park Lane today. He came over, and of course I was lost. I babbled and mewed and everything—I mean, things just go 'round when he's anywhere in the picture! And being perfectly terrified that he'd vanish into space I asked him to dine with us some night and he said 'Tonight?' That's the way he is, that gives you some idea of him. He's going to Boston tomorrow for days, so it was now or never. And of course I had my lamé in mind; I know I'm going to look for all I'm worth tonight. And everyone will be here, and Rudy's silly color movies or whatever it is afterward, and Sandy to keep the games going—you know what I mean."

"He's never been here before?"

"Oh, no. I told you we only met him in Europe last year, and Mother only saw him once and didn't like him so much. Perhaps she was afraid he might make me feel differently about Pedar. Differently!" Barbara interrupted herself to add on a scornful laugh. "He makes me feel differently about everyone, including myself! And here's the extraordinary thing; see if you don't think this is strange," she went on, "he lives right down here at Glen Cove, so all he has to do is drive himself over in twenty minutes."

"You told him not to dress?"

"Oh, yes. Of course—" Just a touch of her characteristic snobbishness colored the girl's voice. "He probably hasn't any idea of the sort of place it is," she said.

"You're engaged to him, too?"

"I'M NOT engaged to anyone. The Pedar affair is just family stuff, and no such luck as Larry's asking me! It's a perfect *mess*," Barbara said with relish. "Did you ever know anyone to be such a stormy petrel as I am?"

Becky reserved any expression of opinion on this, spoke simply:

"Isn't it just a question of asking Bonfacio to put another place at the table?"

"No, because nobody'll know him, and Mother'll make him feel like the Ness monster! She has no idea how far times have gone! You're going to be 'way up at the other end of the table. Won't you take him next to you, and make much of him, and tell him what a wonder I am, and then after dinner I'll manage to get next to him, at the pictures, and snuggle a confiding little hand in his and all that," Barbara said eagerly. Becky began to shake her head.

"YOU'LL have to tell your mother," she began doubtfully.

"No, *you*'ll do that! You'll just say casually: 'I'm going to ask you to let me rearrange the table, Mrs. Lee. It seems that Barbara met a man you used to know in Paris'—be sure you don't mention that he was in Hawaii!—'and I'm putting him up near me.' You'll do that, won't you? I mean sort of encourage him along, and tell him how domestic I am, and how different from modern girls!"

"Doesn't he like modern girls?"

"My dear, I'm so desperate to find out what he does like and what he doesn't that I'm dizzy day and night! To see him walking across the room at the Park Lane—it was enough to drive the breath right out of my body! He's an artist, you know," said Barbara.

"Artistic, do you mean? Or really an artist?"

"Really and truly an artist, studying at the Beaux Arts. His uncle's an artist—Fox. Duane Fox. Larry's an orphan, the darling, and lives with his uncle in a place called Foxaway. Isn't that adorable? It's a barn, the most adorable old place, rocks and long roofs; he had a picture of it. They work there together. Here's Mother; I've got to go dress."

Barbara vanished as the older woman, formally gowned in brocade and lace, came in.

"You look lovely, Becky. I dressed; I can't get used to these sweater dinners."

"Not exactly sweaters! And so much more comfortable," Becky pleaded.

"I don't know. P'pa had us dress every night, when Lou and I were girls—" Mrs. Lee was well away on a rambling dissertation upon the vanished glories of her father's home; Becky presently made a little ejaculatory sound.

"I forgot! Barbara met a man she used to know in Paris, today, and asked him to dinner. I must send word to Bonfacio to put on an extra place."

"Oh, I hope it wasn't that Moulton man!" Harriet Lee said.

"I'm afraid it was. You don't like him?"

"I don't like *him* to like *her*," the other woman said, accenting the pronouns. "Otherwise he's a charming man. Handsome."

"Is he handsome?"

"Stunning. But he hasn't a penny, and Barbara's twenty-four, and it's high time she made up her mind, especially as Pedar—" Harriet's voice dropped to a cautious note. "Pedar is *wild* about her," she said.

"Perhaps he's in a profession that makes money?" Becky suggested.

"Painter!" Barbara's mother answered scornfully. "Wants to do portrait work. I wish to goodness she wouldn't pick up such *freaks*," she said fretfully; "she got hold of a Rumanian prince or something, and then it was a young Scotch officer—adorable boy, but not serious! And Babs ought to settle down; she's not the kind that can go on like this forever!"

Becky sat half listening, her eyes on the fire, as the stream of plaintive phrases poured on and on. Gibbs had tired now, and when Stephen Dinsmore came in, chilled and weary, the small boy went to him and climbed onto his knee.

"You're too tired to hold that baby," Becky protested. But the doctor, without a word, sent her the glance that told her he was utterly content to feel the small head resting against his shoulder, the small fingers in his, and they all sat so for a while without moving, while Harriet's babble died away into silence, and logs crackled and dropped into the heart of the fire.

THEN Carrie-Sis came for Gibbs, and Harriet went away, and Becky and the doctor sat on in dreamy peace with only the firelight and the glow of one dim lamp somewhere back in the shadows of the room to break the comfortable darkness. Winds continued to blow fiercely out in the wintry night, branches to crackle about the house, but here in the narrow, charming, book-lined old room there were warmth and shelter and peace.

"No Decembers like this in California, Becky."

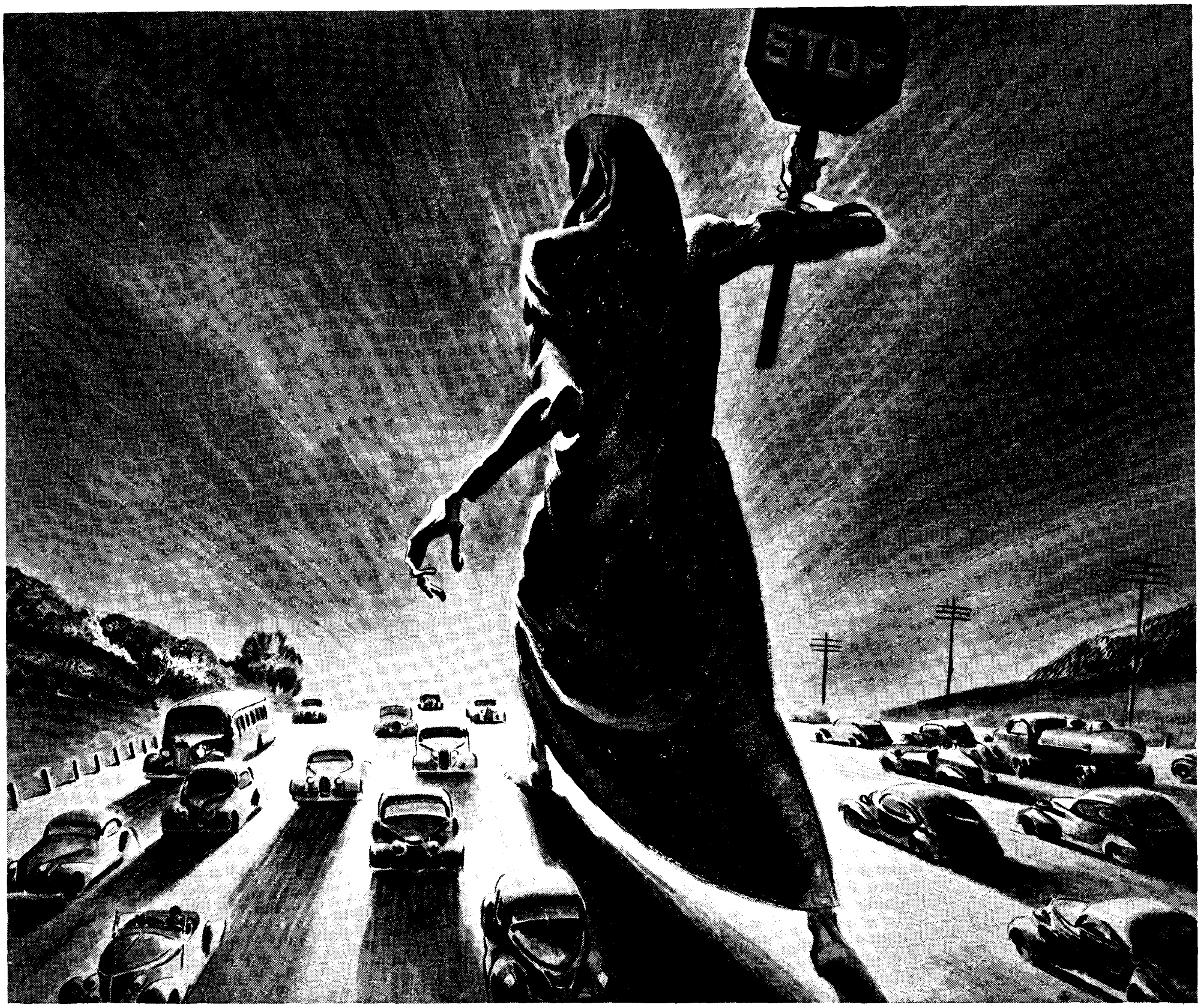
"No. But up toward the Sierras we have snow. Only we're apt to have a hot sunshiny day right in the middle of January or November, a day like real spring. I've seen alfalfa that high—" She stretched a smooth hand in illustration; her topaz eyes met his. "What is it?" she asked, surprised at his look.

"I was thinking of something—miles, ages away," he confessed. "You were happy when you were a little girl, weren't you?" he asked.

"Too happy! I didn't know unhappiness could exist," she answered soberly. "I didn't know agony could exist."

"Like losing faith in someone you love?"

"Ah, not that. A good many married women experience *that*," Becky said whimsically, "without despair. They can go on eating their meals and going to the movies and having their hair done, without wanting to commit suicide. But it's when a small feverish baby is sick



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by don herold

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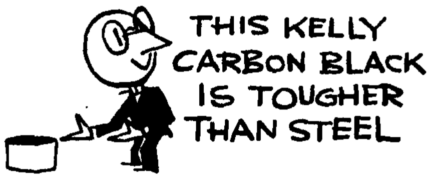
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in bed, and you are in a great crowded shop trying to sell bargain dresses at one-forty-nine," she said. "It's the dark cold streets and the stairs and having to wait in the grocery, when every second counts, when you know he's crying for you—"

She was silent. After a while the doctor said slowly, as if thinking aloud:

"That sort of thing *never should* be."

"No. But ignorance and stupidity create it, as well as poverty," she reminded him eagerly, hating to see the face she loved look so grave.

"Then we have to fight ignorance and stupidity as well as poverty, don't we?"

"Well, they do," Becky said vaguely, remembering the social workers, the school inspectors, the great army of workers who had climbed up to the Bronx apartment, eternally vigilant on the subject of youthful tonsils and adenoids, angering, and arousing laughing scorn in tenement mothers, but pursuing their work steadfastly nevertheless.

"Oh, yes, they do. Schools, clinics, government bulletins. Something gets done." But the man sighed and was silent again, and Becky, looking at him solicitously, asked with sympathy:

"Hard day?"

"Interesting, interesting," he said. And then, in a different tone, fitting his finger tips together in consulting-room fashion:

"You're happy here, my dear?"

"Happy! I'm in heaven." The sensitive, earnest face she turned to him was very lovely; her whole slender, well-built body, outlined in the soft thin folds of the silky velvet, was the incarnation of youthful beauty. "To be with people who are good and loving *is* heaven," Becky persisted. "That's *all* heaven can be. And when there's warmth and books and wonderful food and deep soft beds—"

She left it unfinished, shrugging.

"SO THAT it's a divine prerogative to supply them to those who haven't them?" the doctor finished it, amused. "By the way," he said, "I think I've got something better for your little friend Mrs. Devvins, or for the husband, rather. He came to see me. He's driving a taxi now—bad hours and poor pay. I think they'll give him an ambulance. I'm not sure."

Tears came into Becky's eyes.

"You!" she said in a whisper.

"Well—but he said it was answer to prayer—that his wife had been praying," Stephen said dryly.

"Prayer brought me here," Becky said *on a sudden impulse of shamed loyalty,* her cheeks very red.

"You believe that?"

"I have to."

"I didn't know you were a churchwoman. Harriet is."

"I'm not. I've never had any teaching. It's just—just that this same Mae Devvins that you're helping told me to pray one day. And I did pray. At least I didn't know how to pray, but I prayed to be able to pray!" Becky laughed. "It was a dark bitter night," she said. "We were in a two-room apartment in a Bronx tenement, Gibbs and I. His fever was up to a hundred and three. I was working from eight until ten-thirty at Rheingolder's, and I had to leave him all day. My clothes were soaked to the knees and my feet ached and my back ached. That was the night I prayed."

"That was when they brought Gibbs to the *Lincoln?"*

"The same night. That was the beginning. Not three weeks ago. Good heavens! It can't be only that!" Becky added under her breath.

"And you say God did that?"

"I have to. It wouldn't be decent," Becky said vigorously, "to think anything else. I was quieted even before I knew Gibbs wasn't going to die."

Stephen Dinsmore ruminated upon this for a moment. When he spoke it was of another matter.

"What's the plan now?"

"I don't know, *exactly. If* I went home it would be to just the old situation," Becky said, frowning a little in concentration. "I'm praying about *that.* I pray all day long," she added with a little *laugh, "which is* ever so much more convenient than having to wait for Sunday or having to go into a church to pray! It's for my mother that I'd go back. She knows I love her; she knows nothing will change me. But she probably wants to see Gibbs."

"You've written her?"

"Only twice. Once from Chicago, not telling her what I was doing, or that I was on my way to New York. Just to reassure her. And then, the day after *we came here I wrote and had Hatsy* mail it from Boston. She was going up there for the Swann wedding and I knew that it would be safer with that postmark."

"You're *so* much afraid of your husband's following you?"

Becky was silent a moment, staring into the fire. Presently she turned to him a troubled face; there was no other reply.

"I wish you would go with us," the doctor said. "We go down to Florida next week. I'll only be there a week, but Harriet and the girls will stay on for a while. It's a quiet place where we go, with fine swimming, not much style, but there are a good *many* of their friends in the neighborhood. Gibbs will fatten up in no time, and you'll like it. And when you come back I wish you'd stay on here. They're going back to Balti*more, Harriet and the girls; we're all* devoted to the baby.

"In that case you might have your mother come on here," he presently resumed, as Becky, being entirely unable to speak, merely stared at him with eyes that glowed and deepened and welled with amber lights. "She and your father might come on and see you, and go back without arousing any suspicion, I suppose. You don't know whether that man, your husband, is still hanging about?"

"I don't know anything. I've never dared send an address, get in touch with them at all."

"There were a hundred ways you might have done so, Becky."

"Not without risking his seeing the letter. I thought once or twice of writing Dad at the Exchange. That's our big general store at Salletts. But then I *thought Dad might be employing Gavin* there."

"You might have wired your father to ask for mail at some post office."

"And had Sylvia Cutter, at the telegraph station, hand the wire to Gavin!"

"Why don't you," the doctor began, after giving this a moment's consideration, "telephone your mother some night?"

His answer came in the sudden glow in her face, the eager lights in her eyes, even before she stammered:

"Telephone! From *here?"*

"Why not?"

"I never—" Becky gulped with a dry throat. "I never thought of it!" she gasped. "I suppose," she added, reflecting, "that I never would have considered it because of the expense, anyway. But to telephone! To hear—to hear—"

HER voice thickened and stopped, and *she turned to the fire suddenly brim*ming eyes that made rockets and flashes of the lazy flames.

"Barbara's having a dinner tonight, isn't she? I know Bonfacio's to give me something in my study in a few minutes," the man said.

"Not a party; they're not dressing. But twenty-four or -five, and movies afterward, movies somebody took of a house party last summer, and then games, I believe. Anyway, I know that I sharpened a thousand pencils on the little grinder today!" Becky said, laughing.

"And are you involved in this event?"

"Well, yes. Mrs. Lee and I are at the *table, and Barbara has commissioned* me to amuse a certain man that she likes, until she is free to take him on."

"Pedar, eh?"

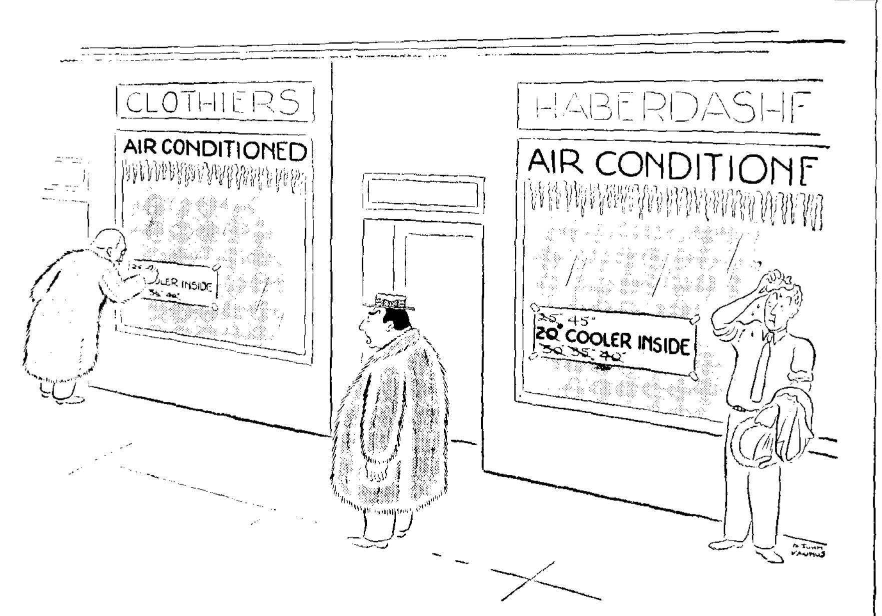
"No, some man she met in Paris."

"Harriet won't like that," the doctor said dryly. "Well, come up to my study about ten. It'll be only seven o'clock out in California then; it won't frighten your people."

"Mother'll be doing the dishes with Sophy, and the boys doing homework!" Becky exclaimed, her heart warm with the mere mention of the names. "Oh, Doctor—to hear them—but I can't believe it! Tonight—just whatever they're doing—" Becky's tears started afresh.

"Well, here's where I make good my escape!" The man was on his feet as a jumble of loud and cheerful voices surged in from the hall. The company was arriving. He stopped to pat her *shoulder reassuringly, and disappeared* through the narrow fireside door that was one of the old house's charming features; the "bride's door" that had given many a shy young wife the same means *of flight that he was taking tonight.*

(To be continued next week)



"Look, Haskins, can't we do something to stop this cutthroat competition?"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

Can We Prevent Chaos in Mexico?

Continued from page 13

and Mexicali districts deprive the government of hundreds of thousands in taxes, but it imposed upon it the heavy burden of providing seeds, farm machinery, dams and irrigation ditches.

President Cardenas, it must be admitted, is making all the motions of an honest debtor. For example, a bond issue of one hundred million pesos, (about $25,000,000) has already been approved. It will consist of two series: the first of fifty million pesos to be issued this year, which will bear four per cent interest after the eleventh year. The second, in two lots of twenty-five million pesos each, will be put out in 1939 and 1940.

A "fund for economic liberation" has also stirred the whole country to feverish enthusiasm. Contributions are coming from school children, municipalities, farmers and workers; virtually every union in the country has offered to contribute a day's pay each month, and Señora Cardenas herself presided over a great mass meeting in the Palace of Fine Arts at which time the women of the republic donated wedding rings, bracelets and other gold ornaments, although many brought in a pig, a goat or a chicken, oftentimes their only possessions.

Catching the spirit of the game, the Mexican owners of expropriated lands in Sonora sent the President a telegram renouncing indemnification claims as their contribution to "the solution of government's grave and transcendental problem." Another flourish deserving mention is that of the Oil Workers' Union, which voted to cede to the government the 100,000,000 pesos "owed" to its members by the companies as "indemnities" for having broken their contracts.

A Policy of Nonintervention

All of which would be funny if it were not heartbreaking, for when the bond issues are sold, the gold ornaments of every Mexican woman melted down, the contribution of wages duly deducted, and every pig, goat and chicken in Mexico given up, leaving the poor donors to do without, the total will not make even a perceptible dent in Mexico's mountain load of debt.

So what? Since the United States insists that Mexico *must* pay, and inasmuch as Mexico *can't* pay, where does it leave us? More than the mere question of money is involved. The very heart of the Monroe Doctrine is that no Old World power may interfere in the affairs of the New, even for the protection of the lives and holdings of its nations. Great Britain, therefore, looks to the United States for the enforcement of her rights in Mexico, and there are certain urgencies in the present situation that make the British plainly unwilling to put up with the run-arounds that have been their portion in the past. We do not need petroleum, having vast fields of our own, but England's oil resources, so vital to the Empire's rearming program, are in foreign countries. If Mexico is allowed to expropriate British properties, where is there guarantee that Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Iraq and Persia will not follow suit?

The United States is not without worry along this same line. Our own investments in Latin-American countries, encouraged by the government to develop foreign trade, may not go untouched. Only last year Bolivia confiscated Standard Oil properties, and in Chile the government demanded an interest in the nitrate industry under threat of nationalization. Argentina, Colombia and Ecuador are all viewing foreign capital with a hostile eye, although as yet they have stopped short of expropriation.

At the last Buenos Aires conference, the high light of the meeting, stirring a storm of enthusiasm, was Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles' announcement of a policy of nonintervention by one Pan-American nation into the internal affairs of any other.

There are, of course, certain groups who have no doubt as to the course that the United States should pursue. "Send the Navy to Vera Cruz," they urge. "March the Army across the border." What then? The cry of "Yankee imperialism" would be raised at once, making every Latin-American country our enemy, and destroying New World unity at a time when it was never more essential. In event of a war, our military use of such strategic points as Haiti, the Dominican Republic and Nicaragua is imperative; given continued friendship, this control would be granted; as enemies we would have to capture it by invasion. Also a co-operative Mexico would undoubtedly permit the passage of troops and supplies across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, our right under the Gadsden Treaty, but recently surrendered as a "good neighbor" gesture.

Economic pressure, another course frequently urged, has already been tried to a limited extent, for when Cardenas expropriated the oil properties, our Treasury stopped buying Mexican silver at a fancy price, thereby causing a drop in the peso. An effective reprisal, but one that cut both ways, for the money we gave Mexico was returned for the purchase of commodities, and it also happens that American interests operate 70 per cent of the silver mines, sending profits back into this country.

Granted, however, that we did exert economic pressure to the limit, careless of its effects both on our Mexican trade and Latin-American relations, the Cardenas administration would fall with a Humpty Dumpty crash. And after that? Ask any well-informed observer, and he will testify that there is not a chance for any Rightist group to take over. It is a proletarian horde that will seize power, its excesses inevitably precipitating a savage civil war, making Mexico another Spain. In that event, can it be assumed safely that Old World and Oriental autocracies, eager for the colonial expansion that promises a supply of raw materials, will keep out of Mexico any more than they kept out of Spain? That they will not pour men, munitions and money into a struggle that may win them a position where their knives will be at our back? Already Germany and Japan, working subtly and unceasingly, have won fairly firm footholds south of the Rio Grande.

Economic Revolutions

Talking under the seal of confidence, prominent Mexicans, some in the government and others outside, all pointed warningly to the evil consequences that have flowed from the indecisions of France and Great Britain in the Spanish situation. Going on from there, they stressed their belief that the United States, instead of worrying about how to keep America out of war, should be planning how to *keep war out of America,* and when asked for specific suggestions, made this proposal: The formation of a united front by the democracies of the New World through the medium of a partnership along *economic* lines, a

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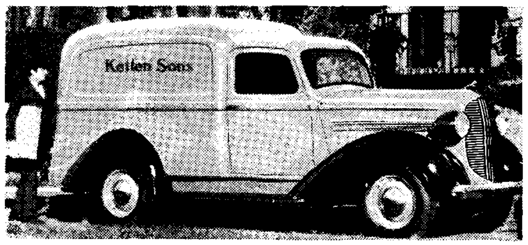

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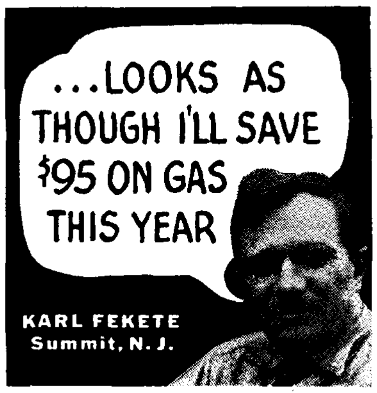

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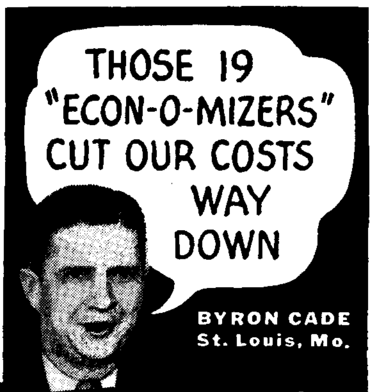

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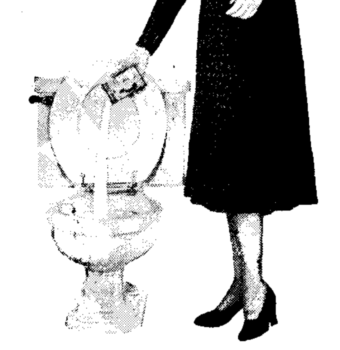

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real working partnership as distinguished from the purely political relationships of the past.

"Start with Mexico," they urged. "Let the United States accept any offer that Cardenas makes to discuss a settlement of the oil expropriations, but only on condition that discussions continue until some way has been found to put Mexico *on her feet*. To stop with an adjustment of the oil dispute is like powdering a sore with talcum. The cause of the sore must be removed."

This cause, as they explained it, lies in the fact that Latin-American revolutions are not political in any sense, but economic. In all except a limited number of the so-called republics, the resources are only sufficient to provide comfortably for ten per cent of the population. Sooner or later, therefore, demagogues, fanatics or sentimentalists lead the underprivileged ninety per cent in a "revolution" to take away the possessions of the ten per cent. Since it still remains the case that the country cannot furnish an abundant life for more than ten per cent, there is still an underprivileged ninety per cent, and in time, naturally and inevitably, some new chieftain arises to voice the demand for another redistribution.

As a Joint Undertaking

The case of Mexico furnishes a striking illustration. Since 1910 there has been a succession of Presidents, and each in turn has promised land and homes and comfort, supporting the pledge with some grandiose "plan." With what result? Today, nearly thirty years after the revolution, out of 17,000,000 people at least eighty per cent are grossly undernourished and meanly housed, lacking schools, roads, convenences, sanitation and are shut off from hope by a daily wage that runs as low as fifteen cents. Nothing is more common than for a peasant, loaded like a pack animal, to set off on a fifty-mile trudge on the chance of making a ten-cent profit.

There, declared the Mexicans, is the reason for oil expropriations and land confiscation, and until resources are increased to a point where the needs of the whole population are met, Mexico cannot be anything but a bad neighbor. But can her resources be lifted up to the percentage required? All expressed confidence that Mexico has enough natural wealth, if honestly and intelligently handled, to pay her debts and at the same time provide a decent, self-respecting life for every citizen.

The trouble with Mexico is that there has never been any honest and intelligent handling of her resources. Along with primitive methods, there have been tragedies of exploitation, but Mexican politicians have been just as much responsible as the "foreign concessionaires" they love to denounce. President after President has come and gone without other purpose than to feather his own nest, and the nests of a *plunderbund*, and all have bellowed about "foreign rascals" to cover their own thieveries.

The tourist business is another quick Mexican asset that must not be overlooked. In 1937, visitors left something like $40,000,000 in Mexico, yet there is not a first-class road outside of a few main arteries; not a decent hotel except in the larger cities, and not an auto camp. Developed fully and efficiently, there is no limit to the income that Mexico could derive from tourists, for few countries in the world have more beauty or larger historical interest.

Many American technicians support the view that Mexico *can* be put on her feet if given the right sort of economic survey under the direction of our engineers, agronomists, industrialists, soil conservationists, power authorities, foresters, road builders, mining men and experts in financial reorganization—all departments of human endeavor in which Mexico is sadly deficient. High government officials also feel that a *real* partnership, based on friendship and co-operation, could pull Cardenas and his people out of the hole, but doubt whether any such co-operation would be accepted. It is a doubt with good ground, for along with antiforeign prejudices, the bruised vanity of the Mexican makes him resist any intimation that he is not able to run his own affairs.

There is reason to believe, however, that President Cardenas will welcome the offer of an honest, fraternal partnership, for while a sentimentalist, he is not a fool. Better than anyone else he knows that he cannot go on as he is going now. Some 18,000 oil workers have not only lost a $7,000,000 wage increase due to expropriation, but are working overtime without extra pay, and have been forced to surrender privileges enjoyed formerly. The suspension of many government activities, compelled by lack of funds, has increased unemployment, and the general standard of living has dropped to a new low.

During our interviews, the President gave ample indication that he was ready for any arrangement, short of a humiliating backdown, that would enable his country to meet its international obligations. For instance, I asked him flatly if his policy of "Mexico for Mexicans" implied isolation. "Not in any degree," he answered promptly. "We are not fatuous enough to believe in the self-sufficiency of our country, and in the future it will be necessary, without doubt, to seek the aid of foreign capital. But there is a difference between development and exploitation, meaning that we want something left in the country instead of having everything taken out as in the past. Our nationalism is not aggressive, but purely defensive."

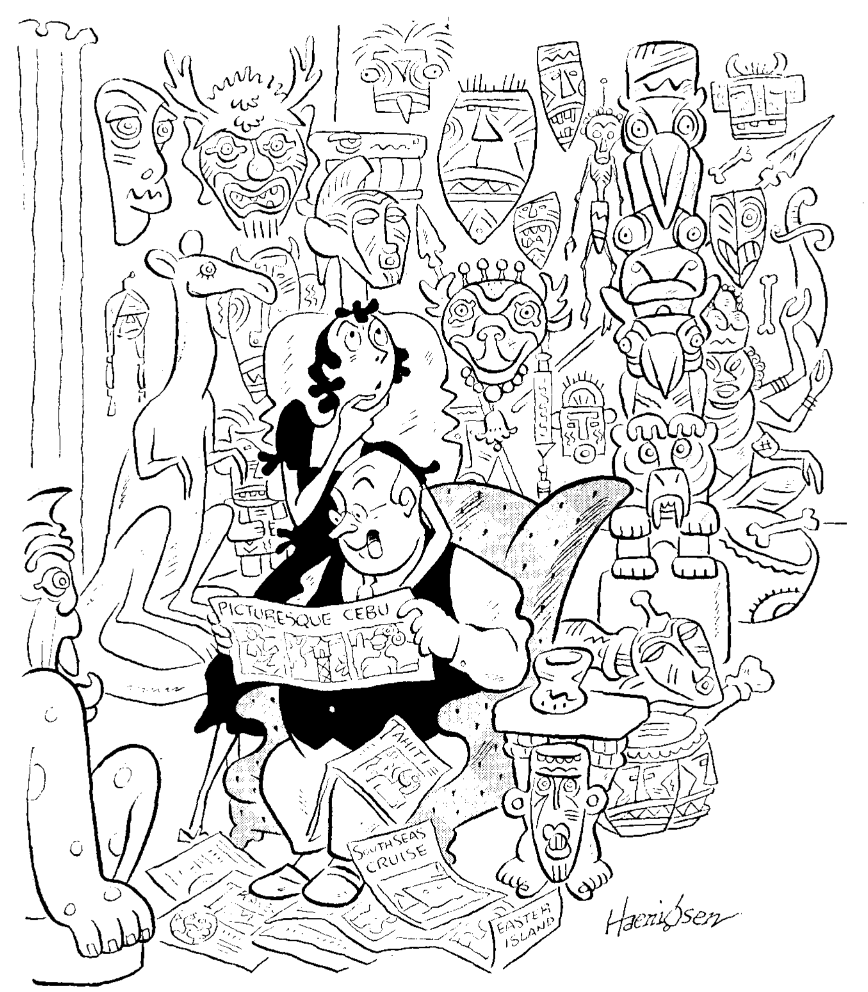
Another favorable factor in the situation is his dislike and distrust of Germany, Italy and Japan, and his very real liking for the United States. Proof of this is furnished by his action in abating the drive against religion. His recent stern order that the authorities in Tabasco permit the reopening of the churches is evidence that he is eager for the friendship of the United States.

If, therefore, Washington will propose an economic partnership, and put it up to him as a *joint* undertaking, a great cooperative adventure on the part of the *two* principal democracies of the Western Hemisphere, both the needs of the man and his common sense give assurance of acceptance.

Clarifying the Issue

In this event, the one danger is *our* attitude. Just as we have to guard against any appearance of bullying, so must we take care to avoid maudlin sentimentality, the two extremes that have marked our Mexican policy in the past. "Anglo-Saxon stuff" would hurry the partnership to a break, while giving everything and getting nothing in return would make our last condition worse than the first. President Cardenas must produce his books, together with a statement of assets and liabilities. Not to hound him but to help him. Together with agreement to a plan for the amortization of Mexico's *total* indebtedness, pledges should be required that there will be no more expropriations until compensation is determined and the money is in sight.

A large section of American public opinion will, of course, look on the proposal for an economic partnership with Mexico as a crazy gamble, but what is the choice? Either intelligent co-operation or sweating indecision while Mexico either enters into alliances with our enemies or else sinks into bankruptcy and chaos. And if Mexico refuses, persisting in radical disregard of all law, at least the issue will be clarified for our own people, and for the people of Latin America.



"Darling, couldn't we just stay home this summer?"

HARRY HAENIGSEN

Ten'll Get You Twenty

Continued from page 15

that Penny could give him ten dollars of her salary to hold until the following Thursday when she would be broke again. And gradually they stopped discriminating against Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

Even Blister began to notice that things were not as they had been. He came lounging into Doug's office one afternoon, a grin on his good-natured horsy face.

"Thought I'd make sure what you look like these days," he said. "I never seem to meet you at home."

"I've been—busy," Doug told him. "One thing and another— What've you been up to?"

"I'm hiding out from Adele."

"What's happened?"

"Let's go elbow-bending and I'll tell you about it."

"Sorry, but I've a dinner date."

"Mind if I tag along?"

WITHOUT conscious process of thought, Doug reached a decision: Blister was not going to meet Penny.

"Fact is," he said quickly, "a man asked me to his club."

"Oh," Blister murmured apologetically. "Well, some other time."

"Sometime soon," Doug promised, telling himself meanwhile that he wasn't a very dirty dog because Penny wouldn't like Blister anyway. Penny was someone special. She wouldn't be dazzled by money and celebrity. She wouldn't respond to Blister's attentions smugly as other girls had done. But if she should—Doug promptly lynched the thought.

It occurred to him at dinner that night to mention to Penny something about her specialness, but even as he sought for words Adele came along.

"Doug!" she said, stopping beside their table. "Darling, I am so glad to see you. It's been so long."

Doug struggled to his feet and performed an introduction that left no one wiser or happier.

"How's Blister?" Adele asked.

"He was all right this afternoon," Doug said.

"Oh, then he's back in town?"

"Yes, but he said something about going away again."

"Now isn't that just like Blister?" Adele demanded of Penny.

"I wouldn't know," Penny said. "I don't know the man."

"You don't? My dear, how can you know Doug and not Blister? Why, they're practically Castor and Pythias."

She entered into a dissertation on the Kent-Halfhill friendship, and Doug thought wretchedly how like Adele it was to keep a man standing, watching his soup get cold, while she said all the wrong things.

When Adele and the soup were both gone, Doug found Penny regarding him with a lifted eyebrow.

"And why haven't I met Blister Halfhill?" she asked.

"I don't know. Just—circumstance."

"What's he like? Is he as crazy as one gathers from the newspapers?"

"Don't tell me you believe what you read in the papers!"

A shadow came over Penny's face.

"It wouldn't be," she said slowly, "that Mr. Halfhill must be protected from contact with the working classes?"

"Oh, no, Penny. Nothing like that. Really. You'll meet Blister one of these days."

Penny was lighhearted again.

"Don't think," she said, "that you're giving me a future. I can meet Blister Halfhill any time I choose."

"You couldn't!"

"I certainly could."

"Bragging again."

"What would you like to bet?"

"It isn't a betting matter. I'm just telling you."

"How you add to my inhibitions."

"Oh, I think everybody should have at least one inhibition," Doug said loftily. "It's a fine experience."

"Look here, are you implying that I don't have any?"

They bickered lightly about Penny's inhibitions, and Doug thought with relief that he had sidetracked the Blister question.

He cherished this illusion well into the next week, even well into the day when Penny was not to be found by phone. Upon direct inquiry her city desk said she was on assignment, and said it more coldly each time during the afternoon that Doug asked.

At five he gave up and went home.

He had no more than opened the door when—such was the geography of the apartment—he saw Penny comfortably seated on the couch pouring tea for Blister, who was watching her with fatuous admiration. At the sound of Doug's entrance they both looked up and smiled.

"Hello, old man," Blister said cordially. "I'm glad you came home. Here's a very charming lady I'd like you to meet: Miss Penny Lyon."

Doug could not have told whether his sudden rage came from the letdown of finding Penny safe when he'd worried about her all afternoon or whether it arose from the old jealousy of Blister. At the moment Doug was not in the mood for self-analysis. Bitterly angry, he wanted to throw something, and nothing came to hand but words.

"Penny Lyon?" he mocked. "I used to know someone of that name."

The smile faded from Penny's face.

"Did you really?" she asked after a moment's pause. "And what became of my namesake?"

"She met a rich man, so of course she had no further use for me."

"Miss Lyon is a reporter," Blister announced, breaking a hostile silence. "She's been interviewing me."

"A reporter!" Doug knew what would annoy her most. "You must meet such interesting people."

"Oh, not always," she told him.

"At that, I suppose you meet people who have no money."

"Yes, and I meet some who have no manners."

"I say!" Blister sounded troubled. "I want you two to be friends."

THERE were no remarks. Blister tried again.

"Want some tea?" he asked Doug. "That's what we're having—tea."

Doug looked at Penny, demure behind the tea tray.

"How touching," he said. "How domestic."

Color flamed in Penny's cheeks.

"Miss Worm is now turning," she announced. "Mr. Halfhill, I've changed my mind about this evening. I've decided that the date I had isn't worth keeping. If your invitation is still open I'd love to have dinner with you."

"Splendid," Blister said. "That's first rate. I must say, though, that I'm sorry for the other chap."

"Don't be," Penny advised. "And now, how does Mr. Kent like his tea? With lemon—or with arsenic?"

"Just with solitude," Doug said; and, turning on his heel, he walked out.

Doug didn't see very much of Blister for some time, but he had complete

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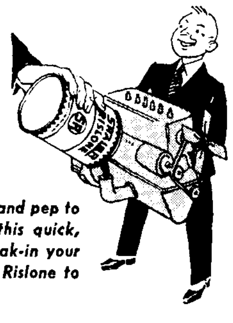

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reports from others. Blister and the weather were equivalent topics of conversation. At first people reported casually that Blister had a new heart. Presently they began discussing Penny in great detail. They began demanding of Doug whether the affair was serious.

Even the trust company that handled Blister's estate heard about the matter and wrote to Doug. As Blister's close friend as well as his legal representative, the trust company pointed out, Doug was the person to keep them informed. Would he please ascertain Blister's intentions? And if they were matrimonial, would he please send them whatever information he could gather about the young woman?

That day Doug decided to drop in on Betty and Gene Harmon on his way home. He needed cheering up and they were the right kind of people. They would be sympathetic but not inquisitive; they would be tactful enough not to appear tactful.

To his disappointment he found the Harmons' house full of a cocktail party but, Betty insisted, that mustn't drive him away. He must stay and have a drink and when the other guests had departed there would be time for the three of them to talk.

Doug let himself be persuaded. He accepted a highball and drifted over to the far corner of the room where he saw two acquaintances, and where a bowl of salted nuts stood within easy reach.

THE two men—a tall one known as "Sure Thing" Smith and a fat one whose name escaped Doug at the moment—said "Hello" as Doug approached and then resumed arguing over a bet on the forthcoming fight.

"Eight to five," Smith said in a cold flat voice. "That's the best I'll give."

"Eight to five!" the fat man said bitterly. "What do you think of that, Kent? He probably wouldn't give me more than even money on whether the sun comes up tomorrow."

Just then someone called "Hi, Blister!" and, turning, Doug saw Penny. Blister stood behind her.

"There's Blister's current girl," the fat man said. "She seems to be with Blister all the time. I see them together everywhere. What do you think, Kent? Is Blister going to marry her?"

Doug confined himself to a noncommital shrug.

Smith was frowning thoughtfully.

"Ten'll get you twenty that he doesn't," he offered.

"Done," said the fat man quickly.

Callously making bets on a man's very freedom! Doug felt a sudden distaste for these companions and he walked away meaning to leave as quickly and inconspicuously as possible. This very movement, however, attracted Blister's attention. He came directly toward Doug, and Penny came with him.

"Hello, old man," Blister greeted him as usual. "It's good to see you. You remember Penny."

"I've a good memory," Doug said.

"You know," Blister went on, "I want you two to like each other."

"If you say so," Penny murmured dutifully, "I'll try."

"Splendid," Blister said. "Now while you're getting acquainted I'll round up some drinks. Back in a minute."

It was a low trick, Doug thought bitterly, to leave them marooned like that. He stole a glance at Penny. She seemed to be trying on expressions in rehearsal for the tumbrel.

They stood in frozen silence, each waiting for the other to say something. Finally Doug could stand it no longer.

"I suppose you know," he said, "that people are talking about you and Blister."

"I dare say. Does it bother you?"

"Of course, it bothers me some."

"Are you really concerned for my reputation?"

"I'm thinking of Blister's reputation. As legal representative of the Halfhill estate, I deplore all this vulgar notoriety."

"Vulgar notoriety!"

"I just heard two men making a bet about whether Blister will marry you. 'Ten'll get you twenty he doesn't,' one of them said. Just like that: 'Ten'll get you twenty.' If that isn't vulgar I don't know what it is."

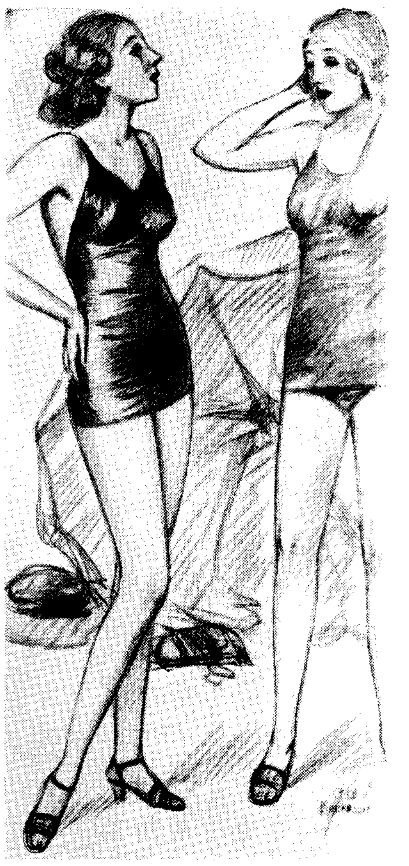
Penny's face was white and set.

"It's a good bet," she said. "That's what it is. I'd advise you to take it."

"Did you know that Blister has to declare—"

"Yes, I know all about the six months. Blister told me. There are two things you don't know, and one of them is what notoriety really is. But you'll learn."

They stood glaring at each other.



"She let three different fellows teach her to swim, but nothing came of it—except she learned to swim"

C. W. ANDERSON

Blister came back with a cocktail in each hand.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "Is anything wrong?"

"Nothing I couldn't fix with a hammer," Penny murmured. "Blister, I want to talk to you. If Mr. Kent will excuse us—"

"Delighted," Doug said, and he went in quest of a double Scotch.

SOMETHING was the matter with the party. Everybody seemed so damned gay. Doug left.

For a time he walked aimlessly. His mind felt very clear and he was very sad.

By the time he became tired of walking it was late and there was no place to go. He had a sandwich in a drugstore; then reluctantly went home. A note from Blister awaited him.

"You'll be glad to hear," Blister had written, "that Penny has finally said 'Yes.' I'm not going to give her time to change her mind. Sorry you're not with us, old man, but I know we have your good wishes."

The note fell from Doug's fingers. He became aware that the telephone was ringing. Mechanically he answered.

"Is Douglas Kent there?" a man's voice asked.

"This is he."

"Uh, Mr. Kent, this is Moriarty at the 14th District station. We're holding a man named Edwin Johnson and he says to call you."

Since time immemorial Blister had become "Edwin Johnson" when in a jam. It economized on newsprint. Since time immemorial Doug had dashed to the rescue.

"I don't know him," Doug said.

"Uh, Mr. Kent, this guy knows you."

"Tell him that I've never in my life heard of Edwin Johnson."

Doug dropped the receiver into place and went into his room to begin packing. He would be gone long before Blister finished his honeymoon in jail. He would never see either of them again.

The telephone rang again. With a bootjack in one hand and with repartee for the desk sergeant on his lips, Doug hastened to answer.

"Hello!" he roared.

"Doug," came Penny's voice. "Oh, Doug! We're in jail and Bl—and Edwin is in terrible trouble and the man said he phoned you and you wouldn't help us and I knew he wasn't telling the truth because I knew you wouldn't do a thing like that."

"Of course not."

"Oh, Doug, it's awful. There are crawly things in the cells—"

Her voice broke.

"Darling," Doug said. "Darling, don't cry. I'll be there right away."

"Listen," the desk sergeant protested, "this is the cleanest lockup in town and besides the lady ain't even been in a cell. She's been parked in the captain's office the whole time."

BUT Doug was already out of the door, bootjack still in hand. He found it almost as useful as a cane for hailing a cab.

Penny was nowhere in sight when he burst into the police station. Upon his demand, however, Blister was brought forth looking very calm and pleased with life.

"It's good of you, old man," he said, "to come dashing down like this."

"What's happened?" Doug demanded. "Where's Penny?"

"Oh, she's someplace about, I fancy. The thing is when Penny decided to marry me— I wrote you a note about that—"

"Yes, I saw it."

"To be sure. Well, Penny promised to marry me if we could have a big public wedding—it had to be vulgar too, I think she said—and it must take place tonight. You know, I always thought Penny was such a sweet, gentle little thing, but she has an amazing lot of executive ability when she really—"

"I know," Doug said bitterly. "But what happened?"

"Oh, yes, of course. Penny thought she'd like to be married in a dance hall or on the stage of a vaudeville theater, so we went several places to make inquiries. The managers were very kind —in fact, positively enthusiastic—but they all felt that we were being a bit hasty. Wanted time for publicity and hurrahs."

Just then Penny came into the room. Doug knew it although he could not see her.

"By and by," Blister went on, "we came to a place where a whale model was being exhibited. Practically bowled us over. Penny thought that inside the whale would be ideal for a wedding, but the owner seemed to believe that we were making fun of his whale. Resented it, you know. Then Penny insisted that she would be Mrs. Jonah or not Mrs. Anybody-at-all, and the man insisted that we go away, and I'm afraid I insisted, too. Perhaps we were a little noisy, and all at once there were policemen and somehow next thing I knew we were here.

"And then the clergyman began to get sticky," Blister continued. "Complained that we'd dragged him around half the night—"

"What clergyman?" Doug asked.

"The one who was going to marry us. We took him along, you know."

"But he couldn't marry you without a license and at this hour you couldn't—"

"Oh, I had that. Been carrying it around for a month. It seemed as good a way as any of showing intention to wed."

Doug stared at Blister. Human perfidy! he thought. You live with a man for years and suddenly without a word he starts carrying around a license to marry your girl.

"What're you doing with the bootjack?" Blister inquired.

"I was packing when I got your call. I'm going away."

"But that's my bootjack."

"It is not."

"Why, yes, it is."

ALL at once Doug realized that Blister was right. He had borrowed the bootjack and forgotten to return it. Reason absconded.

"I've always wanted to take a poke at you," he said, advancing hostilely.

"I say, old man!" Blister exclaimed.

Doug threw a couple of fists and suddenly the air was full of fists. When that had cleared away Doug found that two policemen were clutching him. Blister, he was pleased to observe, held a handkerchief to his nose.

"This one's drunk, too," one of the policemen reported.

"Buncha screwballs," the desk sergeant said. "Toss 'em in the clink."

"You can have the bootjack, you know," Blister said. "I didn't know you felt so strongly about it."

Doug's gaze fell upon Penny, who had had the tact to remain still.

"You'd better go home, Penny," he told her.

"Yes," Blister chimed in. "Take my car—one of these gentlemen has the keys—"

"No, thanks," Penny said. "I think I'll stay."

"You needn't stay on my account."

"I shan't."

"Oh," said Blister, mystified.

As nearly as Doug could judge, he and Blister were put in cells as far apart as the police station permitted. Almost at once Penny came and stood in the corridor outside Doug's cell.

"I'm sorry about this mess," she said.

"It isn't your fault any more than— Well, it isn't all your fault."

"Doug, I want to ask you something. When I was talking to you on the phone did you say 'darling'?"

"Yes, I did."

"Oh. That's what I thought."

A small silence.

"It's a lovely word," Penny said. "Darling."

"It's lovely the way you say it."

So they practiced saying "darling" to each other and they held hands through the bars. Presently a policeman brought Penny a stool to sit on.

"There are a few things I still don't understand," Doug said at last. "For example, why were you in such a rush to marry Blister?"

"I wanted you to know that if I married him it wouldn't be for money."

"Would you really have done it?"

"Does it bother you?"

"Well—I can't help wondering."

Penny smiled and patted his hand.

"Darling," she said in her softest, most confiding voice, "ten will get you twenty that you'll never find out."

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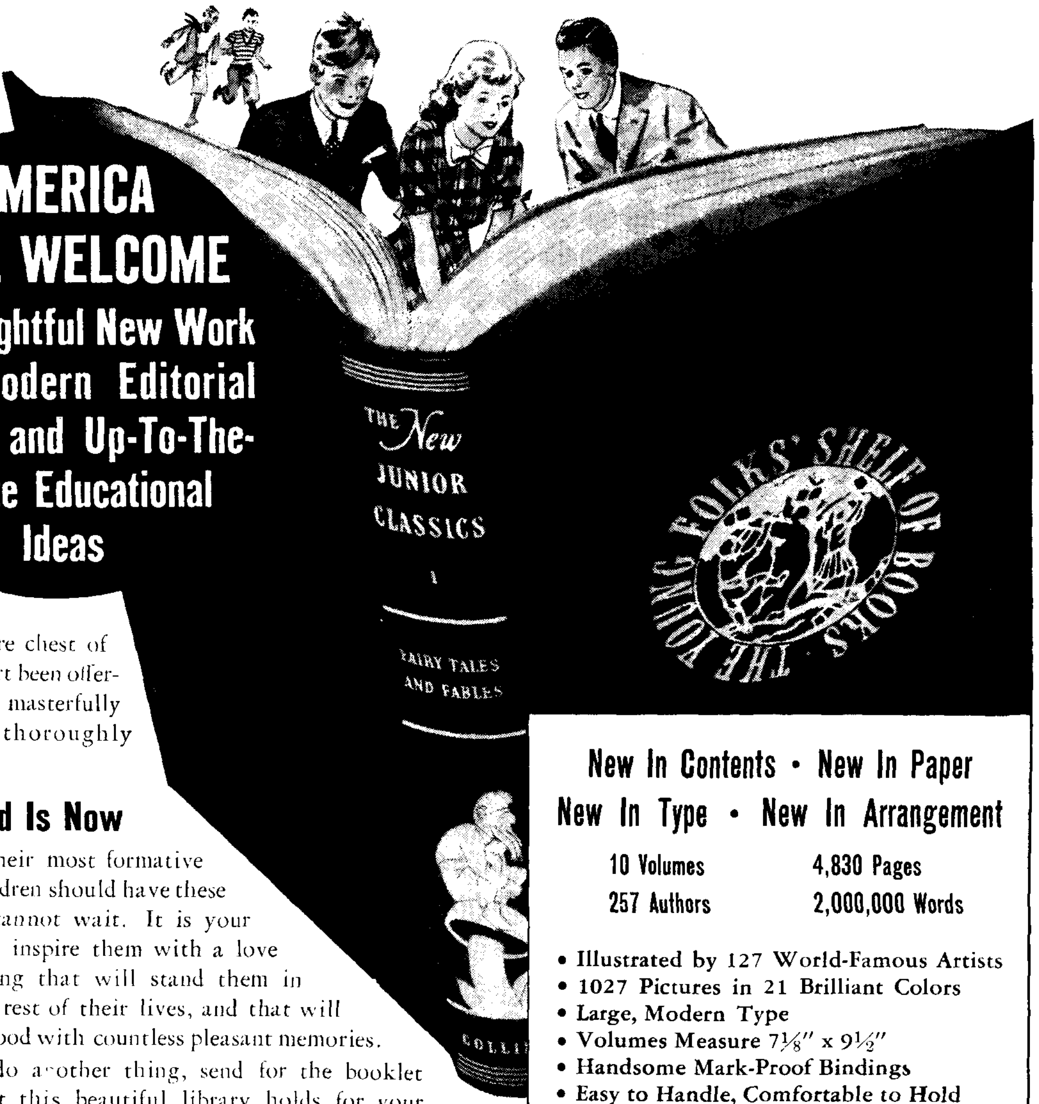

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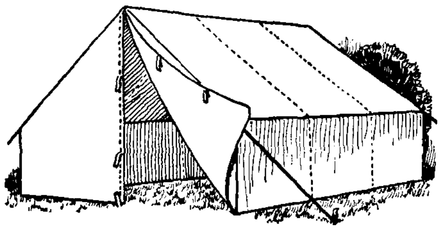

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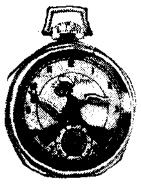
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Harry the Horse

Continued from page 18

and he'd say to some kid, "Bet you a nickel I can lift you over my head." Then he'd do it.

In his last year at Los Angeles High School he made the team, once more as a catcher. They had plenty of first basemen and pitchers but no catcher. He led all other high-school kids in hitting that year.

"I couldn't catch, though," Danning says now. "Golly, I was terrible."

After high school he entered the world of business as an employee of a rug company. He was a sort of utility rugman with varied duties that included the hanging of rugs, the selling of rugs and the sweeping of floors. And on Sunday afternoons he played baseball.

It must be stated regretfully that Harry was what the boys call a "ringer" in the beginning. He caught for a Mexican team entrancingly called El Porvenir and good pay it was too. For his services each Sunday afternoon Harry received $7.50, not bad pay for a seventeen-year-old kid utility rugman. He didn't speak any Spanish and his teammates were a little short on English but they got along all right because Harry's bat spoke a language they all understood. I have never seen anyone who looked less Mexican than Danning unless it was Lou Holtz, but the deception went unnoticed.

"A bunch of Cuban Negroes came to town and they masqueraded as Mexicans," Danning tells darkly. "Just plain 'ringers' they were, but how they could play ball! They licked us bad and we all got the gate and those phony Mexicans, who called themselves the San Luis team, got our jobs."

In Fast Company

The following year he played for the Kelly Car Company and one fine day George Washington Grant, one-time owner of the Boston Braves, saw him in action. He liked the way this tall kid hit that ball. Catchers are usually chunky, streamlined in a rather bovine manner. Danning was quick and George Washington Grant liked that quickness about him. He phoned the late Charles Stoneham, told him of the kid he liked and Stoneham forwarded a contract, and when he signed it Harry Danning was owned body and soul by the New York Giants, a thralldom that was quite satisfactory to the boy who still couldn't catch.

He went south with the Giants the next spring but there were a couple of catchers named Hogan and O'Farrell who were well liked by Manager McGraw, and Danning got no attention. The kid was out of his class and when he saw the smooth-working O'Farrell and the ponderous hitter Hogan in action he gloomily realized it. They shipped him to Bridgeport. There he played the outfield against left-handed pitchers and caught against right-handed pitchers, a rather bizarre arrangement that was brought about by the fact that the regular left fielder on the team was a laddie who couldn't hit a left-handed pitcher with a tennis racket.

"I was a very bad outfielder," Danning says, and then he adds brightly, "But I was really a worse catcher. I couldn't catch at all. I only knew one thing, the primer lesson that they give all catchers: 'Stay in front of the ball and always be ready to shift your feet.'"

However, he hit .324. A year later (we're up to 1932 now) he was again with Bridgeport. With the season well under way he was doing fine. He was hitting .348 and he was beginning to get a very faint inkling about this business of squatting behind a plate and calling for the proper heaves. His arm, always tremendously strong, was beginning to achieve a modicum of accuracy. Occasionally he'd actually throw out a man who had larceny in his heart.

One day John McGraw resigned as manager of the Giants and then Bill Terry was the boss. One of the first things he did was to send for Danning. They told Harry just before the team took the field against Springfield. He was a little dazed with his good luck but it only lasted two innings. He was on third and as Wayne Wendell, the hitter, swung Danning started for home fast. Wendell hit a line drive that was a hard-hit ball. Before Danning could lift an arm to protect himself the ball had hit him in the jaw and broken same. He went to a hospital and to make his lot easier he developed something called a peritonsillar infection. I don't know what it is but after hearing Danning tell about it all I can say is—you can have my share of it. He was in bed nine days and he lost eighteen pounds, which seems to me to be the hard way to reduce.

When he came out he was hustled to Winston-Salem. He had a special felt-upholstered mask made and it wasn't much fun catching under the circumstances, particularly as he was the team's only receiver. By now he had added sinus trouble to his other ailments and he was nobody's insurance risk. Winston-Salem folded up after a time and he was sent to a place called High Point.

"One day we broke all paid attendance records for organized baseball," Danning says. "Yeah, we had two paid admissions, and they were in the bleachers. You used to get awfully lonely playing for High Point. It wasn't so bad for me because I had the umpire and the batter to talk to but those poor outfielders had no fun at all."

In 1933 Danning was sent to Buffalo and that's where he learned to catch. Ray Schalk was managing Buffalo then, and Schalk, you'll remember, was as canny a catcher as ever tipped a man's bat. There was nothing about catching that Schalk didn't know and after he had watched Harry play once he realized that there was nothing about catching that Harry did know.

"Ray Schalk would play catch with me every day," Danning says. "He'd toss me nothing but low balls. I got so I was picking balls out of the dirt in my sleep. Then I'd go out in the morning and throw a ball up against a wall and practice picking it up. I still couldn't catch at all but I was learning a little."

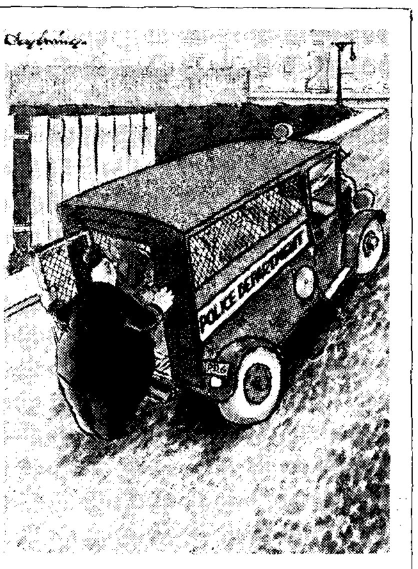
Danning wound up hitting a nice .349 for Buffalo that year. The next year Terry recalled him. That was in July and Danning was all ready to step right in and lead the Giants to a pennant. Instead he sat on the bench thinking wistfully of Buffalo. He made only two appearances at bat during the rest of that season and his average was .000. Once he walked and once he grounded out.

"I kept watching the good catchers, though," Danning reports, "and picked up tricks. I roomed with Frank Snyder and every night Frank would say, 'Well, school starts now,' and he'd talk baseball to me. Especially he'd talk catching. He'd tell me of batters' weaknesses and he'd tell me what to look for when this or that pitcher was going against us. I played a full game every night then—but it was in my dreams."

It wasn't until last year that Danning really got his chance. Mancuso broke a finger and Terry stuck Harry in there. There is always something the matter with Harry, a bad finger, a hand that is swollen like a blimp or a bone bruise or Charley horse. He plays hard baseball; he blocks the plate forcefully. Around the circuit the lads have a great deal of respect for Danning's toughness. Danning can take it and he doesn't mind standing in front of flying spikes.

And Still Learning

Each day before the game Terry has a clubhouse meeting to discuss the batters who are to be faced that afternoon. The whole team chimes in with suggestions on how to pitch to the enemy's hitters. Danning sits there listening and then it's up to him to remember. Of course sometimes a team will switch plans in the course of a game. Terry is especially adept at changing his strategical horses in midstream. Catchers have to know what batters like and what they don't like. Like all catchers, Danning loves to sit around studying what the leading batters are hitting.



"She won't make it. I'm afraid some of you will have to walk up"

JAY IRVING

"Take that Ival Goodman now," he'll say. "He can murder low balls. Todd, that big Pirate catcher, can hit curve balls pretty good. Of course you can't always tell. Feed a man like Todd a hard one and he's apt to knock it out of the park. Enos Slaughter is a batter we aren't on to yet. It's his first year and you can't tell right off."

"What's Joe Medwick's weakness?" I asked Danning.

He winced. "We just try to hold him to singles. He has no weakness, so we mix things up. We try to give him something he isn't set for. If we can do that we'll hold him to one-base hits. But there's really nothing much you can do about Medwick."

Well, that's Harry Danning out of Los Angeles, a twenty-six-year-old 197-pound broth of a lad. A nice boy, Harry Danning, and a handy man to have around when the going is tough. He has big hands and a big heart, qualities that come in mighty handy once you've donned that mask and glove and the umpire yells "Play Ball."

That's Harry Danning, who still insists, "Me? I can't catch yet. I'm still learning. But I can hit a little."

Put Up Your Feet

Continued from page 11

davenport, use the bed, provided the pillows or the mattress is hard enough. The point is that you should have your bob approximately two feet below your slippers and in a direct line.

Putting cream on your face isn't essential, but it helps. It softens and irons out your skin and, when it's backed by the increased blood supply that comes from the beauty angle, the effects are better than when applied in an upright position.

The Angle for Beauty

The beauty angle is a fine thing. Done to exercise, it is even better. First you put on the cream and get into that feet-up position and snap into it as follows:

1. Blow all the air out of your lungs till you feel like a flat tire. Then, without breathing in, jerk your chest up as close as you can to your chin, tensing your abdominal muscles at the same time. This exercise creates a partial vacuum in your lungs, lifts the upper part of your chest and enables suction to raise your abdominal organs into place. Notice how much smaller and flatter your stomach now looks.

Do this exercise ten times. It slims the waist, gets rid of that spare tire and gives you a streamlined front elevation.

2. Keeping your head on the rug and your left heel on the edge of the davenport, raise your right leg without bending your knee and grasp your right foot in both hands. Slowly pull your hands down foot, ankle and calf to thigh, pushing up with your foot and pulling down with your hands as hard as you can.

Do this exercise five times on each leg. It not only has the same effect as Exercise One in tensing and strengthening your abdominal muscles but also does wonders in slenderizing ankles and legs.

3. This may be a bit difficult to do on the slant, so you might try it first lying flat on the floor. Spread your arms straight out from your shoulders, palms down. Bend your knees and bring them down to your chest. Then, still keeping your back flat on the floor, knees and feet tight together, start doing figure eights as follows: Twist sideways from the waist and push your knees down to the right—a good stretch here—around—and back to the knees-on-chest position, having made as big a circle as possible; repeat to the left.

Do this exercise ten times. It not only restores girlish contours around the equator but is also good for constipation.

After completing these exercises, rest for the balance of ten minutes—or more if you can spare the time.

Of course you can't expect one session to turn you into a raving, tearing beauty or set the calendar back appreciably. But the chances are you'll notice brighter eyes, better color and added pep at once. If you keep on, your friends will soon begin to wonder what your formula is.

If you're really serious, you'll increase the time you spend in your beauty-angle position as fast as you comfortably can, till you're giving yourself at least half an hour a day, complete with cream and exercises. If you're absolutely desperate to start with, you may even work up to the two or three hours Miss Delafield prescribes for some of her problem cases, and then slack off as improvement comes. The more time you spend and the more completely you relax while at it, the quicker and more lasting will be the results.

Ladies Should Not Listen

Continued from page 17

As he is going now, it will only be a month before spontaneous combustion sets in."

Following my advice, she informed the pale lover that her marriage with Whitey was a certainty, that she had said definitely "yes," and that revelation occurred at Shanghai, where the steamer docked for two days. The news was conveyed to Dunbar as we were hauling out and heading down the Whangpoo, with a tug pushing lustily against our nose. It might have been four in the afternoon. At five, Mr. Johnny Dunbar contributed to the interest of the trip by jumping overboard from the stern rail, apparently with motives of suicide.

YOU cannot stop a large ocean liner on the Whangpoo tide and go chasing suicidal dramatists, so the crew tossed life belts and Mr. Dunbar splashed around astern until picked up by a wandering junk.

Halfway across the Pacific, and long before this item of the Dunbar jumping, I had noticed in myself symptoms of some new disorder. I suffered from uneasy feelings and a nameless distress, like when a person is bilious or is going to have the yellow jaundice, and, as I am a healthy person, it bothered me no end. As the days passed, I sat beside Bernice, talked over her little problems, danced with her of an evening and got along serenely. During this time, I was being the big brother and helpful friend.

Consequently, I gave no thought to the possible danger of falling in love with her myself as she traveled across the world. She was having her troubles, and when I joined the ship two men were mad about her—which would seem plenty.

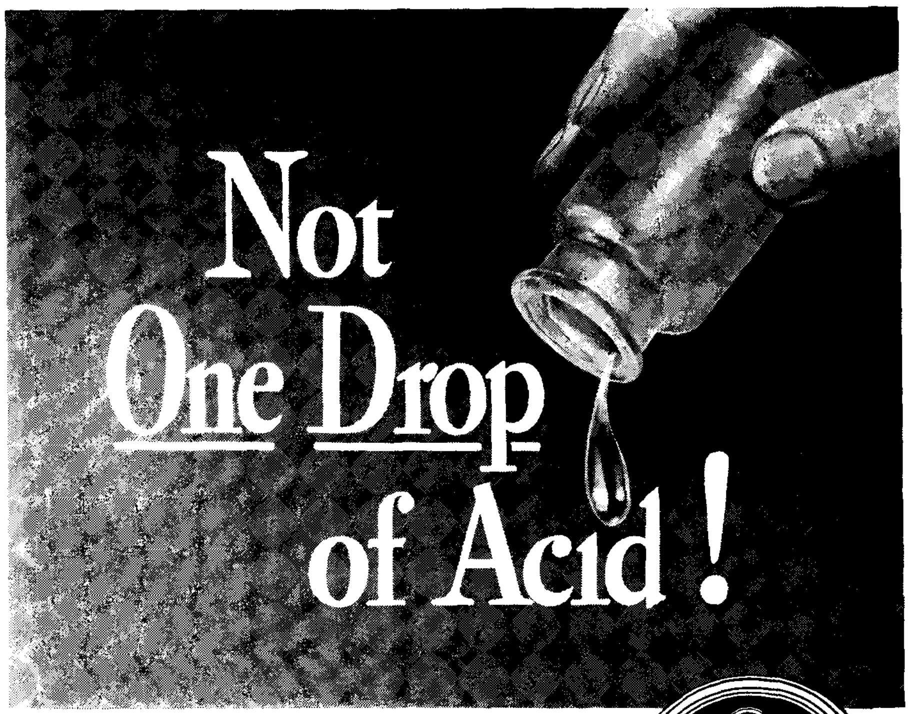
I awakened one morning about three o'clock, somewhere north of Wake Island, stared a long time at the steel ceiling and realized that the food and the water had nothing to do with my uneasy state. I was in love.

"So," I said in the dim light, "that's the way it is. You had to go and pick yourself a girl who is already as good as married."

This fresh knowledge in no way affected my relations with Bernice, which continued along the high plane of perfect friendship. And in the course of time and with no intervening events, we plugged along through the tropic seas and docked at Colombo.

I gloomed around in my new-found condition, wondering how that had ever happened to me, of all persons. I believed nobody on board knew about me and my secret, although Captain Lowry asked me once if I felt all right. It gave me genuine pleasure to sit and listen to Bernice talk, even about Whitey and what a fine chap he was, and at no moment did she remotely suspect that my inner cosmos was in turmoil and that at intervals I was aware of a startling impulse to take Whitey by the trousers and heave him to the sharks.

The gangplanks went over in the morning and eager passengers flocked ashore in search of quaint adventure,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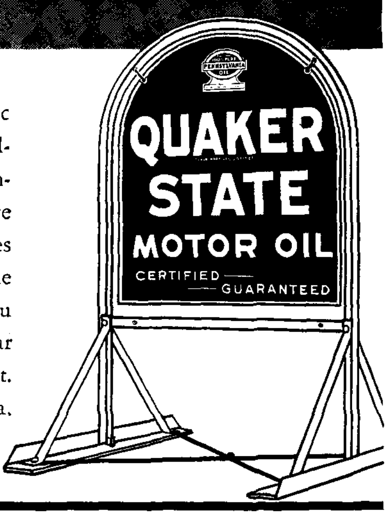

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phony jade, local beer and teakwood elephants, and I lingered up top with Captain Lowry, a hard-eyed young man of fifty, who could still lick his own weight in wildcats, if not too wild. Captain Ken Lowry has been shoving liners around the world for many years, knows *all*, sees *all* and was once the line's champion roughneck and trouble-shooter. I had traveled with him on a previous voyage and we got along fine, played poker in his cabin and discussed passengers with great freedom and brutality.

We stood there, gazing down at the dock, watching the passengers scurry off, and among them was Bernice, her arm tucked into Whitey's, and seeing us, she waved gaily. I made a humorous gesture and the skipper shook his fist at her.

"They make a handsome couple, don't they?" I inquired.

"Who?"

"Bernice and Whitey."

"Two of the best," he said with a grin. "Nice people. I like them both."

"Might turn out to be a good marriage. The luck of the sea."

He turned slowly and fastened me with a blue, cold eye.

"What was that last crack?"

"I said they'd likely make a success of matrimony. Both amiable, calm people. You knew they are about to be married, didn't you?"

"I did not," said he, "and they are not."

I chuckled and looked after the disappearing throng.

"You should try to keep up with the social news aboard your own scow, *el capitano*. Bernice is going to marry Whitey Inmann between here and New York, or when they get there. First, Mr. Johnny Dunbar had the inside track, but he drank too much and finally leaped overboard, as you must know, even if you are a peculiarly dumb captain. Now it's Whitey, and I know, as I am the one who advised her to marry him."

It was his turn to chuckle, which he did, breaking his bronzed sea mug into a grin.

"Spelled out in capital letters, that makes bigamy," he chortled. "Whitey has a wife, living in Syracuse, N. Y. He married her in Alexandria, Egypt. She is now at home, waiting for him and probably bright-eyed with news about an oncoming heir."

I turned on the deck and looked to see if he meant it.

"Are you kidding me?"

"I am not kidding anybody. He not only has his present wife, but he had a former one some years ago, and she divorced him for reasons unknown. He came around with me two years ago to forget domestic troubles, met this gal in Frisco and married her. I ought to know. I was there."

I COULD feel myself gurgling inside, as if I had swallowed small alarm clocks at the moment of explosion, and glared at the skipper, who is my pal.

"Then why didn't you stop this?" I demanded. "Wasn't it your job to get in there and warn Bernice?"

"It was not. I run this steamboat, but not the social life on board. If I were to bust into the romantic affairs of passengers, they'd travel exclusively on rival lines, and this one would fire me. The motto is—let 'em have a little fun."

"Fun!" I yelled and started down the deck, full speed, with the skipper shouting after me that I'd do my nose a favor to keep it out of other people's business.

In the afternoon I picked up a clue from Mr. Ronald Delong, one of the tour conductors and a good friend. He said he believed Whitey and Bernice had joined a crowd from the ship and were hastening out of town to witness a native ceremonial at some joint known as the Temple of the Seven Serpents.

A taxicab romped me out of town, and in fifteen minutes I was standing before the sacred structure, along with about one third of the ship's passenger list, all popeyed with curiosity and milling around with the natives of Ceylon, who are blacker than ink and smell in any weather.

Some sort of ceremonial or incantation was about to take place at the Temple of the Seven Serpents, which was a gray, one-story joss house, and might have made a good garage if equipped with windows. A young maharaja, with a rich sepia complexion, was having something official and important done to him, amid bursts of oratory from the medicine men of the tribe, and it looked to me as if it might be coronation day—either that, or he was being confirmed, or taking the veil or getting his first elephant. . . .

His old man, presumably the receding maharaja, was in charge of the ritual, clad in modest scarlet robes, and you could feel it was all very important, like the opening of the baseball season. Natives beat on drums and blew bugles, and the young princeling stood on a raised platform and apparently recited the Gettysburg Address in his own tongue. There was a sacred cow tied to a sacred cow post and an elderly elephant, clad in a red dinner coat and soon to die if I am any judge of health in elephants. Our American onlookers stared and stared, totally unable to figure it out, and over near the sacred cow stood Bernice, who saw me first and turned to nod a greeting. Whitey was right beside her and fondly explaining the mysteries of the Orient.

IT WILL always be my contention that the next few minutes were purely accidental, for I had no intention of starting a personal brawl on the island of Ceylon. I knew perfectly well that Bernice should be removed from the company of a scalawag, so I proceeded to help her, as I had helped her before. I took her by the arm and gently shunted her aside, maybe three feet off, whereat she looked astonished, and so did Whitey.

"And now you get out of here," I said to him in a low voice, so as not to disturb the coronation. "Start now and do not pause to ask questions."

Whitey only looked amused. "Are you crazy," he asked, "or drunk?"

"Maybe both, only I am not married, which you are, with your wife in Syracuse and perchance a new child when you get home from your philandering on steamers. There is a feeling on these boats that married men should not go around posing as single and asking nice girls to marry them."

"Who told you I was married?" he asked, but not smiling now.

"Captain Lowry."

"He's a liar!"

"No doubt. You tell him that later when you see him. Meanwhile, I remember asking you to get yourself out of here and leave Miss—"

Whatever ultimatum I was about to deliver remained unsaid, as it was here I ducked a left swing, which went harmlessly over my head.

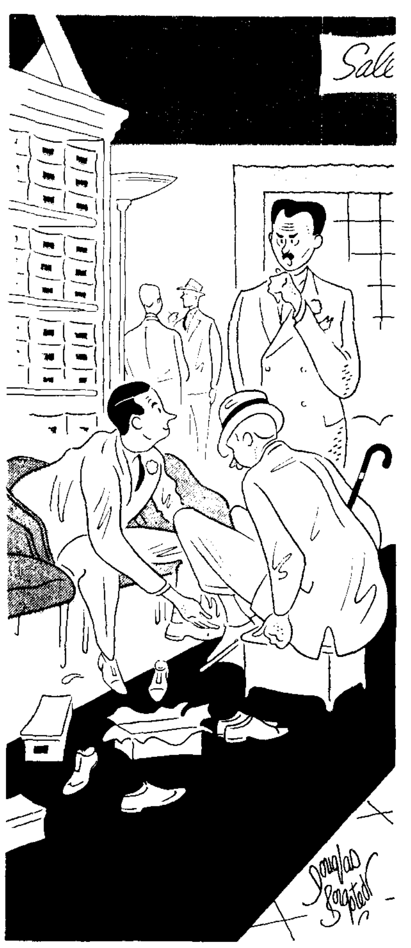
Now I am no Joe Louis or Henry Armstrong with the fists, having been reared in a quiet neighborhood. I always avoided athletics in any form, as they make me weary. The next thing was a hard punch that hit me on the bridge of the nose, causing my eyes to water freely and disturb my sight. It is a strange sensation to be hit hard on the nose and not be able to see. I did as well as I could, swung my own fists with great vigor and hit Whitey somewhere, seeming in the act to break all the bones in my hand.

Details of the brawl are vague in my mind, but I recall that I was filled with a definite urge to tear Whitey into small strips and put them back wrong. I believe I won the fight, but am not certain, as the crowd closed in and a few black men fell on me.

When strong hands dragged one of us off the other, I was the one on top. There was a deal of native jabbering and the local constabulary took charge, one group seizing me and the other Whitey. We were under arrest. Bernice walked over to where I stood, surrounded by police and rubbing one of the sorest noses in Ceylon. I was still breathing hard and both eyes were closing so that I beheld her imperfectly.

"If I don't see you again," she said quietly, "remember that I hate you."

AND if that isn't a nice reward to get for being a true friend and doing your duty! That's the way it is with life and people. You do the right thing, or what seems to you the right thing, and presently you are in the doghouse, with people pointing the finger of scorn. Sometimes you even go to jail, and that's what we did, Whitey and myself, he having his own guard and traveling ahead of me. They didn't give us a ride to the hoosegow, but made us walk it, the population following at our heels and demanding that we be hanged, as we had committed a mortal sin by fighting on the temple grounds. We also had insulted the maharaja and his papa and his mamma.



"Ahem—we usually let the customer have that seat, Ferguson"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

It transpired that the elder statesman bossed the province and cared little for foreigners, especially pugilists. It was he who slipped word to the police that he didn't like any part of our afternoon frolic, and in fifteen minutes Whitey was safely in his cell and I was in another cell, and if you ever saw the inside of an Indian jail, you can tell we were in something. The ceilings were covered with lizards, each cockroach had his own bodyguard and I heartily wished I had remained on the ship, playing solitaire.

Even in a jail where you can talk English and the attendants can talk English, it is sometimes difficult to get out, but when you are locked in an Indian jail for conduct offensive to the main lama, you may as well take off your hat and see if they have any books.

Two hours before the Singapore hauled in her gangplank, there were noises outside my cell and a gent with a red fez opened the gate and let me out. He made Oriental gestures and I followed him out front and there sat Captain Ken Lowry, one skipper who can drag a felon out of most any jail.

"Step on it," he said, rising. "I've got things to do besides rescuing imbecile passengers."

"Where's Whitey?"

"He's still here. The official report states that he insulted the old boy and that is why you're loose. He hit you first."

"Then he won't be on the Singapore?"

"Not unless there's a miracle."

"Neither will I, Mr. Lowry. Thank you for unjailing me, as the acoustics in there are pretty crumby. I'll take my bags off the ship and wait here for another."

"Why?"

"Because it will save Miss Cornell the trouble of looking at me from here to Italy. No doubt she feels pretty awful, and I got her into that Whitey business."

THE skipper said nothing further until we reached the ship, where I made motions to leave him and go on down to my cabin. We had an hour left.

"I'll pack now," I said, "and see you before I go."

He stopped and turned on that sea grin of his. He always made me think of Jack Dempsey.

"Listen, Pete," he said. "You're just a fool." He used three or four words in here to qualify fool and sort of light it up.

"Why am I?"

"For a man who thinks he has a brain, you're pathetic. The biggest sap doesn't come out of a tree. It comes out of your cabin."

"All right, skipper. You have your fun. I don't mind."

"It would never occur to you that maybe Bernice doesn't want you to stay behind in Ceylon."

"You're my friend, Ken. I know that. But you are also what is known as nuts. She hates me."

"Who said so?"

"She did."

He moved his head from side to side and made vague throat noises. There was a Colombo beetle on the deck, going somewhere, and he spit at it without rancor.

"And you are the one who had gall enough to go around this ship advising people how to manage their matrimonial affairs! Sweet papa! Well, go ahead. Get your bags and duck. You're not worth saving. Who do you think got you out of this lousy jail?"

"Captain Lowry, my old pal."

"I did not. If it wasn't for Bernice, you'd be there still. It was she came to the bridge and begged me and that's why I did it. So pack your bags and go hide yourself under a lizard."

He rumbled off down the deck and I went along to my cabin, thinking things over as I descended. I don't like Colombo and who does? A long time I sat there with my foot on the washstand and finally the whistle blew, meaning there were ten minutes left. Instead of getting off, I changed clothes, the current suit being banged up a trifle, and went along to dinner, where everybody glanced at me meaningly and asked me how my eye was.

I could see fairly well, but not Bernice, for she was not in her usual chair. Mr. Inmann's chair was likewise unoccupied and that raised my spirits. I could see him in that peaceful jail, trying to talk English and digging little crawlers out of his watch pocket.

There was a grand sunset at sea that night, one of those Indian Ocean babies, with fluted towers on the horizon and golden gates with horses and knights in armor; and when I discovered her, dusk was moving in and the gold was fading from the sunset. She was standing alone at the rail, with her chin in her palm, and as I walked slowly toward her I felt low in my mind and ashamed.

She knew I was there before I said a word, and turned to me.

"All I can say," I began, "is that I am sorry. I guess maybe I talk too much, and especially to young ladies, and also, perhaps I am not as smart about some things as I believe."

She stood there, saying nothing at all, just looking at me, and sunset bathing her in curious colors.

"Where the mistake was made," I went on, "was back there in Japan, when I warned you about Johnny Dunbar. I should have shut my mouth and left it all to your own instincts. It may be that Johnny was the man, and if that's the case, it isn't too late even now. You could reach him in Shanghai with a radio and he might catch a steamer and follow—"

"Listen, Peter," she said, very quietly, "if it's all the same to you from now on, I'll try to get along without your advice. I know you mean all right and you advise honestly, but maybe I could handle my own affairs from here on."

"That suits me," I returned, "just so long as you don't hate me and can bear the sight of me walking around these decks. You don't hate me, do you?"

"No, Peter," said she. "I don't hate you."

Well, it was funny the way she said it. There was something odd in her tone that you couldn't miss, so I turned her slowly around and made her look up at me, and without me doing the slightest thing about it she was right there in my arms and I could feel her lips brushing lightly over the bum eyes. The rest of that voyage was a dream and you don't have dreams like that twice in a career. I went around on clouds, very much like those of the sunsets, and we didn't even bother to let the other passengers in on the news—except Lowry.

THAT tough old seadog only grinned when I told him of the remarkable situation, patted Bernice on the shoulder and swore at me. When we left the Singapore for good, which occurred in the harbor of Naples, he was scowling on the bridge in his usual place and we went down to watch the steamer pull out and head for America.

We stood on the roof of a warehouse adjoining and talked across until the Singapore began backing out, Bernice hanging onto my arm.

"Goodby, pal," I said, when she began to move.

"So long, Pete. Take good care of that person with you. You got something there."

"I know. I'll take good care of her."

The gap was widening slowly; we had to raise our voices and a bell was jangling on the bridge. Ken spoke a final word.

"He might be married at that," he bellowed, his bronze map wrinkled into a smile.

"Who?"

"Whitey Inmann—he might be. Lotta fellows like that get married."

"You mean you don't know?"

"I don't know a darn' thing about the man—never did."

He beamed across the open water.

"You lied!" I yelled at him.

"Certainly I lied. What do you care? You got her, haven't you? In fifty years, what's the difference?"

Then the bell rang louder than ever and he disappeared inside.

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I can save ($2) ($5) ($10) ($20, per week. What will my retirement income be at age (55) (60) (65)?

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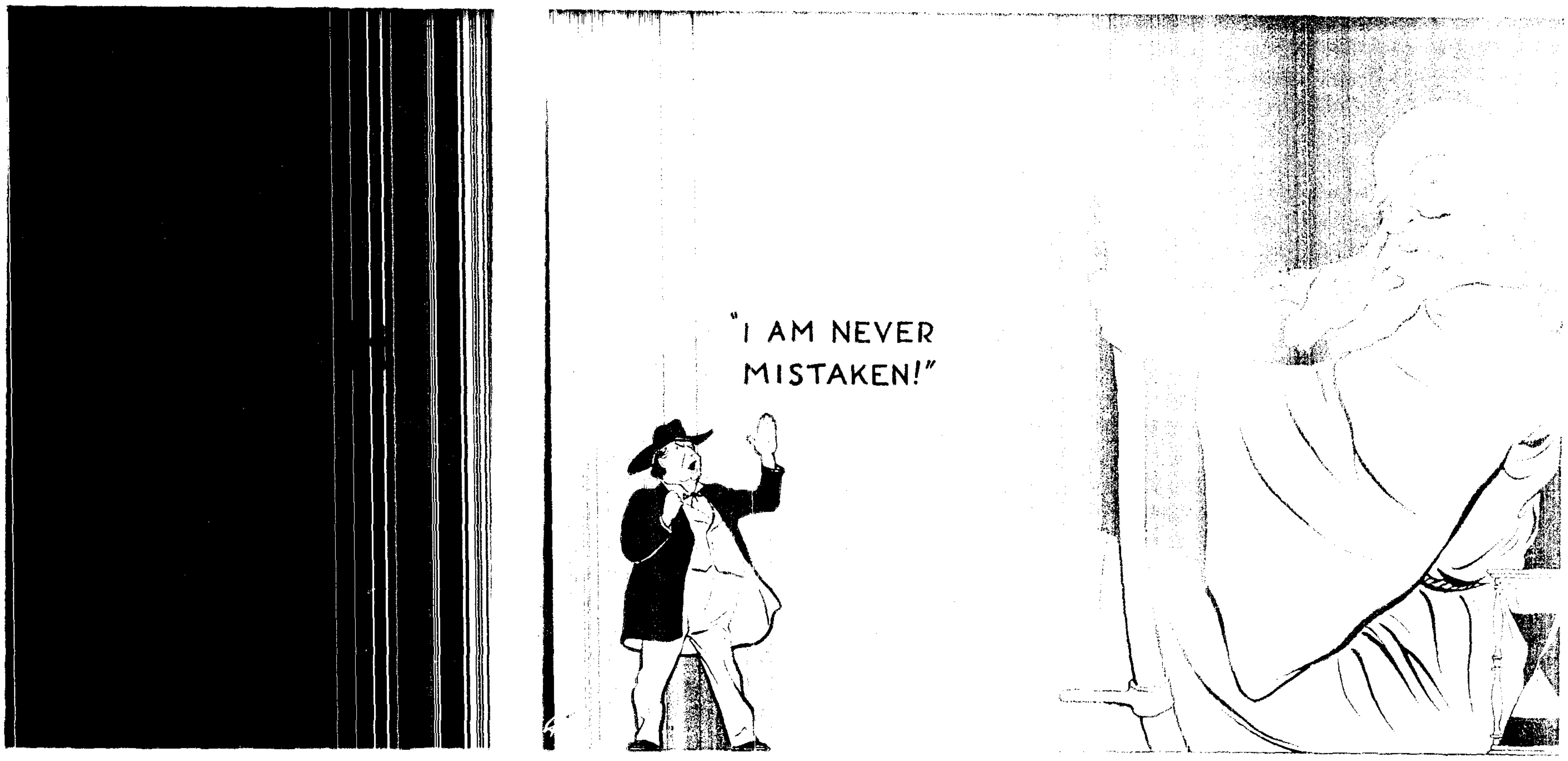


"I AM NEVER MISTAKEN!"

THE late Mr. Emerson remarked that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. He might have added that one very good measure of a man is whether or not he can pocket his pride and say, "I made a mistake"—and say it quickly with a smile. This notion was impressed early in my business career by the action of a man who was then my employer and has since remained a very good friend. Though still in his early thirties, he was the head of his own business and had gathered around him a hard-hitting lot of youngsters who regarded him with a mixture of affection and awe.

One day a matter came up about which I happened to have the facts. He disagreed and, though I put up as good an argument as I could, he somewhat abruptly overruled me. I was living those days in a room in the 23d Street Y. M. C. A. for which I paid seven dollars a week. His home was a fair-sized mansion requiring ten servants. The morning after our argument the telephone rang while I was dressing, and I picked up the receiver wondering who in all New York could be after me so early. To my amazement it was the boss. Said he: "I have been thinking over our discussion of yesterday and I just want you to know that you were right and I was wrong."

The boss, with an income of $100,000 a year, calling a $40-a-week youngster to say, "I was wrong." He had been one hundred per cent with me before; after that he was the biggest man in town.

Years have gone by—how fast they slide—and I have known all sorts and conditions of men in business, in the professions, and now in politics. As an employer of men and women in a modest way, it has interested me to observe how they divide into two classes: those who feel they have lowered themselves by admitting a mistake, and so try in every way to pass the buck, and those who come out in forthright fashion and admit the facts. Almost always the latter group make better members of an organization and go farther up the ladder.

Oliver Cromwell, addressing an audience of English theologians, said pleadingly:

"In the bowels of the Lord, I beseech you, brethren, consider it possible that you may be mistaken."

You can picture the scene. There he stood, the man of affairs, who had dealt with human nature under all sorts of circumstances and knew from experience that nothing ever turns out quite as well as you hope it will. He remembered his own mistakes of judgment, the numberless times he had been misled by false information, or left in a compromising position by the blunders of subordinates. He knew how often he had been compelled to accept half a loaf; how the best-laid plans have a way of bogging down because someone guessed when he should have known. And massed in front of him, their stern eyes fixed upon his, their jaws set in an unrelenting assurance, were the men who *knew* everything. Only a very few years before, Galileo, inventor of the telescope, had been banished from Florence by the orthodox for his unholy assertion that the earth moves around the sun. Cromwell's hearers probably had not been informed of this shocking pronouncement. Had it come to their ears they unquestionably would have joined with Galileo's persecutors.

My father, being a clergyman, was a descendant of those theologians, but not a spiritual descendant. One of the many things that made me admire him so much was the way he kept growing all through his life. The sermons he preached in his early years and those with which he rounded out the full energies and wisdom of a long life were often from the same texts, they set forth the same Gospel, but in everything else they were far apart. Many of the theological tenets that seemed so important to him in his early pastorates sank gradually into unimportance as the years went by. He was just as sure of the fundamentals, but the nonessentials he was not sure about, and he did not care. He used to quote somebody as saying, "God hath said, 'I am Truth.' He has never said, 'I am what you have been accustomed to think.'" And one of his favorite bits of verse, which cropped up in many sermons, was:

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be.
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

In the willingness to admit mistakes different professions and occupations differ widely. The scientists, of course, have no false pride at all. It is a point of honor with them to publish their errors promptly and without reserve. If you read the proceedings of any scientific society you will find members rising to say: "At last year's session we presented the results of certain researches that seemed to lead to such and such conclusions. Now, after further studies, we are prepared to state that everything we told you was cockeyed."

Businessmen are better than they used to be. The crusty old boss of two or three generations ago fought his way up by backing his own judgment against the world, and grew more vigorously positive as the years went by. He pounded his desk and roared his decisions, and woe to those who dared to doubt or disagree. Today's executive is usually a graduate of college, and often of a school of business administration. He has studied enough history to know how often the wisest leaders have made mistakes, and enough political economy to make him doubt whether there really is anything of that name that can yet deserve to be termed a science. When he makes an error he does not hesitate to say in quiet tones: "I pulled a boner there."

Doctors and lawyers tend to relinquish their errors a bit more reluctantly. Uneducated men generally are more positive than the educated, and men of limited experience than those whose activities have led them through a variety of circumstances.

But of all the occupations to which men devote their lives, politics seems the one wherein they find it hardest to admit that they could have been wrong.

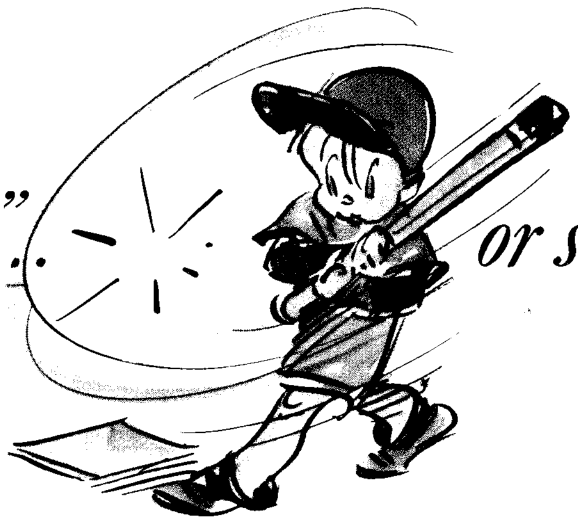
Scientists may err; businessmen may show losses instead of profits; even doctors and lawyers may acknowledge that the progress of research has made old ideas and methods obsolete. Politicians alone cling to the musty notion that an admission of error is a confession of weakness. For their unyielding attachment to the assumption of omniscience a fabulous cost is laid upon the peoples of all nations. The saying of old Cromwell should be translated into every language and hung in the office of every politician from alderman up:

"In the bowels of the Lord, I beseech you, brethren, consider it possible that you may be mistaken."

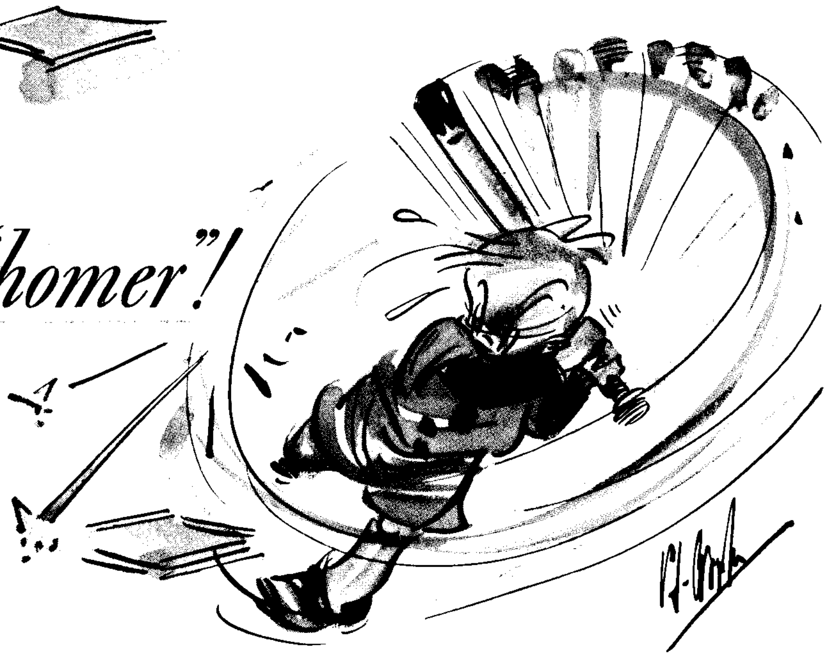
BRUCE BARTON

Ya Can Sock a Baseball Three Ways—

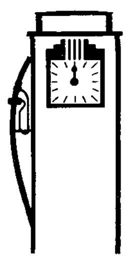
ya can hit a "foul"... or make



a "hit"... or slam a "homer"!

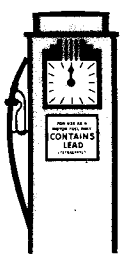


AND YOU HAVE 3 GRADES OF PERFORMANCE IN YOUR CAR



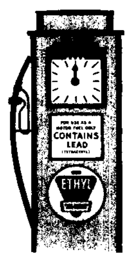
Poor performance
with "low grade" gasoline

There is no anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) in "low grade" gasoline. Power is lost because the spark must be retarded to prevent "knock" or "ping."



Good performance
with "regular" gasoline

Most regular gasoline has in it anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead). The spark can be considerably advanced for more power without "knock" or "ping."



Best performance
with gasoline containing "ETHYL"

Gasoline "with ETHYL" is highest in all-round quality. It has *enough* anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) so that the spark can be *fully* advanced for maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

● Even little Skippy knows the difference correct "timing" makes when he swings at a ball. And every automobile manufacturer, dealer and service man knows that "timing" makes a world of difference in the performance of your car. Here are the facts:

The farther you advance the spark of a modern high compression car, up to the point of maximum efficiency, the more power you get from gasoline.

But the motor "knocks" or "pings" when the spark is set farther ahead than the "anti-knock" quality of the gasoline permits.

Judged by anti-knock quality, there are *three* grades of gasoline: "low grade," "regular" and gasoline containing "Ethyl."

That is why your car has a spark adjustment, variously called "distributor," "Octane Selector," etc., with settings for these three grades of gas.

And the performance of *your* car depends upon the grade of gasoline and spark setting, as shown at left.

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